WEEK
ENDING
SEPT. 6, 1930

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybo

OVER
2,250,000
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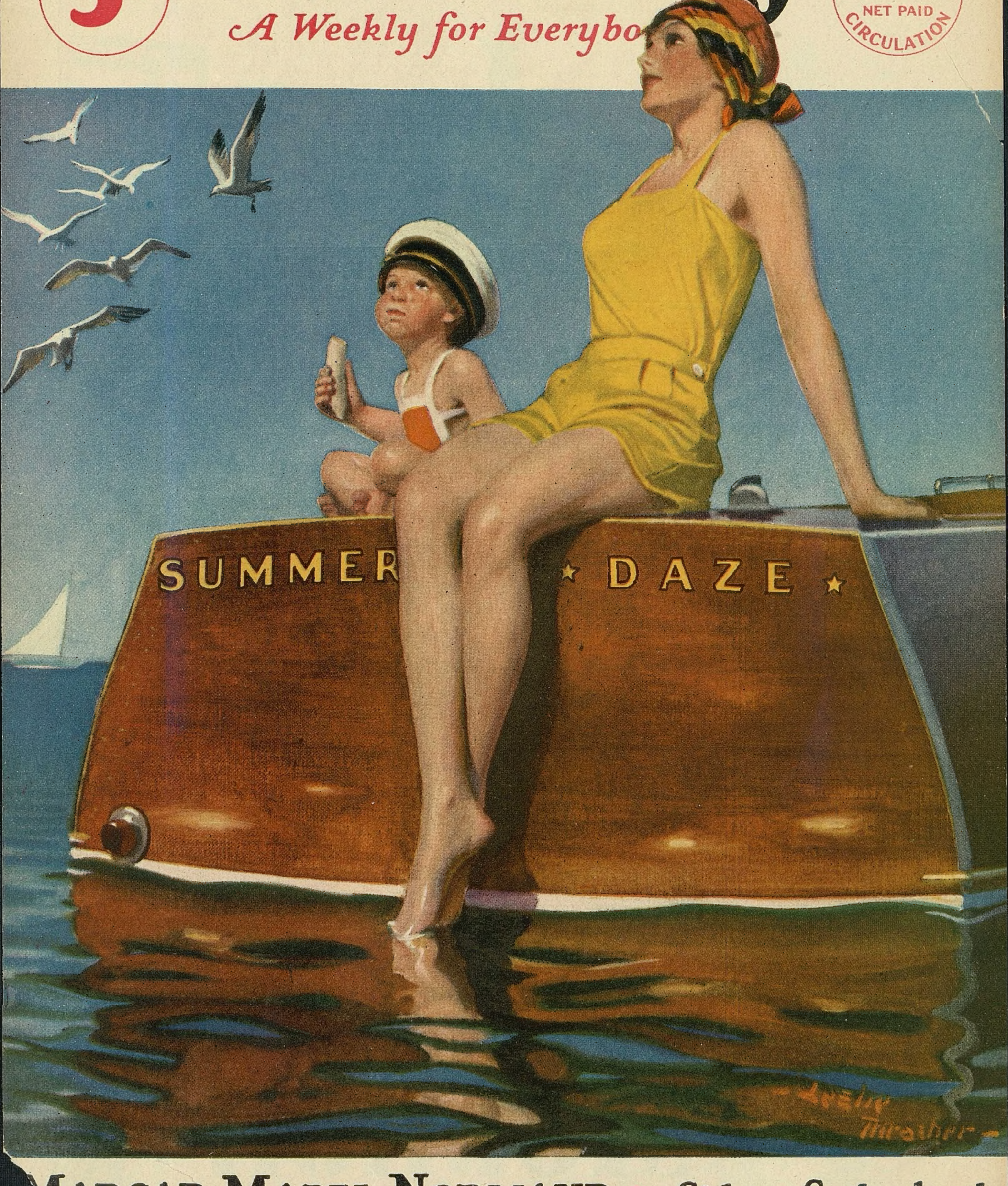
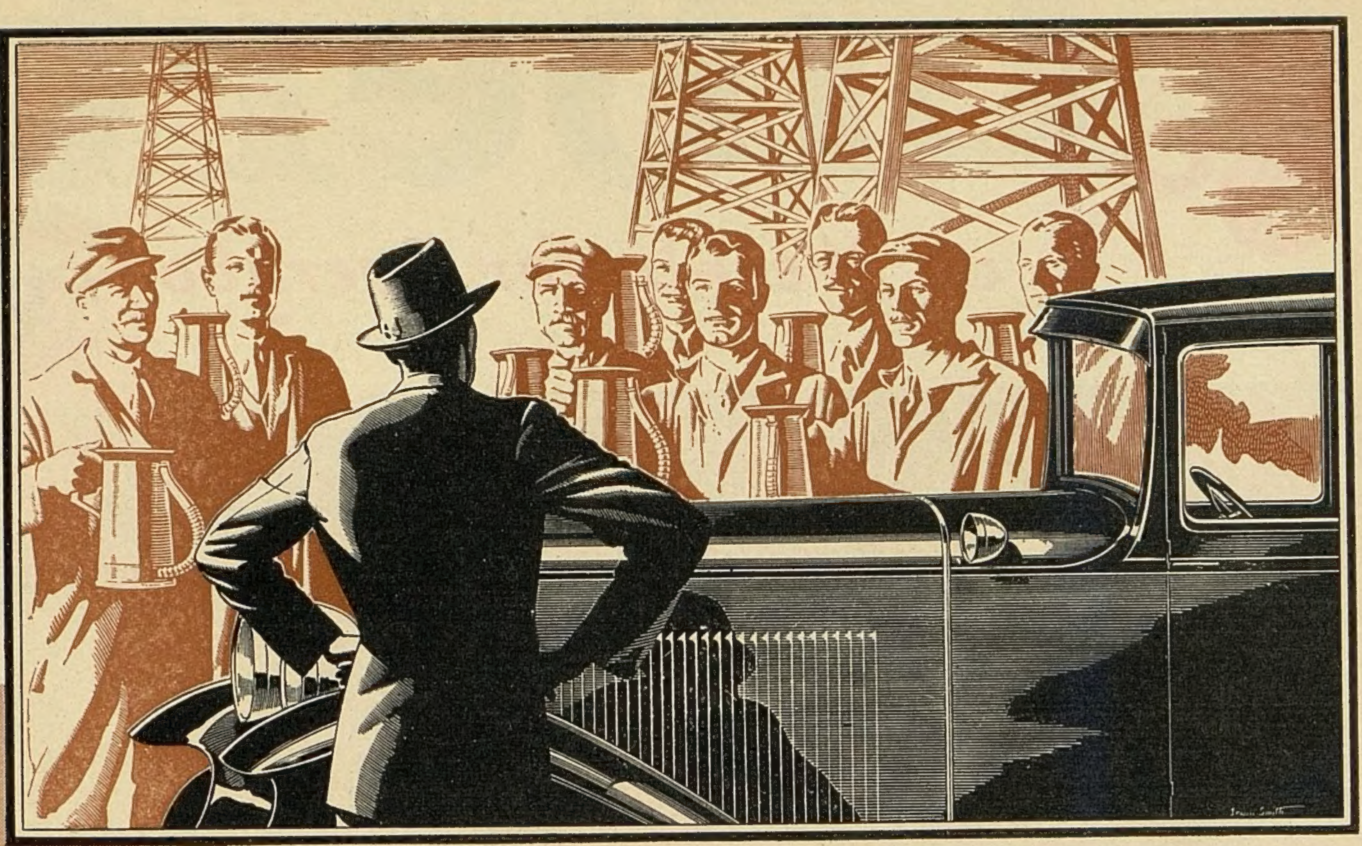
CIRCULATION


SUMMER ★ DAZE ★
Leslie Thrasher

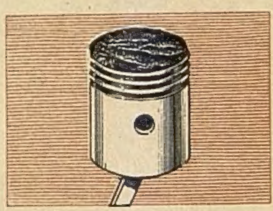
MADCAP MABEL NORMAND *by* Sidney Sutherland



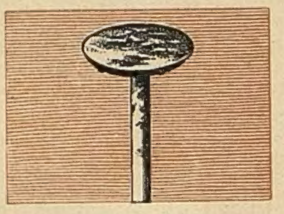
Why did you pick the oil you now use?

Because of the crude it was made from? Then it may be a deficient oil!

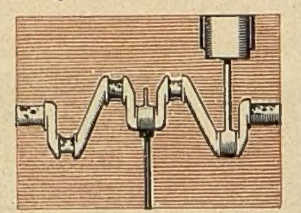
A DEFICIENT OIL



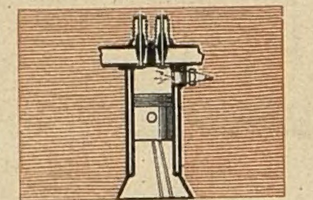
—may pile up hard carbon deposits on cylinders, pistons and valves.



—may oxidize. This results in valves gumming and sticking.



—may lack proper oily character to keep down wear in your engine.



—may lack heat resistance—"use up" too quickly, and thus cost more to use.

Perhaps you picked an oil for your engine because it was made from some particular crude. But—did you know *this?* Oil scientists know that a dozen oils of widely different quality can come from the same crude!

WHAT IS A DEFICIENT OIL?

To be a full-duty lubricant an oil must contain four essential properties to meet four definite needs in lubricating your engine. These properties must be blended in exactly the same proportion for your particular engine. They are:

Carbon Control—keeps down carbon in your cylinders.
Heat Resistance—makes your oil last longer.
Oily Character—protects moving parts from wear.
Oxidation Control—prevents gumming and sticking of valves, and clogging of passages in oiling system.

If any of these properties are lacking in an oil—or present in incorrect proportions—that oil is a deficient oil.

Motor oil is made—not found. And the only way a *full-duty* oil can be made is to start with the needs of each type of engine, not with some particular crude. Engine study is the only foundation for a full-duty oil.

Twice as many automotive engineers use Mobiloil as any other oil—they know engines and they know the importance of correct lubrication. Twice as many motorists use Mobiloil as any other oil—they know that it gives better results. Ask for the grade of Mobiloil made especially for your engine as recommended by the Mobiloil Chart.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Makers of high-quality lubricants for all types of machinery

The famous Mobiloil concerts are broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. D. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.

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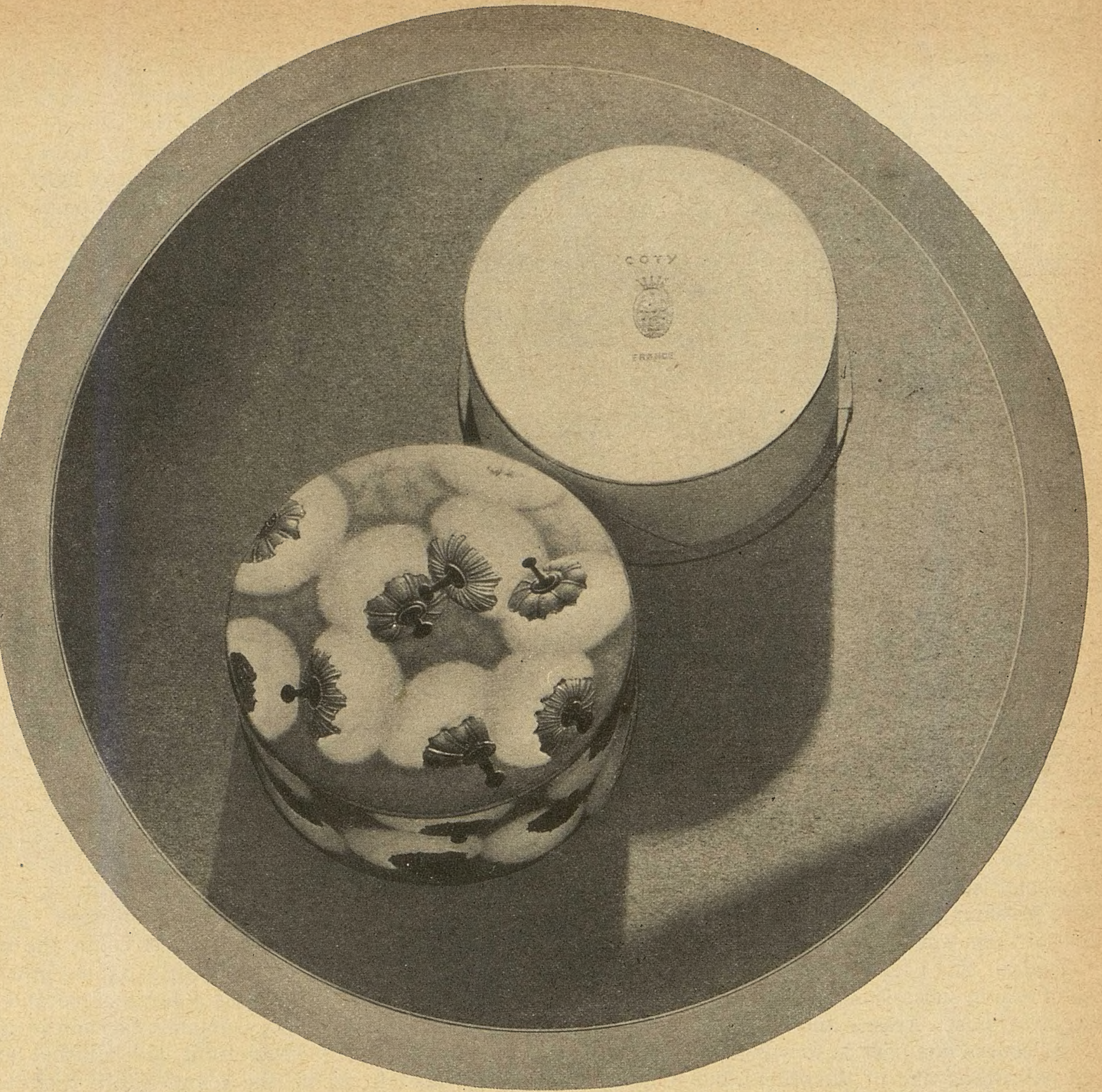

LES POUDRES COTY ADD STILL GREATER CHARM TO THE LOVELIEST FACES

The faces aren't here—because beauty opinions might differ—but there is the box of Powder—and the majority of women agree upon it decisively. The Face Powder which completely satisfies forty million beauty-seekers must be just about perfect in texture, in individuality of shades, in fragrance and quality.

Twelve perfect flesh-tones of Les Poudres Coty

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Rachel No. 1
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Nacrée (New)
Sèverose (New)
Rose No. 1
Rose No. 2
Cotytan
Ocre-Rose
Ocre
Mauve

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LES
POUDRES
COTY

SEPT. 6, 1930 **Liberty** VOL. 7 No. 36

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —Stephen Decatur.

DID THE WAR TO END WAR END WAR?

It seems fantastic to think that twelve years ago this September an American army was assembling quietly in France, preparing for the first offensive on Saint-Mihiel.

A million of our young men were learning to live in holes in the ground or dugouts or caverns, surrounded by rusty barbed wire, shell holes, and dead horses—and living there seemed a natural thing, a normal phase of existence.

There were no comforts, no women, almost, you might say, no civilization. They lived lives of actual torture and misery far worse than that of the hobo who bellyaches about his lot in "red" literature. They faced the danger of death for a very small sum of money, and most of them were there presumably not of their own free will, since most of them were drafted.

And all this because of a European quarrel—one of a long succession in which the protagonists had always been France and Germany.

Of course our part in it was not as prolonged and painful as that of the others, but it was prolonged and painful enough. Sometimes, now, it seems just a nightmare.

But maybe it isn't so remote from ordinary human experience. Doesn't it find a parallel in everyday domestic life?

A man and his wife or his girl will go along amiably for a time, perhaps on terms of the deepest ardor, perhaps just in placid harmony, with children and common property if they are married and with common hopes if they are not.

Then, all of a sudden, a trivial occasion will arise. She will trump his ace at bridge; he will dance too often with the new blonde visitor; they will disagree as to whether Johnny ought to lose his curls or Tessie have her hair bobbed. There will be a matter of spending too much on clothes or clubs. Almost anything can start a fight so bitter and a conflict of wills so intense that the original cause of the quarrel quickly drops out of sight, completely forgotten as the battle continues just for the lust for victory, each trying to make the other cry quits.

We know this happens all the time. Sometimes it goes on till a permanent dislike grows up, which ends in separation or divorce. It must be the universal nature of human beings, for these same people usually vow their quarrels will never happen again, but happen again they do.

Isn't it the same with nations? The occasion which brought on the war in which we fought was the assassination of a not until then very distinguished Grand Duke by political opponents, some Serbian students. Even had Austria been victorious in the war which she did so much to precipitate in vengeance, she could not have restored His Royal Highness to life. But that didn't occur to anyone. Now, looking back, it seems inconceivable that this could have led to our quarreling so with Germany as to pay the price we did to make her bend her will. Yet in 1918 anyone who questioned what we did was a traitor and an outcast.

We can't see how it could happen again—but it *will* happen again, just as the never-to-be-repeated quarrel happens to man and wife.

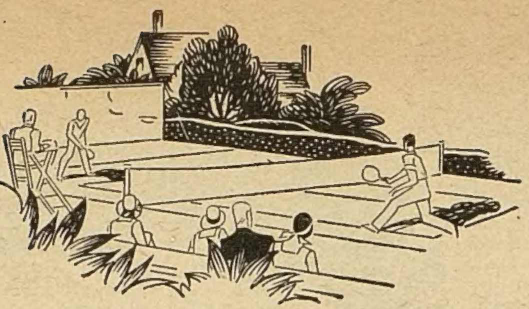
In our opinion, if wars must come, the wars that will bring the least despair are those in which a nation is united against a foreign foe and not divided against itself. Our most terrible wars, of course, were the Revolution, which lasted seven years and in which the colonies tore themselves loose from the mother country, and the Civil War, in which for four years we fought over slavery and disunion. Our other wars—that of 1812, with Mexico, and with Spain—were comparatively easy on our morale and our pocketbooks.

This isn't really an editorial in the sense that it states a problem and suggests a remedy. It is simply a series of reflections. And of these reflections the last one is this: If you have a war, it is better to win it than to lose it.

IN THIS ISSUE

On the Long Beaches—*A story* . . . . . BEATRICE GRIMSHAW 7
Outside Looping with Al Williams . . . RICHARD CARROLL 14
How it feels to be an airplane acrobat
Hotel Love—*A story* . . . . MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES 20
Funny Faces—*The newest thing in contests* 29
Grabbing the Lush . . . . ROY CHADWICK 30
A "heist guy's" adventures in hijacking
These Two-Timing Talkies!—*Movie reviews* . KATE CAMERON 38
Still Another Juliet—*Part XI* . . . THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW 42
Sand Trouble—*A lamentation* . . . . ROBERT BENCHLEY 51
Dancing Girl—*A short short story* . . . . ELSIE KELSEY 53
Jeanne Eagels—*Conclusion* . . . . EDWARD DOHERTY 56
Madcap Mabel Normand . . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 59
Beginning the true story of a great comédienne
$500 a Week for Limericks—*Some winners and another chance* . . 68
Love Letters of an Interior Decorator . . . . . BERT GREEN 69
Editorial (p. 4); Bright Sayings of Children (18); News of the World (19); Twenty Questions (28); Vox Pop (40-41); What's Wrong Here? (49); For the Love o' Lil (50); Cross Word Puzzles (54-55)

Cover by Leslie Thrasher

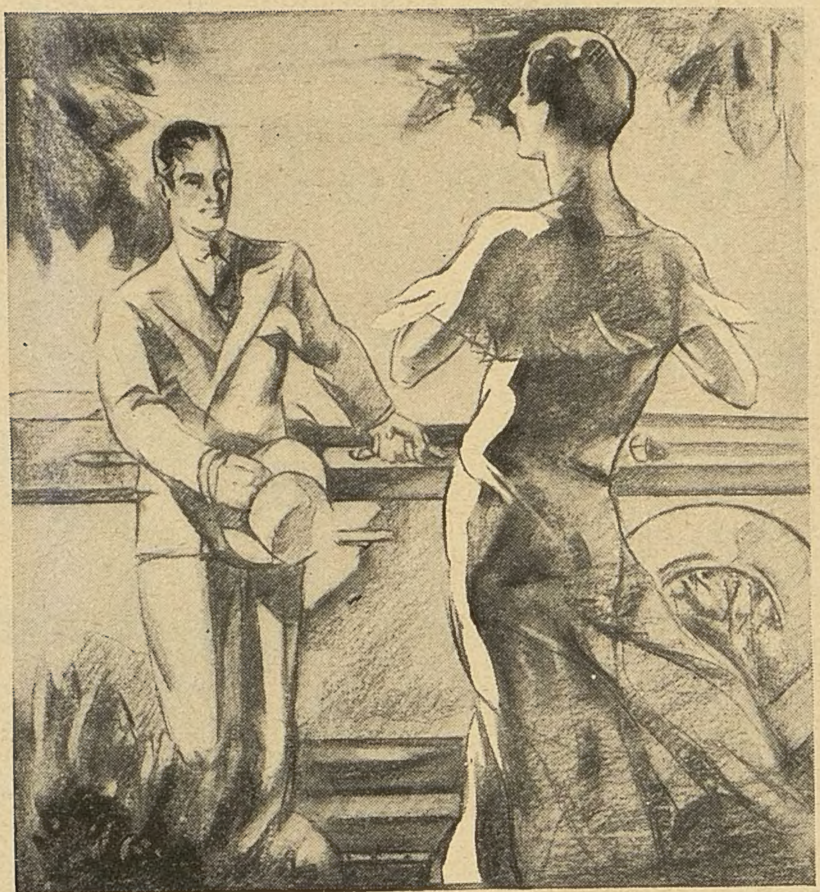


"IS IT CORRECT FOR A MAN TO TAKE A BOX OF CANDY TO HIS WEEK-END HOSTESS?"

EMILY POST , , the well-known authority on social propriety says: "Yes! Taking a box of candy to a friend with whom one is going to spend a week-end (or less, or more) is a kind and thoughtful gesture always, whether one happens to be a man, a woman, a girl, or a boy! , , , Although chocolates are thought to be the most suitable choice for a 'bread-and-butter' box, let them be *good* chocolates, or—choose something else. Remember that nothing is so much like the little girl with the curl as chocolate. When it is good (and fresh) it is so very, very good, and when it is bad (or stale) it is horrid."

Emily Post

EMILY POST is the author of *Etiquette: The Blue Book of Social Usage* and *The Personality of a House,* etc.

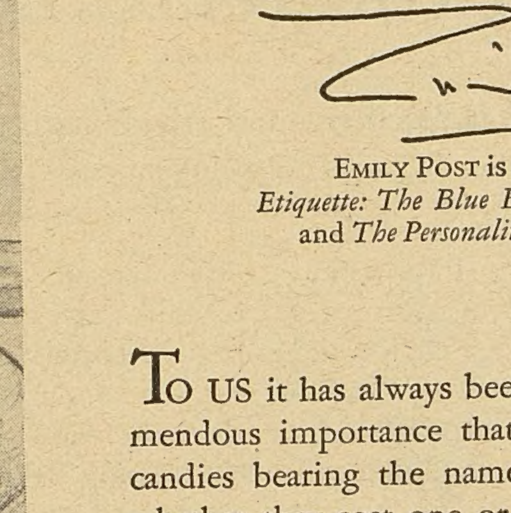


TO US it has always been a thing of tremendous importance that chocolates and candies bearing the name SCHRAFFT'S—whether they cost one or several dollars a pound—be of the very flawless best.

If the candy you select is Schrafft's, it will be delicious, you may be sure. And sparklingly fresh, too—you may be certain!

SCHRAFFT'S

Selected Candies and Chocolates



SCHRAFFT'S *selected candies and chocolates are packed in many styles, from one to five pounds to the package—at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 and $2.00 the pound.*

W. F. SCHRAFFT & SONS CORPORATION , *New York and Boston* , OWNED AND OPERATED BY FRANK G. SHATTUCK COMPANY

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is – Palmolive Soap . . . I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

Marguerite Hoare

An interview with Marguerite Hoare, *of London* on the relation of *soap* to beauty

Why soap is essential—and which soap to choose . . . answered by adviser to women of exclusive social and diplomatic circles.

WHEN women of importance choose a beauty expert in a strange city, they make their choice with some care. During the Naval Conference in London, the wives of the delegates consulted women in diplomatic circles. Who took care of the wives of ambassadors and ladies of distinguished British families? . . . they asked. "Marguerite Hoare, of Mayfair," was the answer.

Miss Hoare's salon at 19 South Wolton Street is one of the world's important beauty shops. Here, Miss Hoare recently gave an interview on home beauty methods that will be of genuine interest to every woman.

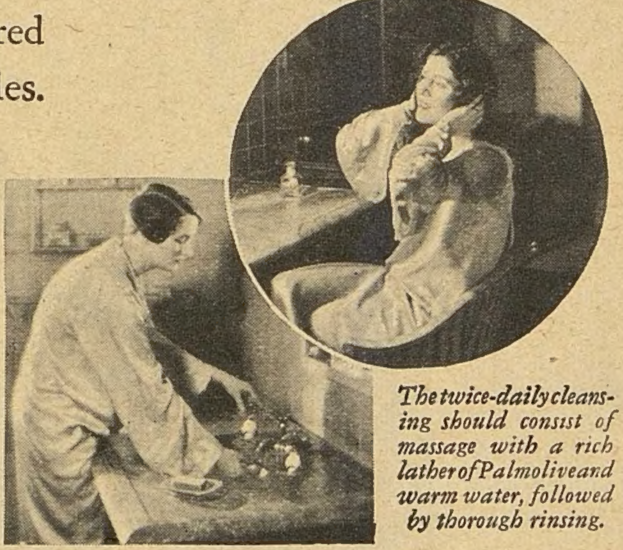
Wives of ambassadors and distinguished members of society come to Miss Hoare for advice and beauty treatments.

"WHEN *not enough* soap and water is used," said this prominent expert, "one risks oiliness, blackheads and similar disfigurements. When the wrong soap is used, one suffers dryness, roughness, irritation, injured skin texture.

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is—Palmolive Soap. Palmolive is a delightful soap to use — bland, soothing and gentle. Yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties. It softens and carries away all impurities from the pores.

"I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

The Palmolive method of home cleansing is so easy to follow. Here it is, as outlined by the leading beauty specialists all over the world:

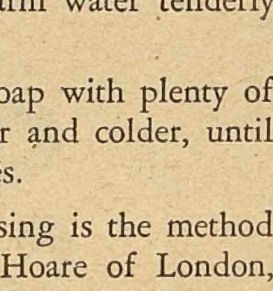


The twice-daily cleansing should consist of massage with a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water, followed by thorough rinsing.

First, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water tenderly into the skin.

Now, rinse off the soap with plenty of warm water, then colder and colder, until your skin actually tingles.

This Palmolive cleansing is the method advised by Marguerite Hoare of London, who advocates and uses Palmolive Soap in all her beauty treatments. *The same method* is recommended today by 23,723 beauty experts all over the world, who in all their experience have found no better, safer method.



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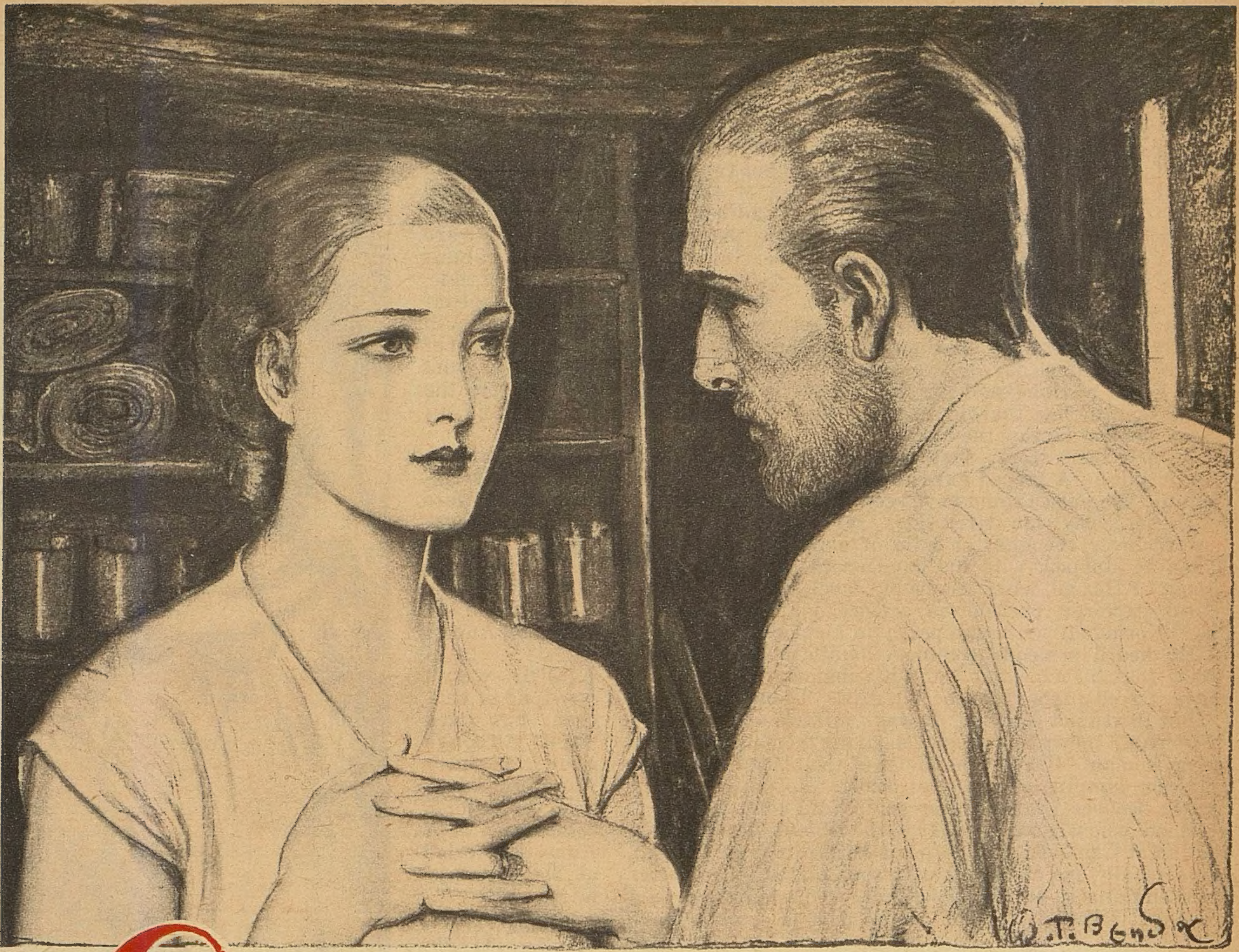


She set her back against the counter and said: "Mr. Hood, y'r welcome to shtop here as long as y'will."

On the Long Beaches

A Story of Irish Hearts and Melanesian Isles

By

BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

who has explored, often alone, the South Sea Islands which are the scene of most of her stories. She is of Irish parentage, went to school in both Ireland and England, and has for many years lived in the savage lands she loves.

Pictures by W. T. Benda

IN the red Pacific West, among the huge, half-known Melanesian islands, there are long beaches. So long, that you may walk them for a week and never come to an end. So hungry, that you may starve between native town and town, tramping the black burning sands all day, swimming and wading the crocodile-haunted rivers, camping at night with an oilskin for shelter under the splendid, useless calophyllum trees that rain down flowers, white and gold, in thousands innumerable, but never bear a fruit for a starving man. There will be coco palms long distances apart; you will pick up the fallen nuts as they roll in the lip of the surf and make shift to keep yourself alive with them; but soon you will sicken of these and you will shake your pockets for the crumbs of your last biscuit, and wonder if your legs, already growing uncertain, will carry you on to the next native town; and if, when you get there, they will give you some baked potato—you, whose store of stick tobacco ran out days ago, whose trade calico is done. . . .

The beaches, the beaches. . . . Men have died with that word upon their lips; have drifted, companied to the last by the terror of the beaches, into the land where there shall be no more sea.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ON THE LONG BEACHES
Continued from page seven

A man cannot walk on the water; cannot thrust his way through primeval forests that hug the sands for hundreds of unbroken miles. He must keep to the beaches till they end—or he ends.

In four days Hood had covered seventy-nine miles of burning sand. All that way he had passed but two native towns. Someone at the port had spoken of Gamble's store, but if there was such a place Hood had not found it—yet. As for any other white settlement, the nearest was Port Blaxland, beyond the immense, impassable deltas of the Wasp and Karari rivers, days and days away.

He remembered, with dulled perceptions that were hardly pain, the ivory skeleton he had found among the beach hibiscus, a day or two ago. He remembered the long bones resting—and the fallen flowers.

"I shall be like that, by and by," he thought. In the same moment he saw the house.

A little bush store—just two or three iron buildings set on piles. A fenced garden with pumpkin and sweet potato. No palace could have seemed more beautiful.

Miraculously his tired legs revived; carried him swiftly over the quarter mile of sand that remained. Then he stopped, with his hand on the slip rail of the fence. After all, what was he but a beggar—he, Francis Hood, explorer, bachelor of science, marooned here in New Normandy without a penny in his pocket!

He heard someone coming—doubtless Gamble—and knew that his face was red with shame. He could not have stirred a foot from the slip rails. To beg!

But it was not Gamble. It was—miracle of miracles—a woman. A white woman. A young woman. A handsome woman. Here in the midst of the black beaches, at the very jumping-off place for death. Nobody lived long on the beaches, even if the crocodiles did not get him.

Hood, who was no stranger to the islands, had expected to find at Gamble's store either a hatter or a combo man. It is usually one or the other in such places. The hatter is a semilunatic, crazed by solitude, who sets his hat on a post and talks to it. The combo man is a white gone native.

But the woman who came out on the veranda was civilized, clothed, and inwardly and outwardly as white as himself; whiter, in fact, for he was a russet fellow, brown-skinned, with short red beard and hairy hands, while she was like Browning's

> Gold-haired girl, too white,
> Who lived in Pornic, down by the sea.

Hood was very much of a woman's man, even when broken, as now, by weariness and hunger. It was with a shock of disappointment that he saw, as he limped up the garden path, a plain gold ring upon the woman's hand. There were two children in the background, and a baby within cried faintly from its cot.

"Yet she looks like a Raphael Madonna," he thought. The children, peering round her skirts, were stocky, sandy little things. He felt quite sure that he was not going to take to Gamble. . . .

THE gold-haired Madonna, who was plainly agitated, came hurrying halfway down the steps, and cried, "Come in! Come in!"

"What do you think I mean to do—leave cards and go on?" thought Hood satirically. He did not like to know that his appearance was so pitiable. Aloud he said, "Thank you very much," and mounted the steps. A basket chair seemed to find his knees of its own volition; he slipped backwards into it. There was an interval of some kind, and then the glow of whisky, warm on his lips, made the world clear again. He sat up and handed back the glass to Mrs. Gamble.

"Y'll come in and have y'r tay with the childer," she told him, in the softest of Irish voices. "Sure, y'r as wake as a child y'rself. Sure, I know those beaches—they would wear off the feet of a haythen camel, an' he walkin' them his lone. Where's y'r car-yers?"

"I have no carriers. I left the port by myself. Thought I could walk to Blaxland; it doesn't look far on the map." He was inside the house now, sitting at a table covered with wonderful things to eat—bread, and eggs, and tea, all real—and the two small children were running about the other side, utterly neglecting their food, in the excitement of looking at and waiting on the wonderful stranger.

Mrs. Gamble, with an Irishwoman's delicate tact, had disappeared, leaving him to the little beings whom she introduced as Jeffy and Anne.

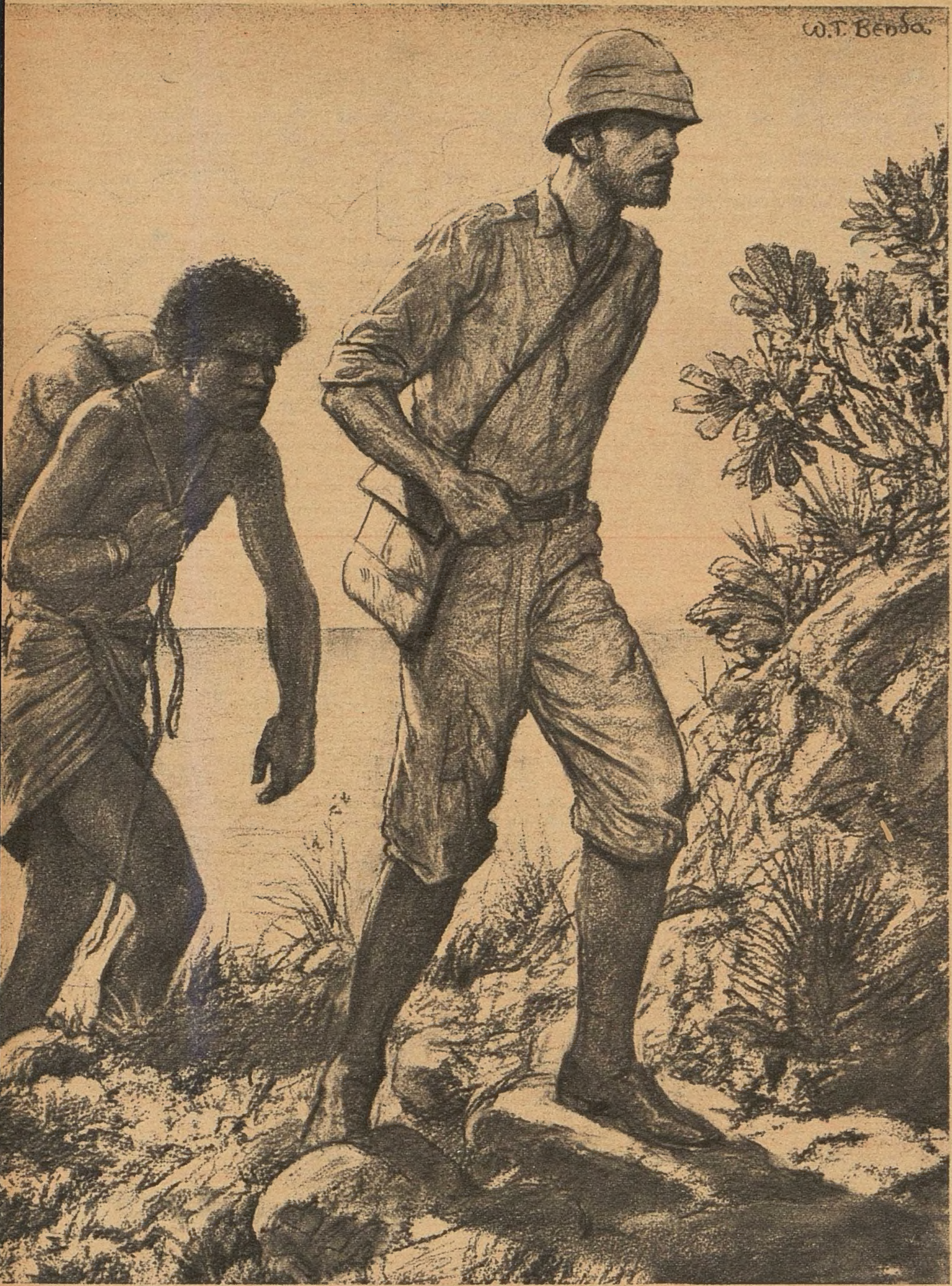
HOOD wasn't fond of children, but liked these. Although grownup pity was unendurable, the childish compassion of Anne, who cried at the sight of his thorn-scratched hands, and Jeffy, a primrose-haired lump of two years, who yet was old enough to understand hunger, and generous enough to press the gift of his own egg upon the stranger, soothed him as nothing else could have done. Hood's mind was raw, his body broken. In the company of Anne and Jeffy both revived.

When Mrs. Gamble came back again to clear the table, she found the children sitting one on each side of Hood.

"Mum," they greeted her, "Mum, he says ve post office didn't send his money. Wasn't it wicked? And he was walking all ve way to ve big town where ve little machine goes click-click, and talks a long way off, so he could talk a long way off, and tell vem to send him lots of pennies and some shillings, and it was a long, *long* way, and he grew very tired and hungerry, and he's writing things in a book what peoples read, and he's very old, twenty-nine years, and his name is Walter Harvey Hood, and his muvver is dead, and he likes bull's-eyes and minty lollies, but he hasn't any here, but he says he'll send us lots and lots of vem when he gets back to Sidnee."

"Your children, Mrs. Gamble, have been asking questions," laughed Hood. He would have liked to ask a few

Next morning, with two o



three carriers and some borrowed stores, Hood set forth.

himself; above all, why the Irish Madonna's family talked almost ordinary English without perceptible brogue. But he knew himself a quarter century too old for the delightful freedoms of Jeffy and Anne.

"Sure the cat never ran away with the tongues of those two," she replied, somewhat evasively, he thought. "Himself is sick the day, Mr. Hood; y'll please to excuse him."

"Dad's sick all ve time," explained Anne. "Dad lies down on ve bed. Poor daddy!"

Mrs. Gamble cut in suddenly: "Would y' like to see the store? 'Tisn't much, but it's what we do be earning our bread by, as far as we can."

Hood knew she was only changing the conversation. He did not want to see the store. He was not new to the islands, and the typical bush store, with its strings of billy cans, its columns of tinned meat, its red and yellow calicoes, cases of tomahawks, hanks of beads, red, white, and blue, was familiar to the point of boredom. But he followed Mrs. Gamble. He would have followed a woman with that face through hell.

It seemed she did not want to show him the store. As soon as they were within it (and there were the beads, the calicoes, the billy cans, just as he had anticipated), she set her back against the counter and said:

"Mr. Hood, y'r as welcome as the flowers in May to shtop here as long as y'will, and we'll give y' the besht we have, but, sure, we haven't good enough for quality like y'rself, and y'll be pleased to excuse what's lackin'."

Making a polite reply, he looked swiftly round the store. It told its own tale, now that his eyes were opened by something faintly distressful in the woman's voice. The tins were rusty, the calicoes faded, the beads beginning to rot away from their strings. Trade, for a long time, must have been scant to the point of poverty.

WELL, Hood knew a thing or two about poverty. He was what Mrs. Gamble, no doubt, would have called "bitter poor" himself. The nonarrival of remittances at the port of entry had been a crushing disaster, but only one of many. He had been too busy following up the anthropological discoveries he was making; too busy hunting a certain gold medal, with a desirable tail of letters attached to it, to look after his never very satisfactory financial affairs. Things were tight, tight to the breaking point. He could understand the Gamble plight, if he didn't sympathize with it. As a matter of fact, he needed his sympathy for himself.

But she was going on. What was she saying? *What?*

"Himself was took by the great wakeness just after she died—the first Mrs. Gamble, m' cousin that wint to Australy young—and me having come to see her t'rough her trouble, I couldn't go and lave the childer, now, could I? But kapin' a store and buyin' the copra from the naygurs, sure, it's what I'm not apt with, and the trade's gone from us. I thought at first y' were a ketch or a cutter, but there's few of 'm ever comes this way. Sure, nothing comes this way, at all."

She stopped and looked at him with her wonderful, innocent blue eyes. The gold hair on her head was brushed tight; it fitted like a cap of shining metal. The lovely line of her cheeks—too white, like the cheeks of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ON THE LONG BEACHES
Continued from page nine

little children—seemed to call for a caressing hand; and yet it would have been a bold man who would have laid finger on her.

"Is Gamble not your husband, then?" asked Hood, amazed.

"Sure he is. The priest kem down in a boat and married us, him lyin' where he is and never maybe to riz up. 'For the avoidance of shcandal,' he says, 'let you have the name and the ring.' An' I have them."

It seemed quite natural that she should tell him her history. He was conscious of a strange feeling of familiarity, almost as if he had known this sweet-voiced creature in some other life. "Bromide!" he told himself contemptuously. "At every dance hall!"

"Why don't you go away?" he asked her, denying his own feeling by the sharp tone of his voice.

"We can never go away," she answered calmly. "Sure, we have no money, no more than y'rself, and how c'd I be walkin' to Port Blaxland with the childer, and what would we do there? There's food here; plenty of that, if nothin' else. There's sweet potatoes, and pineapples, and fish, and the fowls, and the eggs. An' the flour's not done, nor yet the tay. We're well enough. But ye will please excuse—"

"Of course, of course." Hood was resisting strenuously an inward impulse toward pity. What business was it of his? But he was very glad that the children were "me cousin's"; that the man lying there in the inner room had given this Madonna no more than the name and ring. A little love-making to while away the few days he must spend resting here—that would be good. A woman like this—the fine flower of the white race, human lily in looks and heart—for a harmless flirtation before he plunged back again into the blood bath of pure savagery. . . . Every investigator of savage life, every discoverer, especially, must dip his feet deep in that flood if he hoped to find out what no predecessor had found. Some carried the stains through life. Hood himself was not quite free of speck. Well, we had all come from primitive man, and there wasn't so much difference, when you got down to bedrock facts, between us and our ancestors. And some of it was not so very much of an improvement, after all. . . .

In sum, Hood meant to amuse himself and go on. He would wait here until he got his strength back, and then take up the question of tackling the river deltas. When you had time—when you were not running a race with death—things could always be wangled somehow. He'd built rafts before; canoes, perhaps, might be hired. Oh, he'd get to Port Blaxland and his miserable remittances, all right—now.

IN a day or so he found out why Mrs. Gamble had been slow about introducing him to her husband. The trader was paralyzed, and mildly insane. Attendance on him took up the greater part of his wife's time; she would allow no native to enter the room. "So long as they do be thinkin' there's a reel man in it," she explained, "they won't be gettin' woild."

Hood, who was beginning to understand her Irish turn of speech, supposed her to mean that the New Normandy natives—not, on the coast, a dangerous race—respected herself and the children because they imagined Gamble's illness to be lighter than it was. He was taken once into Gamble's room; saw with something like compassion the inert body on the bed, and heard the foolish murmurings that came from the slack mouth a woman once had loved and kissed. "I hope I die quick when my time comes," he thought, escaping thankfully from the dark and heat into the breezy airs of the veranda. Reluctantly he allowed himself to realize the heroism of Mary Gamble. "She's a sort of saint," he thought, and hated the idea. He did not want her to be a saint—though, of course, there were no such people. Had not his monograph on medieval hagiology proved as much to anyone who, in this twentieth century, needed proof?

It was on that day, he remembered afterwards, that she told him about the shell trade.

She had dropped into the habit of discussing trade with him. He found it interesting enough, since much of it trenched on his own particular work. Certain great arm shells were bride prices. Certain strings of shell money had a value, even among the coastal tribes, of far more than their nominal worth. Stone clubheads were good trade, even now, if you could get them. So were ornaments—dogs' teeth, pigs' tusks. You got these things from natives who had to part with them for food; you sold them to natives who possessed copra and wanted to exchange. You made a profit on the deal. Not much of a profit; but that, and other things, provided just enough to buy your bit of groceries in Port Blaxland.

Hood was amazed to find that she understood, though in a vague and confused fashion, something about his own science. "There has been one or two here that was askin' about the ways of the naygurs," she said. "They used to visit himself before the shtrong wakeness came on him, an' he lyin' there and the shtrange talk comin' in shtrings owa his mouth."

"What do you think of the science of anthropology?" he said, thinking to baffle her. But she replied calmly, with a slight flush darkening her cheek, "Sure, I don't like the chat that's in it."

HOOD thought of the blood bath; of the blazing fascination that his chosen science held. "Some go to cinemas, and some go to Arabia and blow up trains," he thought. "We get ours otherwise."

"Nevertheless," he told her, "it's not to be despised."

"The lies that's in it!" she said. "The takin' of the naygurs owa their place, askin' them and listenin' to them, and writin' it down, an' they lyin' in y'r teeth."

He was so pleased with the Shakespearean phrase that he forgot to be hurt. "But, my dear girl," he told her earnestly, "you don't understand. There's always something at the bottom of what they say. Always. And the part of the man of science is to ferret it out. Liars within bounds, I allow, but not all through."

"Whethen, some of them is liars from the'r top to the'r toenails," she maintained. "And it's myself should know, seein' they did me owa the only bit of forchune I could o' made. Still an' all, I don't throuble over that."

"Really?" He did not believe her, but she had come a little closer to him in her excitement, and it was a delight to see the gold cap of hair so near his shoulder, smell the warm clean perfume of her white skin. "Sweet as a rose," was the thought that just escaped before stark horror at its banality crushed it down.

"Do ye see those pearl shells?" She pointed to a small pile of shells on a shelf.

"They are very large, aren't they?"

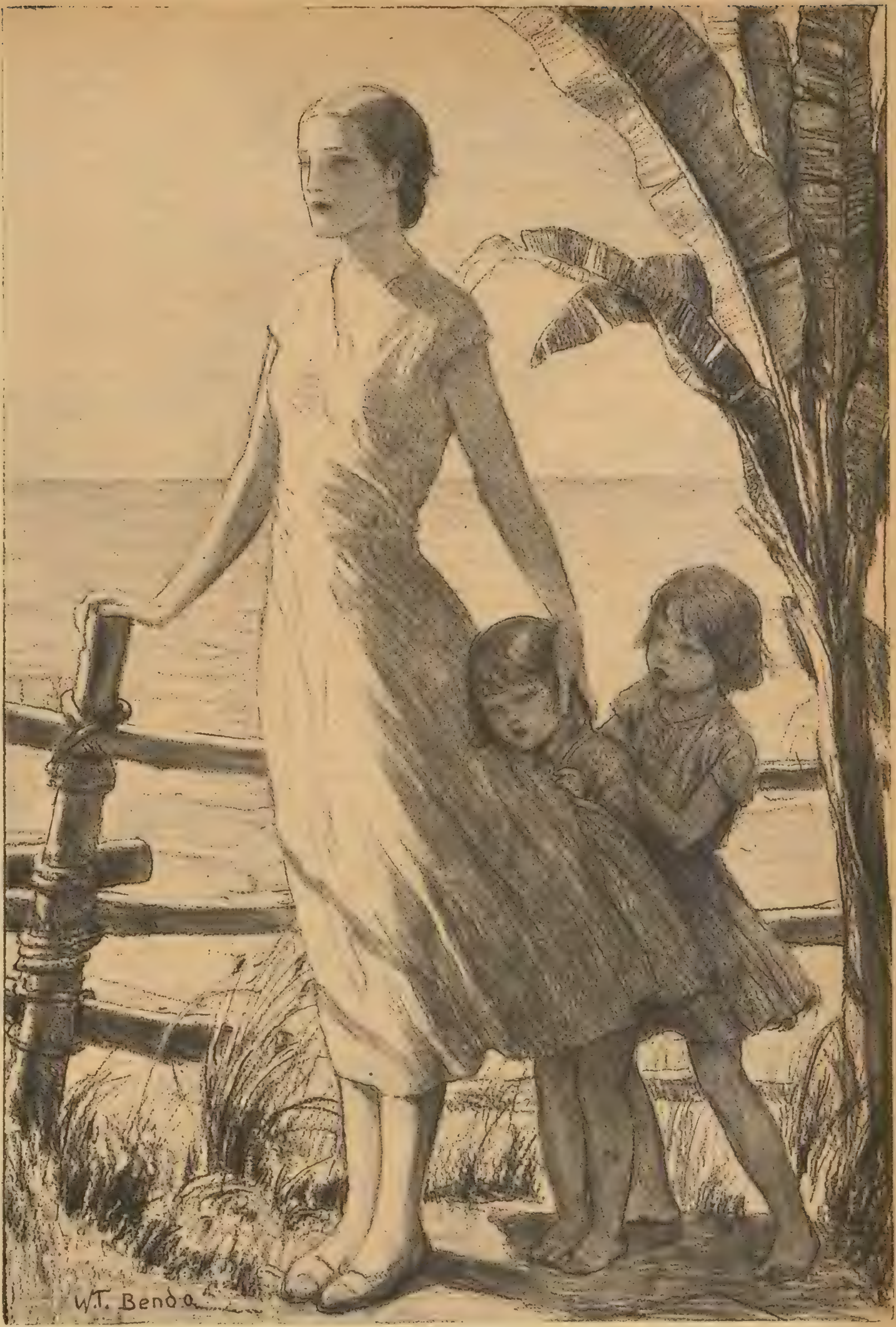
Mary Gamble took the pile in her hands, and ran it out on the counter, like a pack of gigantic cards. "Ye never seen the like," she stated.

"I never did," agreed Hood with some interest. The shells were astonishingly large and thick, bigger than a common dinner plate. In the warm, dim atmosphere of the store they shone like full moons fallen from some wonderful Jupiterian sky.

"See, then, if I had a half a ton of them, I and the childer could be packin' up again the time when himself, God help him, laves us go. That's every wan of them I've got in fifteen months. They're bride price—betther than the arm shells. There's not a naygur wouldn't give ye a half a dozen bags of copra for one of them. Ay, and more. And will they tell me where the shells come from along the coast, the way I could be goin' and gettin' a lock of them for meself? They will not. They will be givin' me the black lies every time, and sayin' the shells is got up the Karari River in the bush.

"Sayshells! And ye tell me the naygurs isn't liars, God help your intellects. But I don't be carin'; if we don't get it, it's sure that we're better in thout."

Hood wasn't thinking of her now. For the moment even Mary Gamble's white-rose face, her voice like rustling woods in June, took second place to the passion of his mind. "It's in sifting the false from the true that the real, interesting work comes in," he said impersonally. "You can take it from me" (he almost added "gentlemen"), "that no savage belief, widely held, no savage statement, if frequently made in the same form, is devoid of serious interest; I might say importance. To put it briefly" (he just escaped the "gentlemen" that time), "there's always something at the bottom of what they say."



The children, peering round her skirts, were stocky, sandy little things.

"HIGH talk and shplendid, like all the rest of them," sighed Mary, as one who sees no end to the folly of the sex called superior. "Will y' have scon's with y'r tay?" she added, shifting to firmer ground. She would not have acknowledged for a great deal how the sparkle in Hood's red-brown eyes intrigued her; how the sudden light that glowed in his face at the mention of his intellectual passion enhanced his good looks. She did not understand what he said, but she wished he would say it oftener, if it made him look as he looked now. Thinking thus, and knowing that thoughts leak out, she veiled her blue eyes with their heavy lids. "Them ones do be too consated," ran her inward comment—Mary Gamble's contribution to the science of psychology, of which she had never consciously heard.

"That one," being no fool where women were concerned, guessed without much difficulty why she removed her eyes from him, but he said nothing. "Too soon" was his private reaction.

"I should like some of your delightful scones, very much," he told her. "And after tea I'd be extremely obliged if you'd introduce any of the natives who told you this odd yarn about the shells. It might lead to interesting discoveries."

That huge pearl shells do not grow inland, he thought he knew as well as Mary Gamble. But the tale had fired him nevertheless. "Always something at the bottom of a native yarn, no matter how mad," he told himself. He hardly dared to hope for the thing that men of science love as monkeys love nuts—a kitchen-midden heap, a mass of domestic debris, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years old, filled to the peak with unwritten history. But, nevertheless, it might be so. . . .

Late that evening, after a long talk with certain brown men of the bush, he came to Mary, where she sat among the children, cutting bread and butter, like Charlotte of Werther come to life.

"I'm going up the Karari," he said without preface.

Mary Gamble was accustomed to the ways of pioneers. "Are y' so?" was all her comment. "Jeffy, love, will y' be lavin' little Anny her lone to ate her piece? Why would y' be takin' it off her?"

Jeffy, his mouth crammed with bread and tinned butter,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ON THE LONG BEACHES
Continued from page eleven

said indistinctly but forcibly, "Gimme a piece to put in my pocky, then, A'nt Molly. I want to go with him."

She winked at Hood; it was almost as if a statue had come down off its pedestal. "There's y'r piece," she said. "Would y' be goin' with him, and for why?"

"'Cause I like him," explained Jeffy firmly, standing with his stocky bare legs well apart, and staring up at Hood.

A curious thrill went through the man. So would a fellow's own sons look at him, he supposed, if he had any of the small plagues.

Well, who wanted them?

But he bent and kissed Jeffy, awkwardly enough. "It's too far for little men," he said.

"Will you bring me something back?" demanded Jeffy. Little Anne joined in uncomprehendingly with, "Somet'ing back."

"How true they run to the lines of folklore!" thought Hood, recollecting Beauty and the Beast, half a dozen Grimm and Andersen tales, twenty Indian and African congeners.

"Yes," he told the children. "Something for everyone. A necklace of jewels and a red, red rose. That's about it, isn't it?"

They nodded, with their mouths fuller than ever.

And next morning, with two or three carriers and some borrowed stores, Hood set forth.

Ten days later, at the head of his carriers, he marched into a narrow defile. It was a good way above sea level. Giant pandanus, never seen below four thousand feet of altitude, tossed its bizarre stiff limbs and dripping leaves into the clear air; pines, like queer toys out of old-fashioned "farmyard" boxes, stood perched on the surrounding ridges, strangely mingled with tree fern and palm. Evening was near; the colossal peaks and shoulders of the mountains through which the white man had come showed themselves unsubstantial, translucent upon a sunset pranked with the extraordinary goblin blue that one sees nowhere save in New Normandy. Hood felt the magic of the place; he was a harp for all such winds to play on.

But he stamped the feeling down, and with it the familiar thrill of excitement with which he always greeted a spot on which no white man yet had stood. "Pure atavism," he thought. "One's remote ancestors expected plenty of game when they found a new place. It's merely the spirit of the cooking pot."

"Master," said the boss boy, "this one place belong shell."

HOOD nodded. Already he had guessed as much. The miracle, during an unusually hard day's climb over stiff limestone country, had all but revealed itself to him. He understood.

"Make camp first," he said. "Tomorrow find shell." In the far places one did not waste one's daylight.

Hood slept but ill that night on the slung sack bed that had served him well in many expeditions.

"There's lots of good sleep stowed away in a six-foot sack," he had been used to say. Tonight the sack was empty of such content. Hour after hour he waked and thought.

He knew now that the find was likely to be valuable. Next night might see him master, for the first time, of himself and his life.

No more lecturing stupid students. No more journalism. No more cajoling of scientific societies for unwillingly given funds.

He could be free—perhaps.

He could chase the gold medal, the string of letters, through all Malaya, Melanesia, and Polynesia. As a side issue he could get married—perhaps.

Sleep that came at last brought visions of blue eyes, sweet and serious as the eyes of a Raphael Madonna; of gold hair, wonderful as the hair of the girl at

> Pornic down by the sea,
> Pornic there by Brittany.

Hood would not have been Hood if speculations about Basque and Celt, Milesian and Tuatha De Danan, had not colored his dreams of love. By this time they had drifted, almost without his will, into dreams of matrimony. Gamble would not long stand in anyone's light. Embarrassing brogues could be trained away. Remained a woman of most satisfactory stock, anthropologically speaking, and one whom he was quite prepared to marry, providing the miracle of the shells turned out as he thought it was going to do.

Freud himself would have been hard put to it to disentangle the welter of conchology, geology, anthropology, and love that filled the rest of Hood's disturbed night.

The carriers, camped close at hand for mutual protection, told each other simply that mountain spirits must have come down and bitten the master—they had never known him so restless. . . .

IN the morning, an hour after sunup, Hood, panting with exertion, half drunk with excitement and with joy, disinterred the first of the great pearl shells from their bed of prehistoric upheaved coral. The limestone country had told the truth. Here in the wild heart of New Normandy, ten days' climb from the coast, there lay at the bottom of a valley a level stretch of rock, gray and whitish, that once had been the floor of a coral lagoon. Over the very ground on which he stood emerald sea water had flowed; fish bright as butterflies had sailed slowly up and down; the shadows of great sharks had passed by, sending all lesser life hurrying into cover. On the bottom of everything companies of pearl shell, weed-camouflaged, had lain at anchor, unmoving from year to year. The sea was gone; the fish had vanished; another age had dawned upon the world; but here were the shells, caught in the volcanic upheaval that had changed the face of New Normandy—long before man set foot upon it—tossing the bed of the sea high into air.

Shells were not all. Hood had found two pearls bedded in broken rock, and as bright as the day on which they fell out of the oyster's mantle. Where there were two there surely might be more. This was luck indeed!

It was characteristic of Hood that not even the money value of his find, not even the thought of gold hair brought so much nearer to his grasp, chiefly intrigued him at that moment. He stood with the first pearl shell and the first two pearls in his hand, looking over the valley that was glorious with morning sun, and said aloud and triumphantly to an invisible audience: "Gentlemen, no savage belief, no savage statement, if frequently made in the same form, is devoid of significance!" After which, being but twenty-nine and very happy, he gave himself three cheers.

It was later in the day that he found himself considering seriously the value of other statements "frequently made in the same form"; above all, the saying that unkindly warns us not to halloo till we are out of the wood. One thing he had forgotten; that the valley was known to the New Normandy folk from time immemorial, and that they had been using it as a quarry of pearl shell. There was much less than he had supposed at first. Worse than all, there were hardly any pearls beyond the few that, with beginners' luck, he had lighted on at the outset.

After several days' eager working, helped by his carriers, he was forced unwillingly toward the conclusion that his find, less expenses, could not be worth more than a thousand pounds.

Still, a thousand pounds' worth of exceptional pearl shell and pearls (though there were few of the latter) should be enough to provide him with two years' unbroken leisure—leisure of the kind that Hood enjoyed, which meant hard work.

As to marrying, that was a necessity. After all, he owed the whole thing to Mary Gamble. He couldn't possibly give it up—he had pegged out the valley in his own name, and meant to obtain a grant for himself—but it could be made all right in the pleasantest manner possible, and it should be.

Ten days' climb from the coast meant six days' return. Hood was back again upon the long beach within three weeks from his departure. There was half a day or so of tramping over the sand, the black sand, burning, clinging, never-ending, that had beaten the life out of better men than he, that had so nearly taken his own. This day he walked it with head up, heart full of hope, and belly full of food; another man than the wretched creature who had crept to the door of Mary Gamble's house less than a month ago.

He whistled as he neared the store; then, as he came up to it and saw the blind, in full daylight, lowered upon the one window of Gamble's room, he became silent.

Mary met him on the veranda. Simple and transparent as spring water, she had no idea of feigning any emotion that she did not feel. "Himself went last night," she said calmly. "Some of the naygurs has his grave dug over beyond in the bush, and they'll be to be carryin' him now."

Hood did not offer to attend the simple funeral. Honest as Mary herself, he feigned no emotions, pretended no impossible piety. He went into the house and waited her return. It was very quiet; the children had been sent out in charge of a native girl; the store was closed; no step sounded on the veranda; no voice muttered feebly from the bedroom. There had been silence in the house before, but never silence like this. Little and poor, the bush hut for today was great with the majesty, the miracle, of death.

"It's as well," ran Hood's thoughts. "Less time likely to be wasted." And he began to wonder how long it would take to get rid of that charming but impossible Irish brogue. Elocution teachers . . . what did they teach, and how soon? . . . He pictured a lovely woman walking before him into a fashionable restaurant, into the drawing-room of some great London house (Hood had the entrée to ten or fourteen such), greeting her hostess with "Sure, an' I'm glad—" No, no! But it could be managed. If the teachers failed, he was no mean teacher himself. She'd do . . . give her time, she'd do splendidly.

HE looked up and saw her before him. The children were with her. They shouted at the sight of him, and Jeffy ran to catch him by the knees. "What have you brought us back, man?" he cried.

"I'll tell you by and by," temporized Hood, patting the primrose-colored head. Mary Gamble mentioned to the colored girl to take them away. "Y' have something to tell me," she said. She was not at all excited. Men went off frequently into the bush of New Normandy after gold, after butterflies, after scientific discoveries. Usually they returned without that for which they had gone away. New Normandy, with a careless finger, flung them back—back to the long beaches—stripped and poor.

But Hood had another tale to tell, and as she listened, her eyes opened widely, and her curved, kissable lips fell apart. "So y' had the luck," she said, with just one sigh, quickly caught back.

"We had it," he corrected. "There'll be enough out of the place to give us a start elsewhere."

"We?" she said, staring at him strangely. "So y' bid to be married?"

"I hope so," he answered her, and came closer, taking in his hands those "notable," long-fingered hands of hers. A spark of nature's electricity flew between palm and palm. Mary grew very pale, and drew her hands away.

"Sure, I hope so too," she said. "And it's meself will take the great happiness thinkin' of y', and I back in m' convent again."

"Your convent!"

"Yes."

"But—you married!"

"Sure I did, in the way y' know. But I was a novice in the Visitation at Port Blaxland—or I would 'a' been two days later—when the word came from m' cousin—she that was always a sister to me—an' she sayin' that she was like to die in her trouble, and would I come? An' the Mother, she says to me, 'Go, and Our Lady and the Holy Child go with you, and if y' can ever come back,' sh' says, 'come back.' And I'm comin'."

"BUT the children?"

"Sure, now that himself is dead, m' cousin's kin will take them. They were always bitter bad again him, but they'll be kind to the childer. Poor they are, like all of us, but they have the warm hearts."

"The children will be poor all their lives?"

"They will so, like the birds an' the wee butterflies, an' the blessed saints themselves." She did not seem to be troubled at the thought.

Hood clicked his nails together impatiently. What did she know, this sweet fanatic, whose feelings he would not hurt by so much as one scornful word? What did she understand of education, of a fair start, of the difference between trained and untrained, when it came to the battle of life? Nothing.

Adorable, obstinate, mistaken! He could have struck her. He could have kissed her dusty shoes. And she was lost to him, as utterly as the gold-haired girl of Pornic had been lost to her lover when she lay in the coffin at his feet.

Unable to prevent himself, he saw himself, with agony, about to do that which he would have bitterly condemned in another. He was going to give up the money. There was a sort of infection about this creature; unconsciously she influenced you, made you do things that neither she nor you ever thought of. The children would have to have those hundreds: Anny and the baby and Jeffy; most of all Jeffy, who had hung round his knees; Jeffy, who had given him his precious egg when he arrived worn and hungry at the store on that night that seemed so long ago.

The money was justly owing to Mary, but failing her, it fell—must fall—to the children.

He did not tell her. He did not think she was interested in money.

But when the children came in, he showed them the little tobacco box of pearls that he had gathered, and said to Jeffy, who was boldly climbing on his knee, "There's the necklace of jewels."

"That's for Anny," said Jeffy, not without scorn. "What's for me?"

"I'll give you," said Hood, pretending to think, "I'll give you—a shilling—and a gold medal."

"Where's the shilling?"

"Here."

"Let me see the medal."

"You never will; nor will anyone else."

Jeffy, fondling the shilling, did not seem to care about that. "Where's the red, red rose?" he demanded.

Hood, about to say, "There's no such thing," caught back his words and looked across at Mary Gamble in whose white cheeks the rose had suddenly bloomed, and as suddenly faded again.

It was his only tribute; it was all he was ever to have of her.

"There's one," he said, "but I mean to keep it myself; it's all I've got."

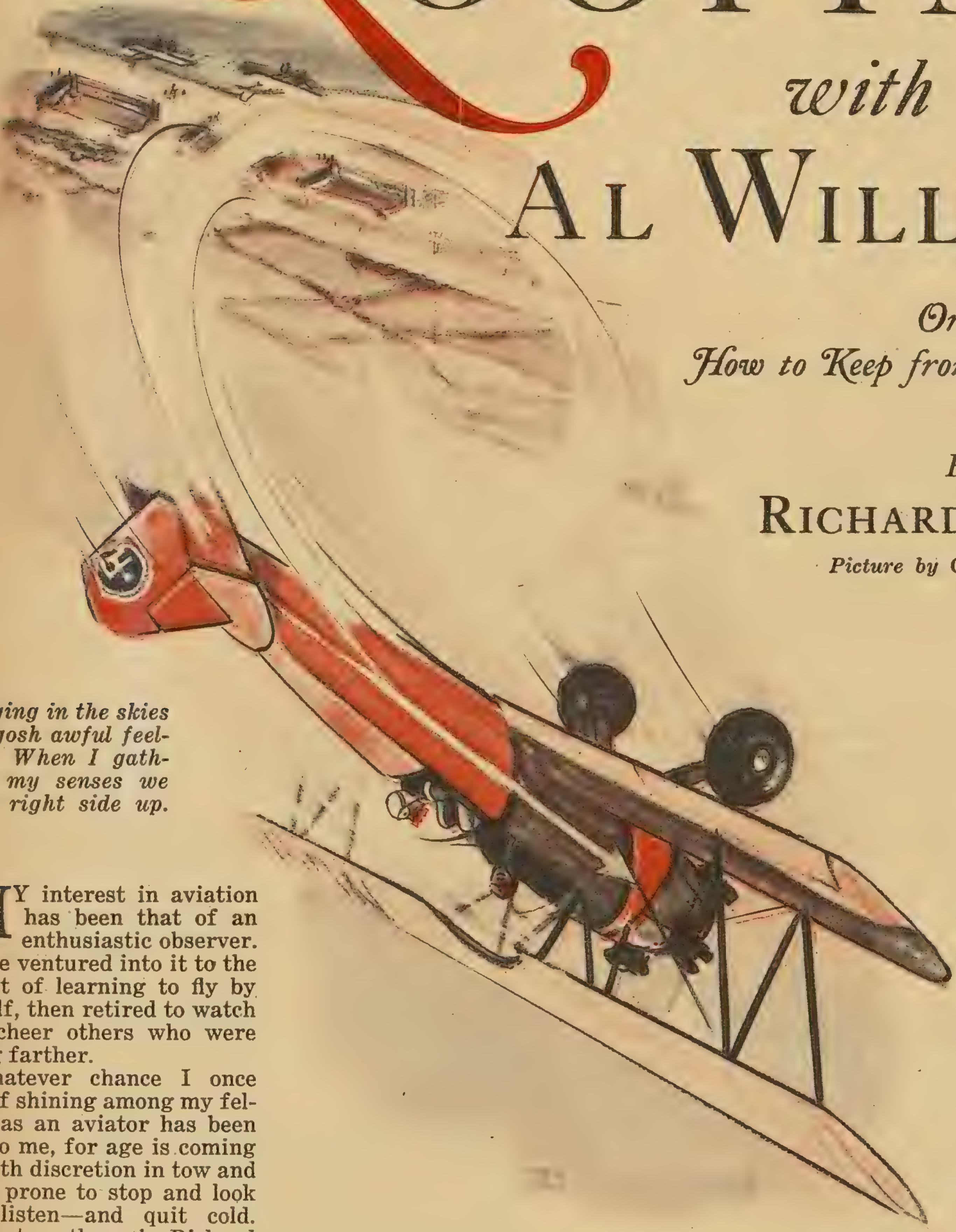
THE END

Outside LOOPING with AL WILLIAMS

Or, How to Keep from Growing Old

By
RICHARD CARROLL

Picture by CLAYTON KNIGHT



Hanging in the skies—a gosh awful feeling. When I gathered my senses we were right side up.

MY interest in aviation has been that of an enthusiastic observer. I have ventured into it to the extent of learning to fly by myself, then retired to watch and cheer others who were going farther.

Whatever chance I once had of shining among my fellows as an aviator has been lost to me, for age is coming on with discretion in tow and I am prone to stop and look and listen—and quit cold. Then, too, there is Richard II, just beginning to walk, and Nancy ready for school next year and with no desire to lose her old man. Nor does her old man want to lose her—you bet.

So it was that I cocked one eye to hide a fluttering heart when the editor of Liberty coolly informed me that the science of aërial acrobatics should be explained for the multitudes who watch the various aces doing their stuff in the heavens but who don't quite know why or how it is done or what kind of a kick the fellow aloft gets out of it. He further suggested that I could do the explaining.

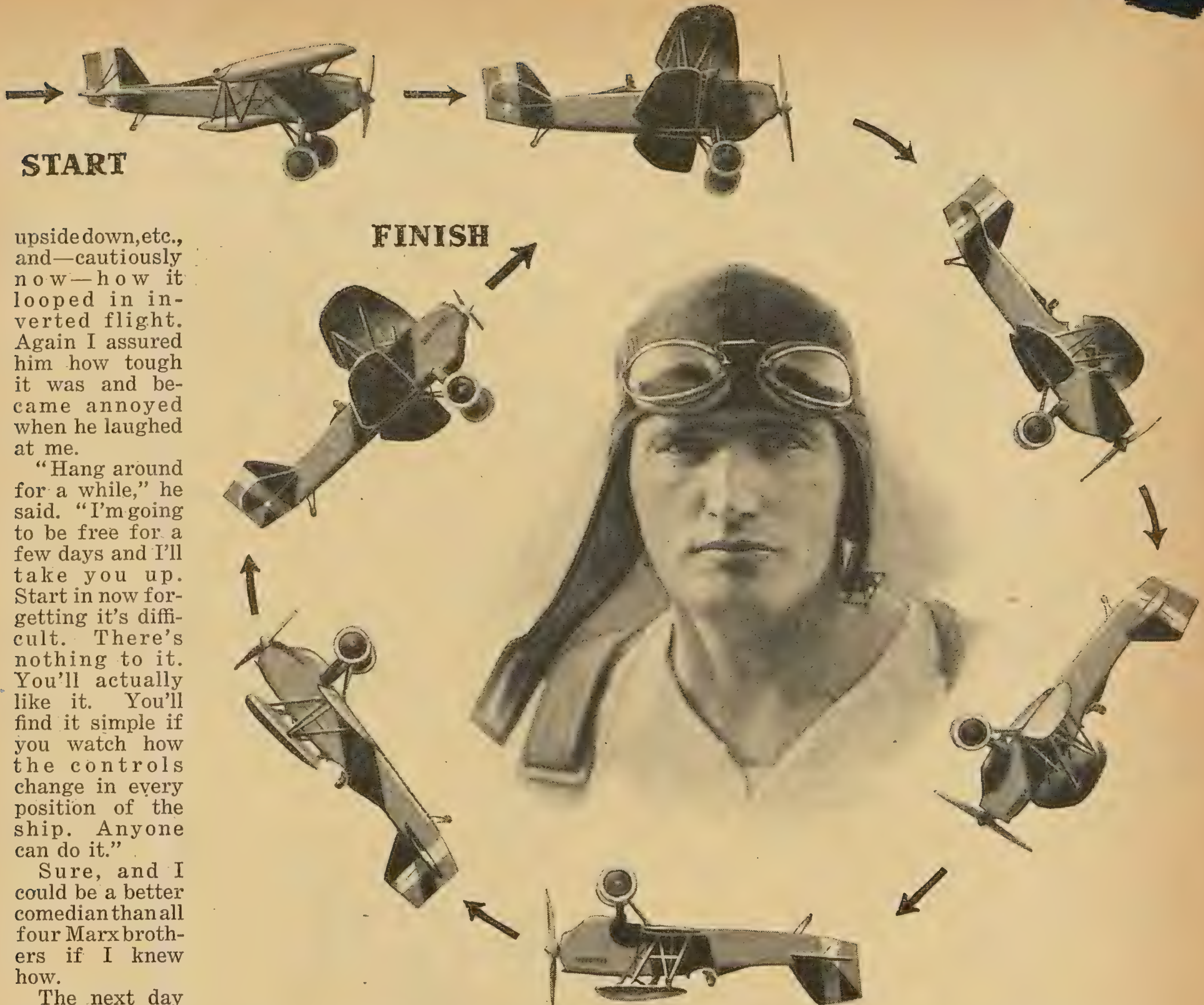
"You'll have to do acrobatics," said he, "if you want to know what you're writing about. And—tell you what—throw in a couple of outside loops!"

Editors are just like that. Enthusiastic. However, why argue with them?

The following day I turned up at Roosevelt Field, Garden City, Long Island, and talked to the boys. I wanted a little conversation to precede the stunting, that is, conversation of an assuring kind.

Seth Low, the banker and flying enthusiast who runs the whole show there, thought the idea a happy one. He would! So did the instructors, all of them eager to take me aloft and give me the works. The advanced school of students, those who were learning acrobatics on their way to transport-pilot licenses, thought me a lucky devil to be given such an opportunity. Just a nice, gentle bunch of smiling pallbearers.

Then, as luck would have it, who should breeze in but Al Williams—Alford J. Williams, Jr., to you. If you've never heard of him, which is scarcely possible, he happens to be the country's greatest acrobatic pilot and America's speed king. To him, gently, I explained what I was about to do, not forgetting to let him know how tough my lot was and how difficult the science of acrobatics. I wanted to learn how a plane spun, looped, rolled, flew



Here, revolving around Al Williams, is the true outside loop, biggest headache in acrobatics. The diagram shows why the author's head throbbed and his safety belt stretched as the ship plunged, swept over on its back, and finally climbed to an even keel. Compare this with the inverted loop on page seventeen.

upside down, etc., and—cautiously now—how it looped in inverted flight. Again I assured him how tough it was and became annoyed when he laughed at me.

"Hang around for a while," he said. "I'm going to be free for a few days and I'll take you up. Start in now forgetting it's difficult. There's nothing to it. You'll actually like it. You'll find it simple if you watch how the controls change in every position of the ship. Anyone can do it."

Sure, and I could be a better comedian than all four Marx brothers if I knew how.

The next day Al got the ship he wanted for the flights. He was taking the job seriously, as he does everything, almost too seriously for my peace of mind. The Consolidated Aircraft Company of Buffalo sent down Pilot J. S. Dexter with a new Fleet, a regulation training ship and one of the sturdiest jobs a student ever flew. It was powered with a Kinner motor of ninety horse power. Williams took the ship up alone first, with my hearty approval, and after a short flight expressed complete satisfaction with it. That afternoon we got at the task in hand.

I HAD flown with Al before, of course, but this was to be different. Then it had been straight flying, going somewhere in a hurry and no funny business. Now we were going no place in a manner that was nobody's business.

Al at once climbed for altitude. At 2,000 feet he began a series of steep banks and fancy turns. This he kept up for a few minutes, then throttled the motor and shouted back to me:

"Just a few dives to get you used to it."

The motor caught up again, the nose of the ship went down, the earth came into view over the top of Al's head and we headed to meet it. After a few hundred feet of this—a steep glide—Al pulled up. It was fine, just like landing, only a bit steeper. He climbed and dived again. That was great. Then he climbed to 2,500 feet, pointed the nose down, straight down this time and not on an angle as before, and let her rip.

O! what a fall was there, my countrymen. There's no feeling in the world quite like it. The roaring of the engine, the screech of the wind in the struts, the momentary mental flick of dread that the ship will not pull out of that terrific plunge to the earth that spreads out beneath and straight ahead, growing greener and more distinct each second, as though itself were rushing up to meet us. My mind seemed to be falling faster than my body.

After a drop of 500 feet Al eased her nose up, eased it up so gradually that there was no strain on the sturdy wings.

We did it once more, then flew straight for about an hour at 1,000 feet, rubbering at the great estates spread out so alluringly beneath. By this time I had got the feel of the ship; Al handed the controls over to me and I flew it back to Roosevelt Flying School.

Next morning we went up again. For a while we dived until I thought I was getting the hang of it, even venturing to make two dives for myself. Then Al once more throttled the motor and called back:

"Your belt tight?"

I waved the O. K. signal. The nose of the ship went down again, then up and up and up, until I looked over my head and saw the ground. Only for a flash, however, and we were right side up again. That was my first loop and nothing much in the way of a sensation. Al again looked

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

OUTSIDE LOOPING WITH AL WILLIAMS
Continued from page fifteen

around to see that I was all right. My grin of possible enjoyment seemed to satisfy him.

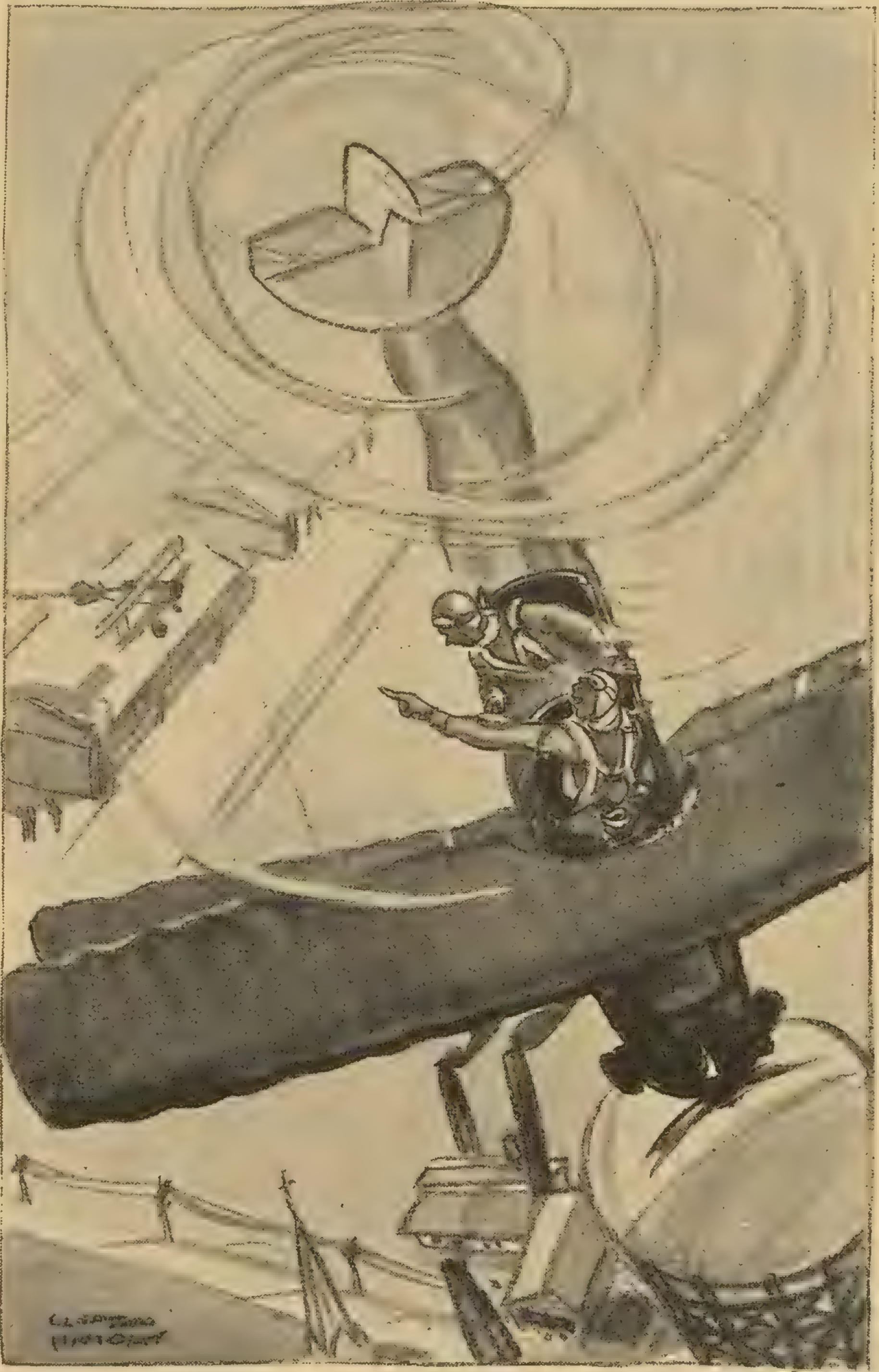
More loops we made as I kept my hand on the controls to see how it was done. Simple enough. Dive to get extra speed, then pull the nose up fairly gently and keep pulling up until the ship is flying the proper circle. Then let her go on over and around. For a while after that we flew straight.

I was becoming interested in a large silver ball below us, some kind of gas tank, I think, when before I could realize what was happening the left wing of the ship seemed to flash up in my face and the nose whirled around. I caught a glimpse of green fields where sky should have been, then sky, then earth overhead, and got ready for orders to jump. But we straightened out and Al turned around, grinning. My first snap barrel roll, a maneuver in which the ship goes through the air like a corkscrew. It was a rotten sensation, far worse than diving or ordinary looping. Al again let me fly the ship, and I made a few dives and succeeded with a loop. After an hour and a half in the air we landed.

THAT afternoon we went up again, but the wind had increased almost to gale force. Under 1,500 feet it was rough and bumpy. It was steady enough, though strong, above that. For diversion Al flew high over the field and pulled the Fleet's nose up into the wind. Fully fifteen minutes he held her there, motionless save for the vibration of the ship, making no headway. He throttled the motor a little, then a little more, and for seconds we were teetering in the wind. Then the nose began to sink as he throttled the motor still further. As the nose fell farther I felt him kick the right rudder. The nose turned toward the right, slowly at first, and again I had that falling sensation. The whirling motion grew stronger and I could see the ground over the nose of the ship and it was whirling around. I felt that we were now standing still. The ground it was that revolved, and as it turned came closer.

My own feet were on the rudder and I felt it straighten out. The control stick went smoothly forward and the falling sensation increased while the circular motion ceased. I saw then we were in a straightaway glide. It took a little time to make sure of this, as my own head was going around. Al later told me that all novices get dizzy after a spin. We tried it once more. Then we flew around for a while enjoying the scenery.

About twenty minutes of this and Al again asked me if my belt was tight. This time he leaned out of his cockpit to see. Satisfied that I was secure enough and checking his own belt, he took the controls and I waited for what would happen. Slowly and smoothly the plane rolled to the right.



Picture by Clayton Knight

We were looking onto Roosevelt Field. "That crazy loon is going to kill himself if he isn't careful."

It might be mentioned here that in the air the sensation of forward speed is nonexistent. An automobile at fifty miles an hour on the ground gives more sensation of speed than does an airplane at 200 miles an hour at 5,000 feet. Only the rush of air gives the sense of motion.

As we rolled over, the earth came into view again over my head. This time, however, it stayed there. For a moment I was scared stiff. I lost a dozen heartbeats that I will never recover when I felt myself literally falling out of the ship. The pressure around my waist increased until I was hanging there in the skies by my safety belt, for all the world like a ham on a hook. I was conscious of one thought—to hell with acrobatics.

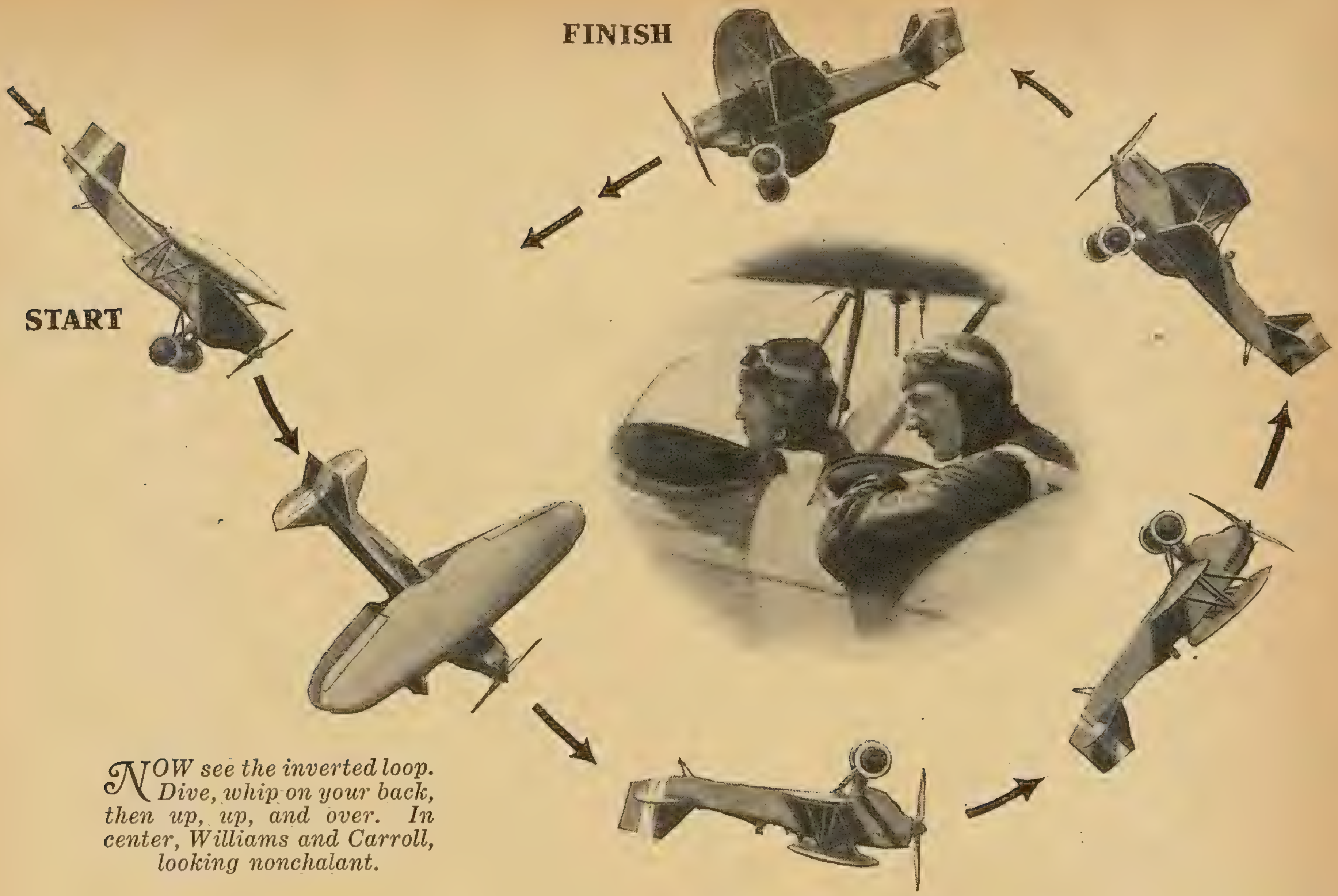
I gaped down at the green fields and they began to fade from my sight. My head felt heavy as lead and my eyes hurt. It was a gosh-awful feeling. If that damned belt broke . . . and Dick only a year old.

WE hung there for about four hours (only Williams said later it was thirty seconds). The next feeling I had was grateful contact with the parachute on which I had been sitting. That was my first experience with inverted flight. When I gathered my scattered senses together we were flying right side up.

This time I declined to take the controls on the way home to Roosevelt Field. When I got my feet on solid earth I was elated, and when I remembered that the worst was yet to come I thought of the farm I wanted to get in Connecticut, the cows and horses I hoped to own, and the placidity and sanity of New England agriculture.

We didn't get up in the air again for several days, since the rain and high winds made flying uncomfortable, at least for me. When at length we met again at Roosevelt School, Al made me feel fine by gravely testing my safety belt. This he did by getting into my cockpit, buckling the belt on, then trying to stand up, pulling his own massive frame against the webbing. It held and he was content. As for me, well—

The day was ideal. Mrs. Williams and my wife had come down with us, though neither of them knew what we were about to do. I wasn't sure myself that Al intended to try the outside loop at this time. He is a cautious fellow, far more conservative than most of the kids hopping about the airdrome. So far as I could ascertain, only once before had an outside loop been accomplished with a passenger on board. I heard that Phil Love took a man up at Detroit and went around the outside of the circle with him. Some of the fellows at the field had heard stories of its being done, but couldn't remember where or when or by whom. I am frank to confess that Williams is the only pilot in the country with whom I would try it. With him there is no dependence on luck. Everything he does in the air has been studied out on the ground. If he flies his ship into some uncanny



NOW see the inverted loop. Dive, whip on your back, then up, up, and over. In center, Williams and Carroll, looking nonchalant.

position, as at Washington, when he made his now famous inverted falling leaf, you can be sure that he has worked out an exact plan of what to do every second of the maneuver. The inverted leaf was accomplished a few months ago. More than a year before that he was explaining to me in Washington how it might be done.

We took off and flew around a while. Al headed toward Mitchel Field and pointed out the course where in 1925 he had established a world's speed record. He throttled the motor so that I could hear him and called back:

" Give you some idea of what a racing pilot thinks about. I'll take you over the exact course we flew the Curtiss racers. Lot of fond memories attached to this place for me."

The motor sang out again and we climbed for altitude. Al turned in the direction of the Atlantic Ocean. Then he turned the ship and headed straight for the first hangar at the entrance to Roosevelt Field. Mitchel Field, with its course still marked out, lay between. We flew straight until almost over Mitchel. Then we dived. And what a dive! Down as fast as power and gravity could pull us, a long, steep drive. We gathered speed. I couldn't see the indicator, but I felt the acceleration. It was fast enough for me. Five hundred feet above the course Al straightened out and we shot across like a bullet. At the other side he pulled back the stick and we shot up. Gaining altitude again, he called back to me:

" THAT'S how you feel in a racing ship, only you dive from nine thousand feet, straighter down and a lot faster—quite a lot faster, well over three hundred miles per hour."

I had no desire to be shown. We headed for the Atlantic again, in the direction of Fire Island. At 3,000 feet Al took a last look to see if everything was all right. He waved his hand and pointed down. The nose went down in a steep glide. I felt rather than saw the ship turn over on its back. Before I could realize what position I was in I felt a terrific tug at my belt. The falling sensation, combined with the awful feeling that I was being thrown out of the ship, proved too much. I reached frantically down and clutched the bottom of the metal seat. Not all the gravity Newton ever dreamed of could break that hold.

The strain on my fingers lessened and my head began to clear. But now I lost all sensation of flying. It felt as if we were flopping around in the air. Then we began to slide away, the whole ship and we with it. It was like tumbling from a high building. The nose dropped and I was literally jammed against the back of the seat. The ground shot along under me and disappeared beneath the engine. We were a full minute in straight flying before I realized that everything was O. K. Al started to climb again. At 5,000 feet he throttled the motor enough to call back so I could hear.

" All right? "

I nodded. Al grinned at me, and shouted:

" Didn't have enough speed. Gotta dive longer."

FROM 7,000 feet this time we shot down and flopped over on our backs. Again came that ghastly feeling of being hurled away from the ship and out through space. This time my sight blurred and I felt slightly nauseated. I gripped like death the bottom of the seat, tensed my whole body into a knot, clamped my teeth tight, and hung on. The rest of it was simply hanging on. I have only the memory of being slung, like a bean in a boy's slingshot, around in a tremendous circle, save that the bean is cushioned against the leather of the sling while I was held on the very outside of the sling by a fragile web belt.

That was the inverted loop.

To my own amazement, I recovered quickly. Once we had assumed normal flying position I began taking an interest in things. Al flew around, giving me full time to get ready again. A plane in the distance caught his attention and he pointed it out. He shouted back:

" Look at that fool stalling over the hangars."

We were looking onto Roosevelt Field. " That crazy loon is going to kill himself if he isn't careful," he pointed out.

I answered:

" Oh, yeah! "

But he didn't hear me.

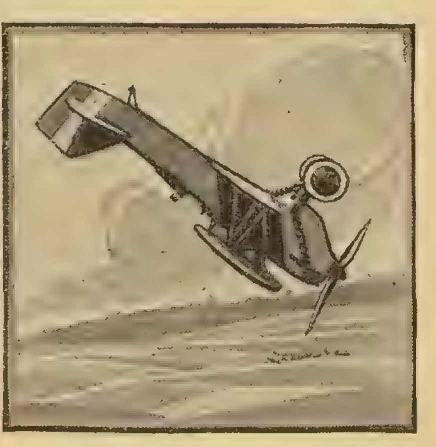
As a boy I remember that when alone in a darkened room, or walking through Mt. Carmel cemetery at night, and I became obsessed with an idea that something sinister lurked behind a door, or behind a tombstone, I grew

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

OUTSIDE LOOPING WITH AL WILLIAMS
Continued from page seventeen

more and more terrified until in desperation I ran to where I thought the ghostly object was, to grapple with it, crying all the while.

Now I wanted to get that final stunt over. I was genuinely afraid of it. The inverted loop was one thing. The true outside loop was another. The first maneuver started from the bottom and went up. The true outside loop starts from the top and describes a complete circle from there.



We went up to 7,000 feet and Al casually shoved her nose down. Once more I got that feeling that the bottom had dropped out of the universe. This time it was longer and worse. I was violently flung out of my seat. Again the belt held me back. It hurt. The pressure around my waist was great. I clung to everything in reach. If my heart had been in the least weak Williams would have had a funeral on his hands. Some mysterious force seemed trying to pull me away and only the belt held me back. The blood surged to my head and I felt myself passing out. But before anything like that happened I was flung back just as violently against the back of the seat.

The ship wavered in the air and again I lost all sensation of flying. Then, as though pushed by some gigantic hand, the ship slowly made the top of the grade, the nose went down, and we sailed along right side up. I felt completely washed out. Almost as in a dream I saw Al turn around. I saw his lips frame a question. He told me afterward the sight of my face answered him. I couldn't hear anything. My temples pounded and my eyes smarted. I think he wanted to try another. Vaguely I motioned toward the home field. Al's attempts on the way back to get me interested in the scenery failed dismally. A good, solid rock to sit upon was verdure to me.

It wasn't until later that I realized that if anything had gone wrong I should have been in a sweet mess. At the bottom of the loop, when I was hanging on the outside of the speeding ship by a belt, fast going woozy and scared stiff, if that belt had snapped I should never have recovered my senses in time to pull the rip cord of my parachute. At least, I think I shouldn't have. I had intended to keep my right fingers clasped on the ring so that if thrown out I should be in position to pull the cord immediately. I found I needed that hand to hold on with, and besides, there was the danger of pulling the ring in my excitement—and an open parachute in a fast moving plane wouldn't be healthy.

BY the time we landed I had recovered sufficiently to make a vow never to do an outside loop again. My eyes still ached and I didn't care much for a suggestion to have lunch. So, while I sat on a bench and watched, Al took Mrs. Carroll up for a ride. I expected to meet a badly frightened girl when they landed fifteen minutes later. They had banked steeply and then Al had twice dived the plane 100 feet or so. She got out and I asked how it felt.

"Why, it isn't at all what I thought it would be. We hardly seemed to move."

"Did you get a kick out of the turns, when the ship went over on its side?"

"Not much. I liked it when we dived. But I can't see much to get excited over."

Well, there was nothing we could do about it. . . .

And now, the reason for all this acrobatic flying is plain enough, or ought to be. It isn't done merely to give the old ladies in the grand stands heart failure, or solely to thrill the crowds. Exhibitions are only finished workmen displaying their goods. Actually, flyers who must guard against all known and unknown conditions must train for them. They must seek all the conditions and positions into which they may be forced, but seek them under their own initiative and be prepared for them. That is airmanship.

What seamanship means to the sailor, airmanship means to the flyer. No airman can consider himself a finished pilot until he has mastered and become familiar with every possible maneuver, just as no sailor can rate himself a master mariner until he knows how to handle his ship under all tide, current, storm, and traffic conditions. But the airman must go further. He is traveling in an ocean of three dimensions. The ocean liner keeps an even keel, right side up. The airplane can fly on its back, on its side, and slide back on its tail, all the while under control of the pilot. Thus the science of acrobatics is to the complete pilot as essential as the ability to take an airplane to a given destination and trust that conditions will be normal all along the route.

We appreciate the seamanship of the ocean liner's captain who, knowing the vagaries of the tides and wind and caught in a tight place with his huge charge, brings his craft to safety by a few seemingly simple maneuvers. We know that he must sense every move of his ship and that he knows where each move will bring him. So with the airman. The ignorant flyer dreads each and every maneuver he has not mastered. Some day and in the wrong place he will have to work out of one. Imagine an emergency landing field, small and surrounded by trees, he has to get into. The acrobatic master slips down easily and safely with his charge. The novice floats to tree tops and trouble.

ALL of this, boiled down, simply means the truly great pilots are those who are masters of their ships every moment in the air. Remember, then, that when you gape at some daring pilots weaving patterns in the skies you aren't being thrilled by a bunch of circus riders. You are viewing master craftsmen demonstrating a master's art.

I asked Williams if I could ever manage a ship as he does. Was flying ability born with a fellow? He thought any man could become expert in the air. It was, as far as he could see, a matter of hard work, long and patient application to a science that held no mysteries. Every pilot could become a great pilot if he worked hard enough at his job. With all of which I heartily disagreed. Because by the same token we'd all be Babe Ruths by dint of hard work on the baseball field. There are plenty of hard-working baseball men, but how many Babe Ruths?

Williams now, having given ten years of his flying career to the study of acrobatics and airplane control, will, after his European trip, relegate them to the background. His next phase will be his early love, flying big boats. There, he says, is the future of aviation. He knows that every lake and large river is a landing field. That, for instance, the Mississippi is a landing field more than 1,000 miles long and you don't have to buy it or keep the grass cut. It is smooth and always ready to accommodate a forced landing. And he is going to help develop the idea.

For myself, I think pilots are great heroes, that acrobatics are marvelous, that flying is absolutely safe, and that I should not delay too long about saving up to buy that Connecticut farm.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

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Young Edison

"Why is it," asked teacher, "that lightning never strikes twice in the same place?"

"Because," answered Herbert, "after it hits once the same place ain't there any more."—Rose Raymond, 1137 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

* * *

Affection

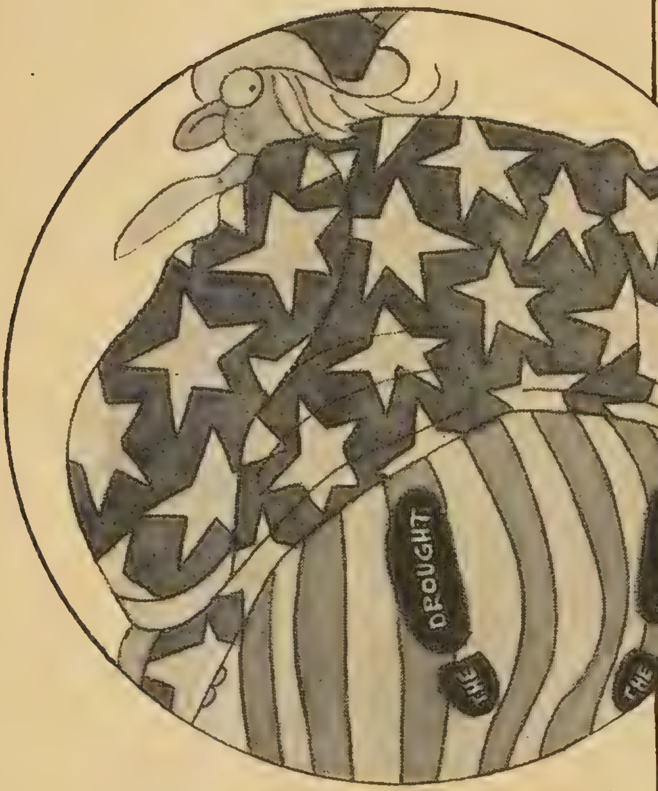
Paul and Bobby are devoted to their kitties. One day Bobby appropriated his brother's feline, whereupon Paul snatched Scoots away, shouting:

"That's my kitty! Wear out your own cat!"—Miss Emilie LaFrenière, 132 E. Forty-fifth St., New York, N. Y.

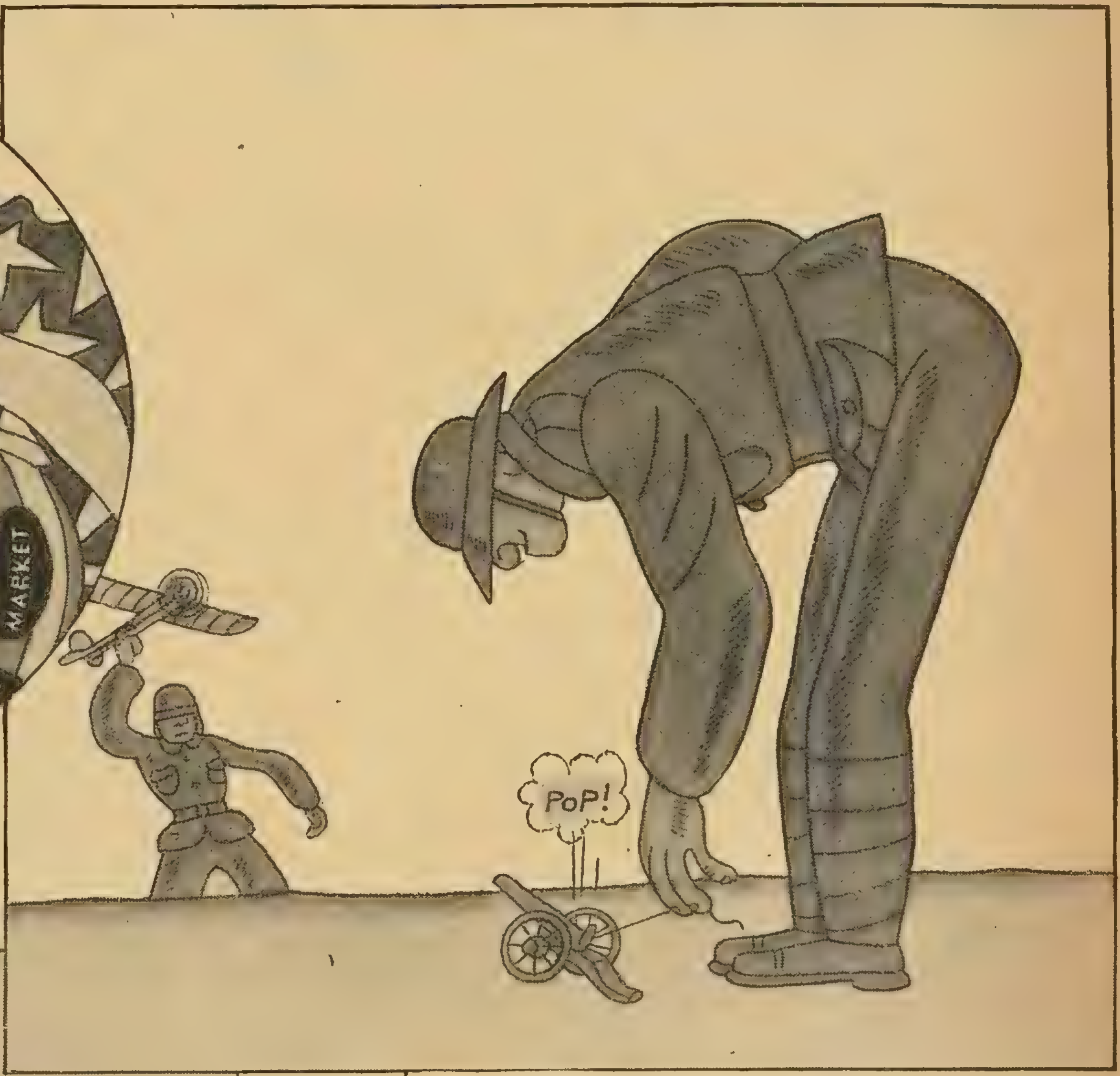
GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

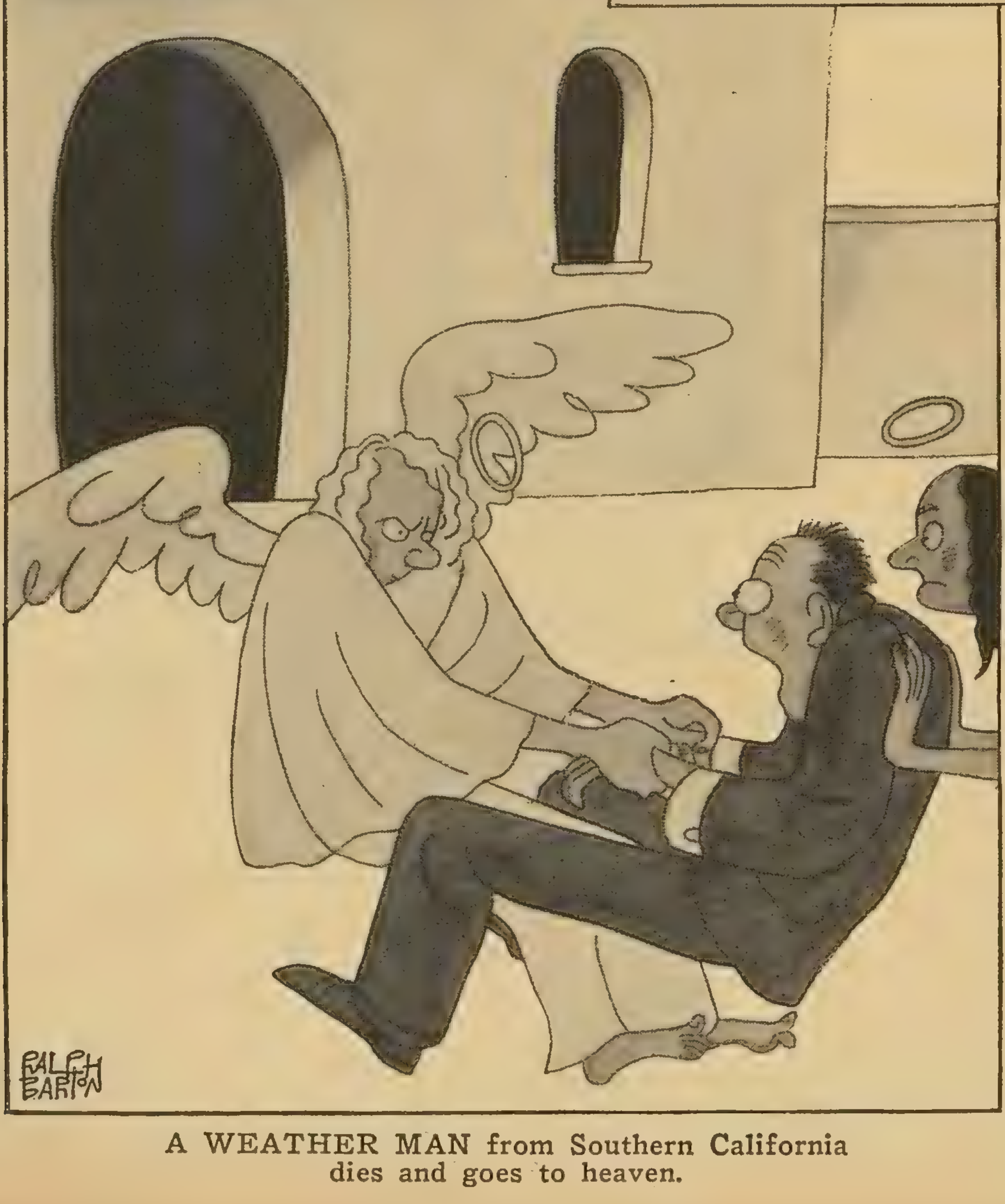
By RALPH BARTON


THE DROUGHT
THE MARKET

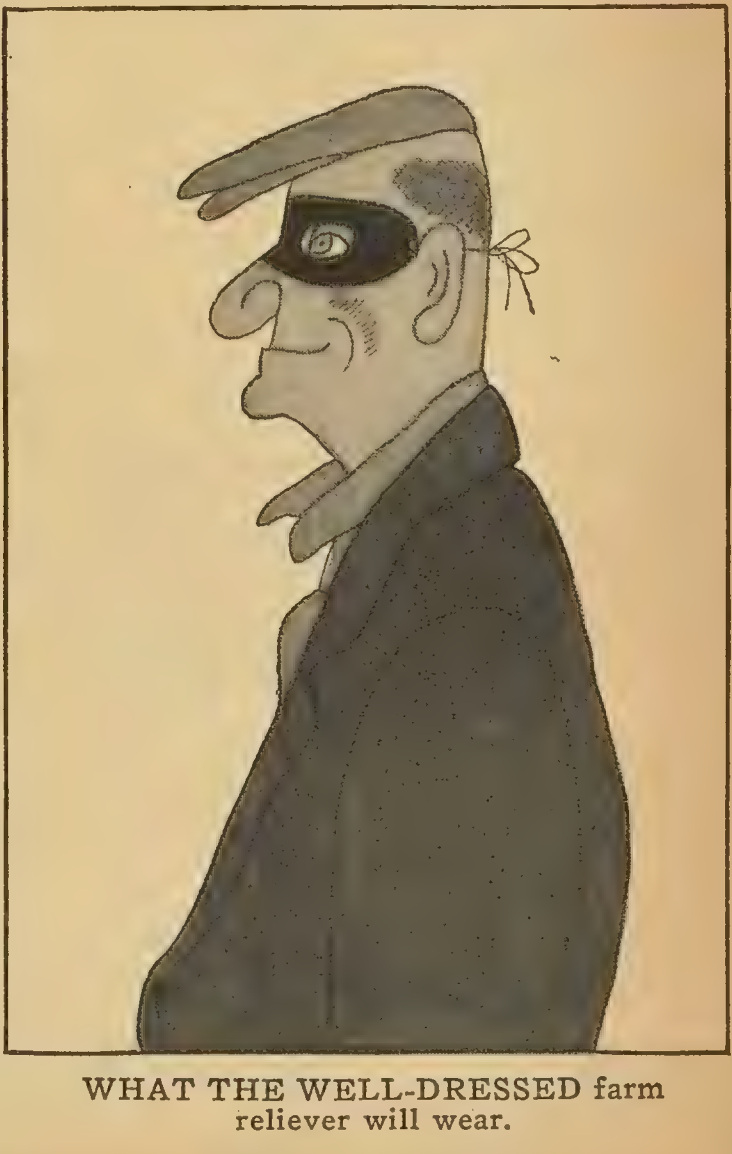
THANK GOODNESS, he heals quickly.



BACK YARD GOLF suggests Idea No. 827,395,872 for eternal world peace. Let's have a Tom Thumb war next time.


OFFICE OF THE RECORDING ANGEL

A WEATHER MAN from Southern California dies and goes to heaven.



WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED farm reliever will wear.

Hotel LOVE

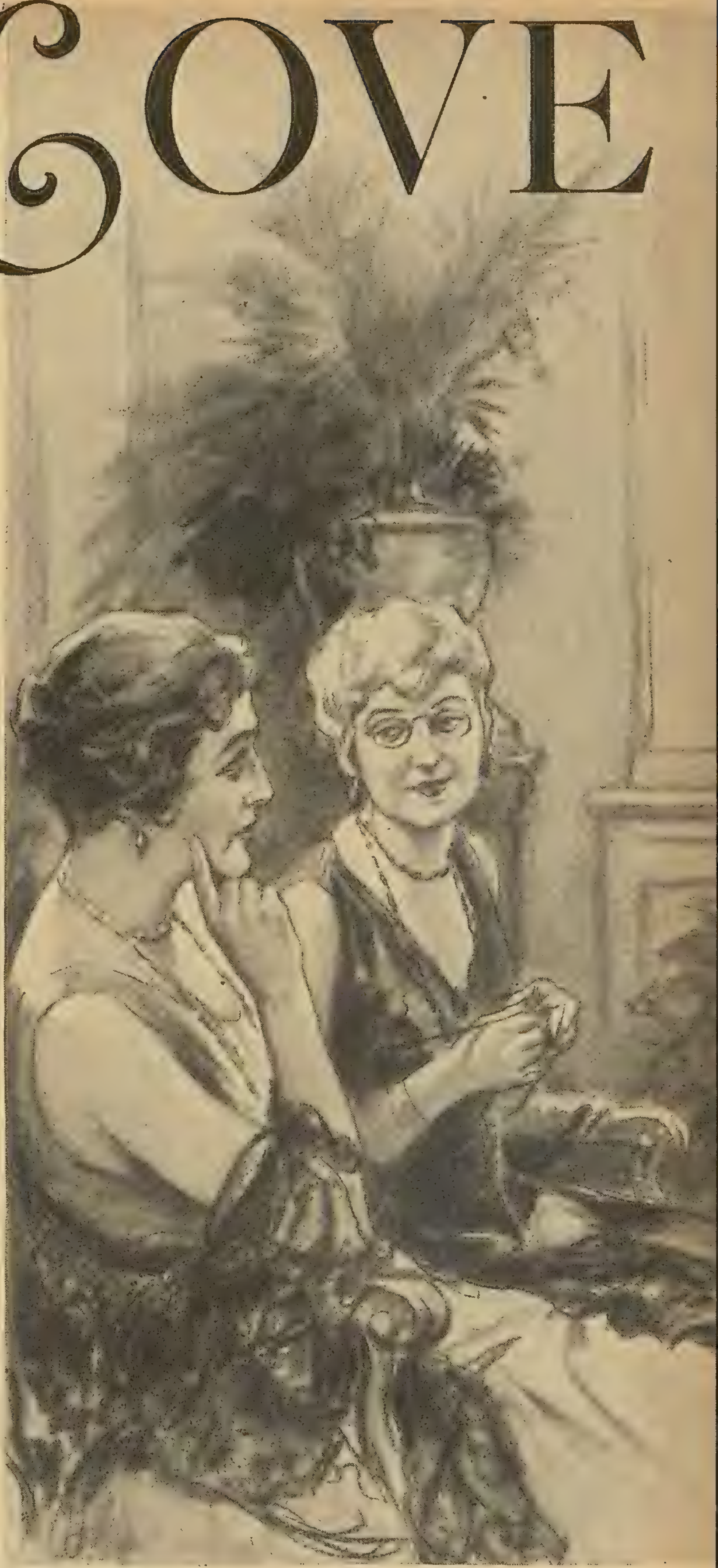
The Story of a Girl's Good-by to Dreams

By

Mollie Panter-Downes

whose mother was Irish and whose father, a Cheshire man, was a major in the Royal Irish Infantry and died fighting near Mons. Starting with a fairy tale at six, she has written all her twenty-four years. She is married and lives in London.

Pictures by W. D. Stevens



“ They look nice dancing together, don't they?

IF it has ever been your misfortune to stay at one of the cheaper foreign *pensions*, or even if you have been fortunate enough to aspire to a better type of hotel overlooking the Grand Canal, the lake, or whatever it is most expensive to overlook, Mrs. Maitland and Freda Maitland will be as familiar to you as the taste of hotel food and the look of spurious Louis Quinze.

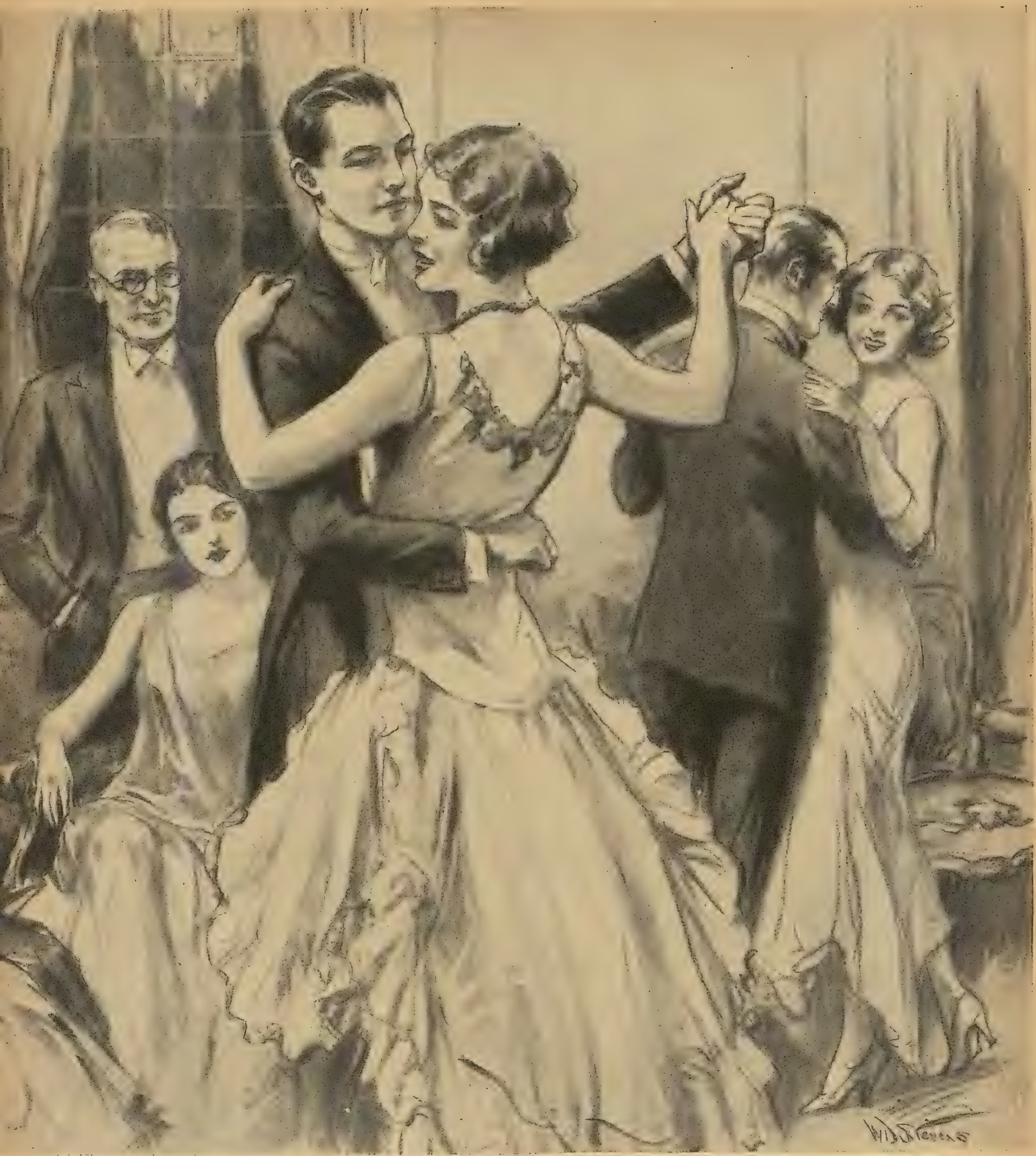
Although the *pension* is their native hunting ground, occasionally you may run into them at the Splendide or the Excelsior Grand. This they make possible by sharing a nasty little room on the fifth floor, as exiled from a bathroom as it is from the sparkling blue *vue du lac;* by suffering the blank insolence of the head waiter, who has a knack of summing up a Mrs. Maitland and the size of her prospective tip in advance; and by drinking Vichy water with half a bottle of cheap red wine on gala nights.

Mrs. Maitland was the widow of one of those mysterious Indian army colonels who seem to fade away in such numbers and leave their relicts to bring an atmosphere of good breeding, tiffin, and *memsahibs* into *pension* drawing-rooms at home or abroad. A pretty little woman with a birdlike quickness of movement and blue eyes beaming through rimless glasses, in her youth she had been called “ a dear little rattle,” and at forty-eight, still rattling, she was called names less kind by a great many uncharitable people who liked the sound of their own voices too.

Anyone unversed in the honorable art of hotel dodging would be forced to learn the whole history of their wanderings from Mrs. Maitland as she sat firmly planted in the lounge, her avid little claws busy with a mass of pink wool that was destined to be a sweater for Freda. And also for Freda, the victim would gather, was this long exile from home, this ceaseless trekking on the heels of an elusive season—which by some curious coincidence they never seemed to surprise at its topmost pinnacle—from Dinard to the Italian lakes, from the Italian lakes to a little Swiss resort high up in the mountains, from the little Swiss resort . . .

“ Of course nothing is the same as it used to be Before the War, but I did make up my mind when the poor colonel died that Freda should have a really cosmopolitan education. She chatters away in French so prettily, you know, and has the advantage of mixing with people as we should never be able to do at home on our small income. . . . Engaged? Oh, I *do* hope she stays with her poor old mother just a little longer—” The victim, calculating that Freda must have stayed with Mrs. Maitland at least twenty-five years, would look politely skeptical. “ Is that selfish of me? But she's all I've got, you see—just the one baby. Not that she hasn't had plenty of opportunities—that young Mr. Montecatini, for instance. Charming boy, don't you think? He seems really quite taken—yes, they're down at the tennis courts now, practicing for the little tournament on Monday—”

And while the maternal tongue babbled reluctance, the maternal glasses would flash indomitable hope; the mass



What a dear boy, Mrs. Cremorne! You know, Freda is so admired wherever we go."

of pink wool would be flourished like a gay flag of welcome and congratulation. "Here we are, dear! Well, how did she play, Mr. Montecatini?" And Freda Maitland would come swinging into the lounge like a breath of mountain air, followed by the sleek young Italian with the perfect teeth and the sliding dark eyes that would slide more and more as the idle hotel days went on, in the direction of the little French girls whose skin had the lovely creaminess of old ivory and whose bodies were warm and boneless under their slim, chic frocks as he clasped them in the languors of the tango.

For you, who must have watched her so often in the endless moments of doing nothing that crop up in hotel life, will know the tragedy of Freda Maitland. After a while, the eyes of men invariably slid away from her to someone else.

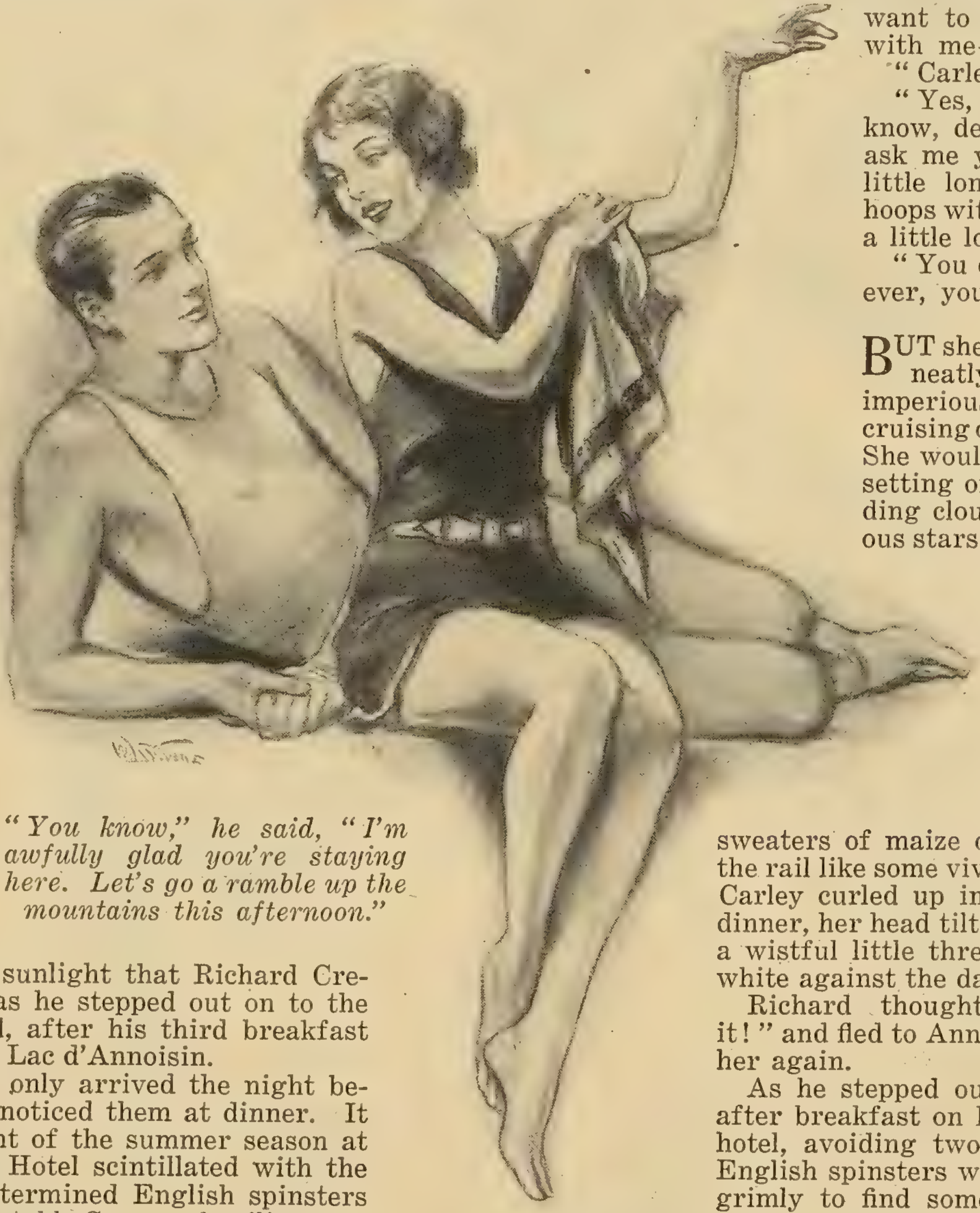
She had an honest body that made no effort to conceal a quantity of useful but undecorative bones, and an honest gay little face with a sprinkle of freckles across the nose and round the good hazel eyes that she must have inherited from the mysteriously departed Colonel Mait-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

land. Her age was problematical. Actually it was twenty-seven; at her worst, when she came down to dinner in the wrong shade of pink that brought out the sallow tinge of her skin, it might have been thirty; at her best, swinging hatless up a mountain path with her sensible feet in sensible brogues and an alpenstock in her hand, she would have passed very well for twenty-four.

Strong sunlight, that is so unkind to most women, was kind to Freda, bringing out a tawny glint in her hair and warming the freckles to a powdering of gold upon firm rose bronze. As she and her mother walked through the restaurant in their quiet yet aggressive British way, you saw a pleasant-looking, rather mouse-colored girl whose dowdy evening dress revealed an ugly line of sunburn, but in the morning sunlight you would see a Diana skimming across the tennis courts, so swift and vital that you forgot the hang of her piqué sports skirt and remembered only the flash of splendid white teeth, the poise of her body as she called to her partner in that fresh, unlilting English voice.



“You know,” he said, “I’m awfully glad you’re staying here. Let’s go a ramble up the mountains this afternoon.”

And it was in the sunlight that Richard Cremorne first saw her as he stepped out on to the terrace, feeling bored, after his third breakfast at the Grand Hotel du Lac d’Annoisin.

The Maitlands had only arrived the night before, and he had not noticed them at dinner. It was not yet the height of the summer season at Annoisin; the Grand Hotel scintillated with the usual collection of determined English spinsters in thick tweeds, comfortable German families with innumerable offspring, and one or two of the inevitable honeymoon couples who were abroad for the first time and finding everything “just wonderful.”

Richard, looking them over on his first evening in the hotel, had manfully suppressed a groan because of his mother’s feelings, but now, as he breakfasted alone on the veranda and gloomily spread wild mountain honey on his third *croissant*, he asked himself, “How in the name of thunder am I going to stand it for three weeks?”

HE was there for a variety of reasons. Annoisin suited Mrs. Cremorne, who came to the Grand Hotel every year, and she had been delighted when Richard suggested that he should be her companion instead of accepting the Mortimers’ invitation to go cruising on their yacht. Beyond a quick glance and a “Richard, darling, how lovely! But are you sure you wouldn’t rather spend your holidays with the Mortimers?” she had said nothing. She had all his dark fragility of build and all his subtlety too, so that he was able to see quite clearly through her silence to where her thoughts hovered warily round the image of Carlotta Mortimer.

Spoiled, lovely little Carley, accustomed from birth to think of the world as yet another gewgaw chained to the slim onyx vanity box she dangled on her wrist. For a year Richard had dangled there, always favored a little more than the rest, but given very clearly to understand that it was only because his talk never bored her and their dance steps fitted so well. When he asked miserably, “Carley, don’t you love me at all?” she threw back her mad red hair and pealed with laughter, and told him extravagantly that she adored him more than the whole world.

“More than my divine bull terrier puppy dawg, honest to God, Richard! Oh, duckie, don’t look so solemn! If you want to have a big success with me—smile!”

“Carley—”

“Yes, I know. Ricks, I know, dear. But . . . don’t ask me yet. Let me play a little longer. Let me play hoops with this old world just a little longer, Ricks.”

“You can’t put me off forever, you know, Carley.”

BUT she had put him off very neatly again with a gay, imperious command to go cruising on her father’s yacht. She would look lovely in that setting of sunlight and scudding clouds by day, mysterious stars and the soft lapping of waves by night. There would be hours of constant companionship, and Carley blocking the end of every vista—Carley, her live wire of a body trim in bright little sweaters of maize or coral, perched on the rail like some vivid tropical bird. Or Carley curled up in a deck chair after dinner, her head tilted back and her face a wistful little three-cornered patch of white against the dark. Or Carley . . .

Richard thought, “I can’t stand it!” and fled to Annoisin without seeing her again.

As he stepped out on to the terrace after breakfast on his third day at the hotel, avoiding two of the determined English spinsters who were starting off grimly to find something to climb, he looked at the sparkling lake and saw Freda Maitland standing on the diving board, contemplating the water under her bare feet.

In the sunlight she was a figure of bronze, grave and motionless. Her faded green swimming suit blended in so well with the turquoise-colored water and the pine trees clothing the mountain slopes that for a moment Richard thought of a nymph—not a changeling elf like Carley, but one of the graver, more earthy sprites who are said to haunt the cool green places of the forests.

He was a young poet. He stood entranced. He was also a young athlete, and it took him exactly five minutes to sprint up to his room, turn out his suitcases for a swimming suit, and scatter the German families who were placidly digesting their breakfasts on the terrace as he thundered down toward the diving board, brandishing a towel.

Freda Maitland was too guileless a creature to pretend ignorance of Richard’s sudden appearance. She shook the wet hair out of her eyes, and hailed him in English:

“Halloa! Isn’t it glorious?” In the water she was rather lovely; her brown arms and legs looked white and mysterious through the opaque green, weaving in slow, languid movements. Her lips and teeth glistened.

Richard, laughing back, was only faintly chagrined to find that she was a much more powerful swimmer than

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

DODGE BROTHERS

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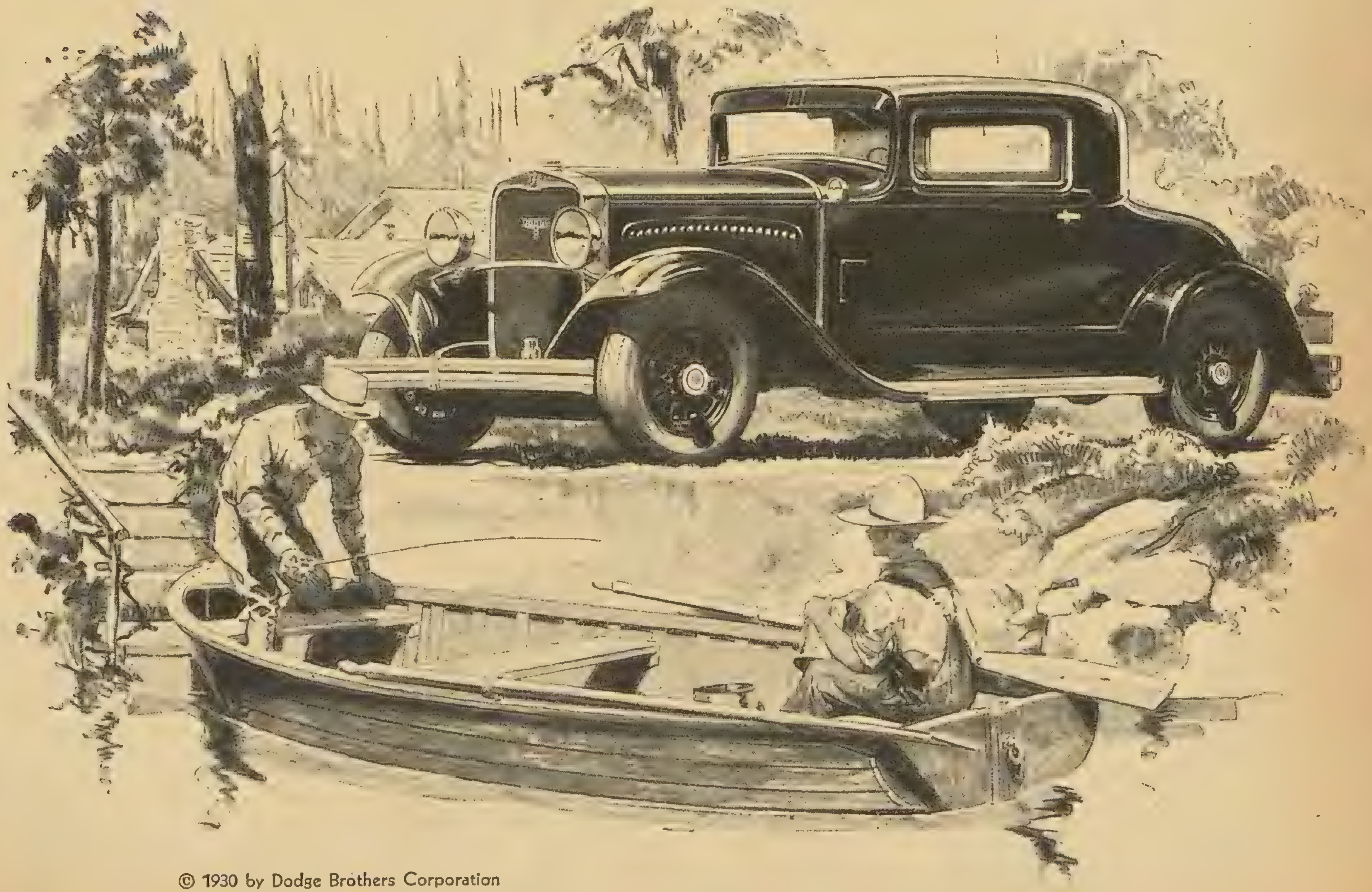

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HOTEL LOVE
Continued from page twenty-two

himself. Presently he gave up, and swung his legs on the diving board until she joined him, dripping the blue lake from her toes, her fingers, and every fold of the clinging green *maillot*.

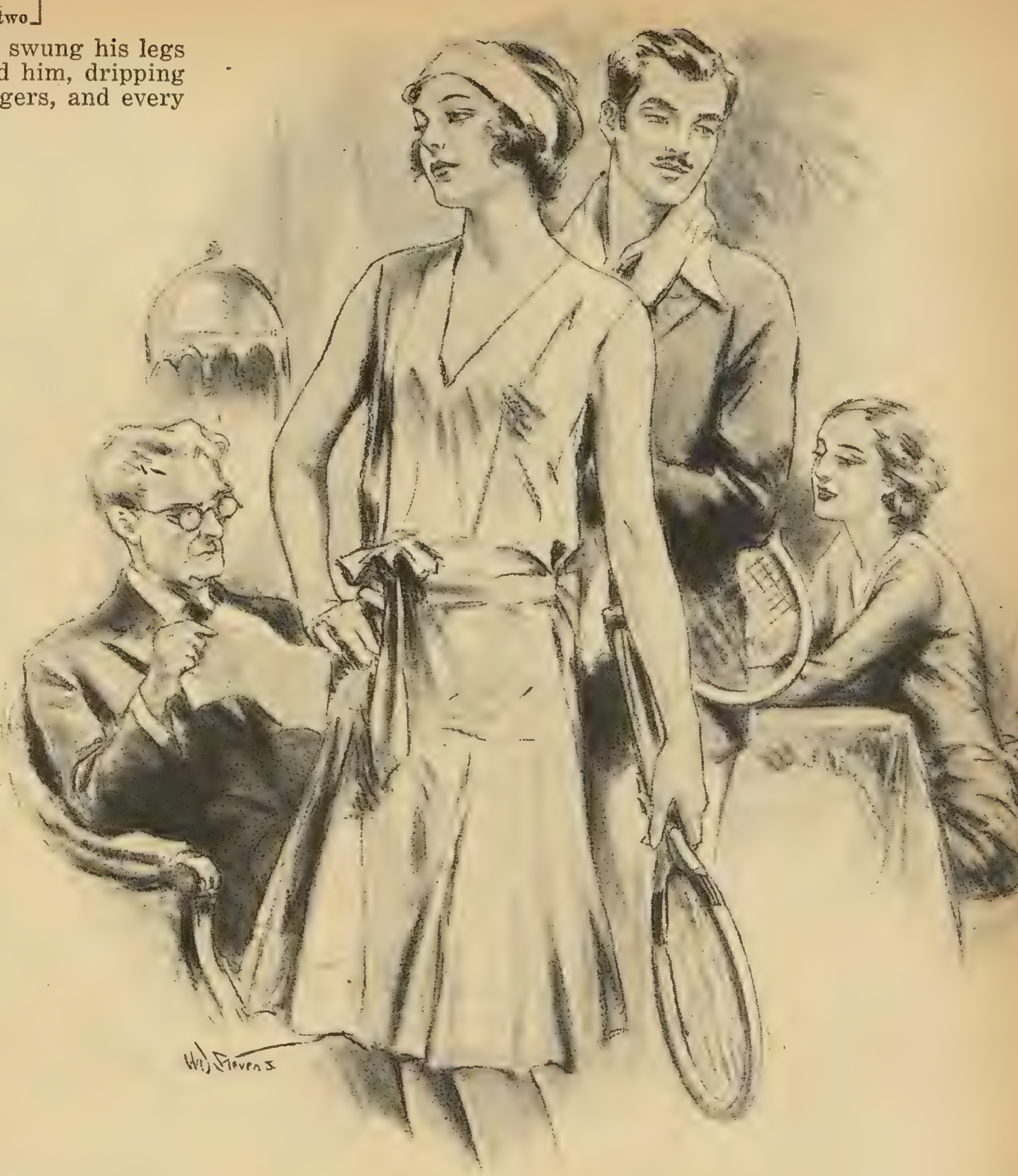
“Have a lend of my towel?”

“Oh, thanks! I forgot to bring one. Are you staying there too?” and she jerked her head toward the concrete face of the Grand Hotel du Lac.

“Yes. I'm here with my mother for three weeks.”

“Oh! I'm here with my mother too! Isn't that funny?”

They laughed as though the world held no more remarkable coincidence. The sun was warm on Richard's back, and his spirits rose. He leaned on his elbow and studied Freda's round little freckled face—the broad forehead from which the hair was pushed back in a glinting tangle, the sun-bleached lashes, the good-tempered mouth to which Carley would certainly have added a daub of flaming vermilion. But he liked it better for being a pale, healthy pink. It added to his first impression that this girl was fresh and sincere and different from the common run of girls. Different from Carley whose laugh had the gay insincerity of crystal against crystal, whose mood changed bewilderingly from hour to hour, whose . . .



Freda Maitland would come swinging into the lounge like a breath of mountain air, followed by the sleek young Italian with the sliding dark eyes that would slide more as the idle hotel days went on.

“YOU know,” he said, “I'm awfully glad you're staying here. I've been here three days, and there's nobody unattached who is under fifty or over twelve. My mother's a bit of an invalid—the most she can do is take a drive or a walk round the grounds—and I've been longing to get some real hard exercise. Let's go a ramble up the mountains this afternoon.”

“Oh! I'd love that!” Her face had flushed unbecomingly.

“See that big chap over there? There's a *chalet* on top where we can get tea or something. Are you used to climbing? It's pretty stiff in places—I went up my first day here.”

“Nothing's too stiff for me. I'm strong as an ox.”

“Well, I'm not! It will end with you having to sling a rope round me and drag me to the top, I dare say.”

Although Richard laughed, their expedition turned out almost as humiliating as he predicted. Freda, trim in sweater and short tweed skirt, was ahead of him at every bend; whenever he looked up he saw her figure outlined against the sky and rocks above him, or leaning against a smooth pine trunk as she called, “It's a bit rough there—look out for your footing!” Yet a kind of reluctant admiration stirred in his heart. She looked so flushed and happy, so splendid in her strong, sunburned way, that he thought again of his forest nymph, and the first lines of a little poem sprang nimbly into his head.

But it was almost joggled out again by ten minutes' hard scramble up the sheer rock face before they could proudly add a stone to the little cairn on the summit. He arrived, breathless, explaining defensively:

“I'm terribly out of training.”

“So am I. That's why I set such an awfully slow pace, I'm afraid.”

Richard, silently thanking his gods for small mercies, suggested that they should go and see if the little tin *chalet* provided anything beyond picture post cards of the view. Presently they were sitting on the veranda drinking iced beer, looking at the green mountain slopes that stretched away to higher, more inhumanly glittering peaks. Below them the Grand Hotel looked like a child's toy; the lake was a blue puddle across which a miniature steamer plowed a deeper blue furrow.

It struck Richard that he had never met such a companionable creature as Freda Maitland. After the second tankard of beer he was telling her about the firm of publishers in which he was a youthful and enthusiastic partner; about “the stuff he wrote himself”; almost, but not quite, about Carley Mortimer.

Freda looked at him with her clear, honest eyes, and marveled:

“Poetry! However do you get the ideas?”

“Oh, they come,” he told her modestly. “You gave me a splendid one, for instance, on the way up here.”

“Me?” Again she flushed that dull unlovely red. “Do you mean that you're making up a poem about me? I suppose you're ragging.”

“No, honestly. Why not?” Two tankards of beer, the crisp, sparkling air, and the knowledge that their return journey was all downhill inspired him to the kind of mood that Carley called “mad-dog Richard.” “I should imagine you're just the kind of person that poems get written about. Didn't anyone ever tell you that?”

“No,” said Freda Maitland.

Her rough little sunburned hands twisted together in her lap. She looked at Richard in a humble, worshiping way, like a spaniel who has suddenly found a master; and, catching that look, he rose abruptly to pay for the beer. But on the way down he forgot to be cautious.

They were quite happy and unself-conscious again by the time they walked through the hotel lounge, and were hailed by an excited mass of pink knitting in the far corner.

“There you are, dear! Well, did you have a good climb, Mr. Cremorne?”

Half an hour later Mrs. Cremorne looked at her son with a faint smile from the bed on which she was resting before dinner. A little jacket of lace and ribbons gave her dark eyes and beautiful pain-marred face a youthful, almost coquettish air.

“What was the mother like, darling? As nice as the daughter?”

“OH, rather funny. Rather pathetic, too. Lives in a mysterious Utopia called Before the War. Evidently Freda is the apple of her eye.”

“Freda?” Her fine dark brows so like his own, lifted in delicate irony.

“You don’t go on calling people ‘Miss Maitland’ after you’ve slid, mostly on your behind, down a mountain with them. You’ll like her, mother. She’s such an amazingly genuine creature.”

“That sounds nice.”

He saw her brows arch still more, and knew that she was thinking: “Genuine! And he lost his head about that little bundle of affectations, Carley Mortimer!”

But she only smiled, and murmured:

“Yes, I’ll have to meet your Freda. I’m so glad that you’ve found someone to play with while you’re here. After you refused that wonderful invitation to come with me, I should feel wretched if you were bored.”

“The Mortimers? Oh, I’m not so crazy about yachting as all that. And Carley will have found six or seven infatuated young men to console her, I dare say.”

He could laugh as he said that, and whistle his way out of the room as jauntily as though her name was not sticking like a sharp little arrow of ice in his heart. He could go down to dinner and dance afterward with Freda Maitland without thinking much of Carley when the band played her favorite tune; without imagining too often that the sensible brown head close to his cheek was a mad little head covered with jagged red flames of curls, or that the unyielding body in his arms had changed to a body warm and supple as a kitten’s.

And Mrs. Cremorne, from the sofa where she was listening to Mrs. Maitland twittering about the price of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DOES COMPETITION CALL OUT YOUR CIGARETTES?

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When you're two down at the turn and it's birdies that count... do you turn to your cigarettes for support? That's the time to try Spud? A pack a round... it doesn't matter... Spud's cooler smoke always keeps your mouth and throat in their natural moist-comfort... Spud's clean, cooler smoke holds and heightens your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco blend. Come on, smoke through a Spud pack! You'll discover this inimitable new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff, but by first pack. Surprise soon forgotten... continued coolness heightens enjoyment of full tobacco flavor.

HOTEL LOVE
[Continued from page twenty-five]

things since the war, looked at the girl who was dancing with her son. She saw the dowdy frock, the reddened arms and neck, the sudden, touching smile upturned to Richard, and she thought with a rush of pity:

"Oh, my darling! Oh, Richard, don't be too sweet to her, or it will be tragic!"

Mrs. Maitland, clicking her knitting needles triumphantly, rattled on:

"They look nice dancing together, don't they? What a dear boy, Mrs. Cremorne! You know, Freda is *so* admired wherever we go. She could have been engaged ten times over, only she's so unselfish and thinks of me all the time. I tell her that I won't be here forever, you know, and that she *must* really say 'Yes' one of these days to some nice boy. But she laughs and says, 'Oh, I couldn't marry and leave you, Mums.'"

Spoiled, lovely little Carley.

"You must be very proud of her," said Mrs. Cremorne gently.

Some hint of defiance flashing behind those rimless glasses struck her as pathetic. She could imagine so well the one or two poor, frustrated little hotel flirtations that kept alive in Mrs. Maitland's heart the image of an adored, successful daughter stepping lightly from triumph to triumph. Mrs. Maitland must have been captivating in her own youth, in a foolish, pink-and-white way, and she had married her colonel at the age of twenty. An unmarried daughter fast approaching thirty would be a cuckoo in the nest that this fluttering little mother bird would do her best to conceal, to excuse, to deck out in more alluring plumage.

And Mrs. Cremorne, catching the look in Freda's eyes as she danced past, cried silently to the fine dark head so like her own:

"Oh, Richard, this isn't another Carley! She's simple, genuine, sincere! Don't make her unhappy, my dear!"

Aloud she said nothing, for she respected Richard's silences, and the pathetic little tragedy ran its course against a still, sparkling background of blue skies, pine-covered slopes, snow-capped peaks. She had watched so many of these sudden hotel intimacies flourish and wane between people who normally would avoid each other in the street, and she knew that it was only the isolation from his own friends and his abrupt break with Carley Mortimer that had thrown Richard and Freda so violently together. But the girl's sudden flowering, the tremulous hopes that flashed behind Mrs. Maitland's *pince-nez,* were somehow heartrending to watch.

Mrs. Cremorne almost began praying that there might be really "something in it," that the fastidious Richard had really given his heart to this overgrown schoolgirl with the roughened skin, the loud, unlilting laugh, and the spaniel eyes that so touchingly made him a present of her own.

THEY swam and played tennis together, rambled over the mountain tracks, and drifted in a disreputable rowing boat upon the liquid sky that was the lake of Annoisin. They made excursions to the village, and bought fruit and picture post cards in dark little shops.

Richard even sent a post card to Carley one day—a reproduction of the inevitable lake in a blue that hurt the eyes, inscribed paternally: "Be a good girl and don't get too seasick. Having a marvelous time. RICKS."

With a queer expression on her face, Freda watched him bend over the counter and scribble it off. For she had heard about Carley by now. Try as he would, Richard could not keep her out of his talk. The first time she darted through it, vivid and willful as though his words had recreated her in the lovely, cosseted flesh, Freda gave him a quick look and said nothing. But always when he spoke of Carley there came into her face a strange expression, as though he had struck her between the eyes with a warm little perfumed glove.

There was dancing in the lounge every night after dinner. Again the gods, who had permitted Richard to see her first in the sunlight, were kind to Freda Maitland, for they told her to leave her pink evening dress on its hanger in the cheap pine wardrobe she shared with Mrs. Maitland. Instead, she wore a straight slip of tawny silk that showed off the nobility of her body, that threw up the glint in her hair and the red bronze of her tan. With a string of enormous amber beads round her throat, she looked glowing and barbaric, almost like some princess of a savage tribe.

Richard's eyes brightened when they saw her. He told her gayly, "You're seven new poems right off in that dress!" and although she immediately flushed in her ugly dark way and made an awkward, unlovely gesture with her hands, the tremulous happiness of her smile both surprised and touched him.

ON their sofa the mothers watched, Mrs. Cremorne silent with delicate lips a little tightened, Mrs. Maitland beaming triumph as her knitting needles rattled and her faded blue eyes followed the passage of that tawny silk dress round the room.

Sometimes it vanished into the garden, blotted out by Richard's dark evening clothes, and then Mrs. Maitland would suggest, with almost a note of girlish laughter in her voice, that it was time "we old fogies" went to bed. But she would lie awake watching the moonlight on the wall, thinking of her daughter, hoping and wondering, until Freda's steps sounded along the corridor. Sometimes those steps would be light, the rustle of her undressing cheerful, and her breathing even as she fell asleep in the bed opposite. But once or twice she walked slowly, and Mrs. Maitland, straining anxious ears through the darkness, thought she heard the kind of sound that sobs might make as they were stifled against a pillow.

Already the day of the Cremornes' departure was in sight. The Maitlands had started talking about Dinard. And one night a moon like a disk of rock crystal swam up over the mountain tops, turning the lake to a sheet of blue-white ice and the pine trees to jagged clippings of steel against a sky of malachite. Richard looked out at the strange mineral world, and said to Freda:

"My God, that's lovely! Come and look at it."

As they disappeared through the veranda, Mrs. Maitland folded up her knitting:

"Isn't it time we old fogies were in bed? I'm too old for moon gazing! Good night, Mrs. Cremorne."

Silently she was praying: "Oh, God, be good to Freda! Make it come right for my little girl!"

"Good night, dear Mrs. Maitland," said Mrs. Cremorne.

Silently she was praying: "Oh, God, let Richard be kind to that girl! She's not his sort, he'll be unhappy with her, but—let him be kind!"

And at the edge of the lake Richard was saying to Freda:

"Only three days more of this, and then back to London. I'm rather sorry. It's been such a good three weeks."

She said in a low voice: "Has it, Richard?"

"Yes, entirely because of you. If I hadn't found you here I don't know how I should have stuck the place."

She said nothing. The moonlight was almost as brilliant as day, and in her eyes he saw the expression that he had surprised as they sat drinking iced beer outside the little mountain *chalet.* Tonight they glittered as though they were full of tears. It struck him that she was sorry also that the three weeks were ending, and he started awkwardly:

"Look here, Freda, when you're in London—"

Her voice was so bitter and despairing that it made him jump:

"London! We're never likely to be in London. It's cheaper living out here, you know, and mother thinks there's more chance of marrying me off than there would be at home with all the competition."

It sounded naked and ugly, flung abruptly into the quiet beauty of the night, and her sudden tears were ugly as she leaned in a clumsy attitude against the cool, harsh bark of a pine tree. Carley would have cried as exquisitely as she laughed or danced. But for a moment even Carley seemed small in comparison with that awkward yet strangely dignified figure of grief, crying dully into her folded arms.

Suddenly he knew all there was to know about her life. The endless procession of fifth-floor bedrooms; the thousand and one pitiful little makeshifts of a small income; the head waiter who did not see their beckoning finger; the dreary hope, retreating every year, of finding some man who would be attracted enough by Freda's sallow prettiness to give her board and lodging for the rest of her life.

Richard looked at it grimly in the moonlight. At last he touched her bare shoulder.

"Darling, please don't cry like that. Freda! What's the matter, dear? Tell me!"

"Oh, go away! Oh, go away!"

But he took her in his arms and kissed her poor wet face, murmuring "Freda," and then, with one last, stoical look at Carley slipping laughing away from him into the shadows, "Freda, I want you to marry me. Will you, dear? I didn't say anything before because I wasn't sure—"

Surprise stopped her tears. She stared at him in grotesque bewilderment, her face streaked and swollen, her underlip still sucked in every moment by a shuddering, hiccoughing breath.

"Do you mean it? Really?"

"Of course I mean it," he said gently.

The moonlight had drained the color out of her face and dress, and every vestige of life seemed to have drained out of her voice too as she pushed his arms away and stood twisting her hands together.

"It's sweet of you to ask me, Richard, but—I'm afraid I couldn't. It's impossible."

HIS heart gave a leap, and then, perversely, he was as chagrined as when she had forged ahead of him in the water or on the mountain. Suddenly she assumed all the desirable virtues. He caught hold of her almost passionately.

"Freda! Don't you love me at all, then?"

She looked away, and said steadily:

"Yes, dear, but not enough. Not enough to—to marry you, Richard."

"I see. Then there's not very much more to be said, is there?"

"Nothing more, Richard. Except—good night, and don't be too angry with me."

"I'm not angry, my dear."

She gasped out suddenly and surprisingly, "Oh, I can't bear it!" and fled as though frightened of herself.

Mrs. Maitland was not in bed. She was standing at their window staring down into the moonlit garden. At last she heard a dragging step coming along the corridor, and with trembling hands she drew the folds of her cheap dressing gown closer round her meager body. Freda stood in the doorway, crumpled and wild-eyed.

Mrs. Maitland breathed one word in which trembled volumes of suspense, anxiety, hope: "Well?"

And Freda, in a sudden heap of arms and legs and crushed tawny silk on one of the little beds, sobbed: "Oh, Mums, he asked me, but I said 'no.' I couldn't help it. I said 'no.'"

Mrs. Maitland's pink-and-white face seemed to dissolve like a cream shape that has stood too long in fierce sunshine, but the torrent of reproaches upon her lips remained unuttered. In that bitter moment, filled with the rasp of Freda's sobbing, she rose above herself, she paid every penalty of her life, she condemned forever all those people who said that Millie Maitland was just a silly little rattle with nothing but the pinkest of wool inside her head. All she said was:

"There, there, my little girl, you did quite right. There, there, my baby. . . ."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Now JIM and I have Good Coffee . . *every time*—

even for our 10-*minute breakfast*"

"No more complaints from my husband over the coffee these days. *Now* we have coffee that's always perfect—fresh-made, instantly, right in the cup. Three seconds to pour on hot water and the job is done! I don't waste any more time messing with pots and percolators and dirty grounds."

"And believe me, all these things count for people who want breakfast to be *fun* and not just hurry-up-and-work!"

Women everywhere know that the new G. Washington's brings them an easier, more certain method of coffee-making. Here is fine, pure coffee with all the grounds removed—coffee scientifically prepared to dissolve perfectly in hot or cold water . . . as easy to use as sugar!

Try this modern, cup-made coffee for breakfast tomorrow. Your grocer has it—packed in moisture-proof containers that make as many cups as a large can of ordinary coffee. For a FREE Sample, write The G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 206 Hanover Ave., Morris Plains, New Jersey.

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for Shaving without Brush or Lather
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APPLY WITH FINGER-TIPS

The best shave in all your life *or your money back*

To prove that MOLLÉ will give you the quickest, cleanest and smoothest shave in all your life, we make this exceptional offer!

Get a tube of MOLLÉ (pronounced Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way—if you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube and we will refund your purchase price.

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To get a quick, easy shave that leaves a most delightful after-feel, simply do this: (1) ***Wash your face—leave it wet*** (2) ***Apply MOLLÉ with finger-tips like a fragrant cold cream*** (3) ***Shave with your favorite razor***

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Get MOLLÉ today at any druggist—and remember our guarantee.

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for Shaving without Brush or Lather
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MOLLÉ
·MŌ-LAY·

[HOTEL LOVE
Continued from page twenty-seven]

"Oh, Mums, I couldn't let him! I could see that he was doing it just because he thought—"

"There, there, darling. Hush, Freda! Think of that poor boy Richard. He's feeling much more miserable than you, I dare say."

"Oh, Mums, I couldn't help it! I couldn't let him do that for me!"

"Of course you couldn't, my baby. It's not your fault if you don't love him enough. We'll go away tomorrow, and soon a Mr. Right will come along, darling! Think of all the men you could have had! Richard Cremorne isn't the only man in the world—"

"Oh, Mums, I couldn't let Richard do that when Carley—"

"There, there, my poor little girl."

SITTING in her Japanese dressing gown and grotesque curl papers, crooning and rocking, Mrs. Maitland stared bleakly over Freda's head into the future. Yet already her faded, pouting face had regained its placidity. Whatever happened, nothing could take away from her the knowledge that her daughter had been found desirable in one man's eyes; nothing could take away from Freda the tremendous dignity of a requited love which she had turned aside. . . .

Next morning, as the Maitlands' luggage was being carried downstairs, a waiter passed it bearing the breakfast tray for Mme. Cremorne. On it was a telegram for Richard. It was a long message, sent off from Venice.

RICHARD DARLING WE ARE HERE IN THE YACHT PLEASE COME I HAVE FOUND OUT LOTS OF THINGS FIRST THAT I ADORE YOU AND CAN'T DO WITHOUT YOU SERIOUS THIS TIME OH RICKS DARLING WILL YOU MARRY ME COME AND SAY YES CARLEY

Next time you are at the Excelsior Grand or even at that charming *pension* just off the Piazza di Venezia, look out for the Maitlands.

YOU will find Mrs. Maitland firmly planted in the lounge, her avid little claws busy with a mass of pink wool that is destined to be yet another of those inevitable sweaters for Freda. Freda herself will be carrying on a hopeful and hopeless flirtation with a half-baked undergraduate or a sleek young Italian whose eyes soon slide past her in quest of other charms. But the maternal glasses will still flash indomitable hope and triumph, the maternal tongue will still keep brisk time to the click of the knitting needles.

"Engaged? Oh, not *yet*, Mrs. Kelveston-Smith! I'm hoping my baby will stay with her poor old mother just a *little* longer! Is that selfish of me? But Freda has so many opportunities that I—why, only last summer, when we were staying at the Grand Hotel at Annoisin . . ."

Whatever happens, nothing can take that away from them. Such as it is, they have their sad little reward, and in their own ways they are both very nearly happy.

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

AS fine a story of the war as you have ever read

Fellow Prisoners

By

Sir Philip Gibbs

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the title of the ruler of Persia?

2—What is a crossbar in a canoe called?

3—What is a caucus?

4—What is an anemometer?

5—Of what important religious movement of the sixteenth century was Martin Luther a leader?

6—What is an *entourage?*

7—What is a plenipotentiary?

8—Where is Cape Hatteras?

9—What is a parricide?

10—What is a taxidermist?

11—In what state is the Penobscot River?

12—What does *infra dig* mean?

13—What is a plantain?

14—What does *alfresco* mean?

15—How many humps has a Bactrian camel?

16—What is an invertebrate?

17—What is an apologue?

18—Who is King of Italy?

19—What four states border on Texas?

20—What is the largest natural division of land called?

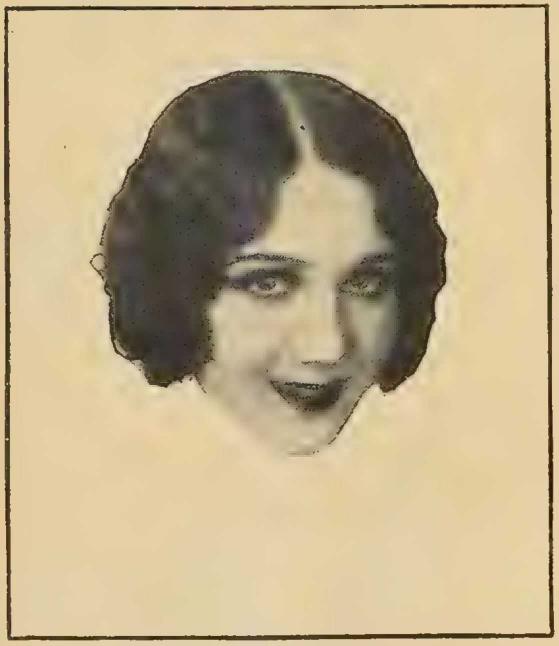
(Answers will be found on page fifty-two)

Funny Faces! *Can You Make Them?*

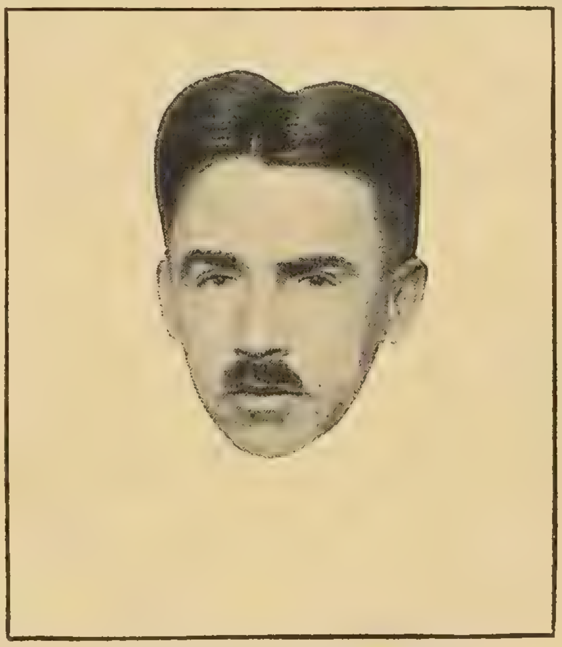
Liberty is offering One Hundred Fins a Week

For the funniest faces—distributed as follows:

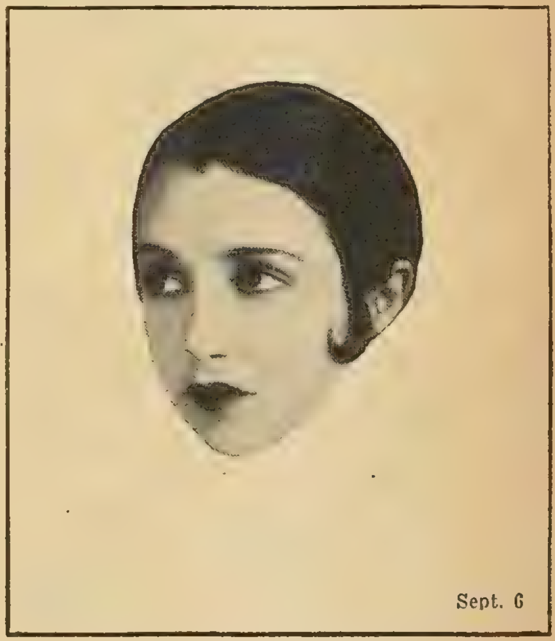
First Prize $200 — Second Prize $100 — Third Prize $50
and 30 prizes of One Fin ($5) each—Grand Total $500



MARY BRIAN



LESLIE THRASHER

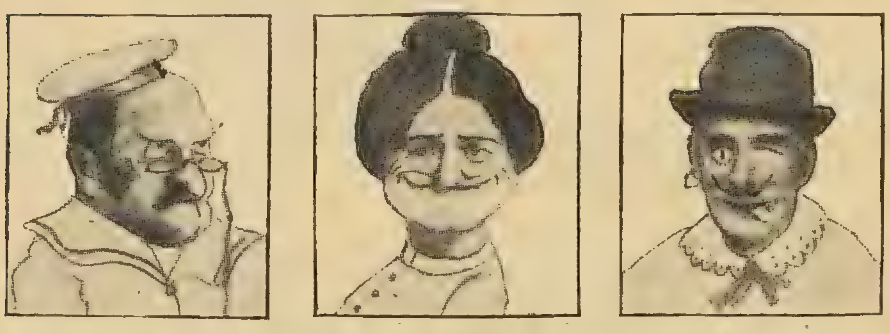


BEBE DANIELS

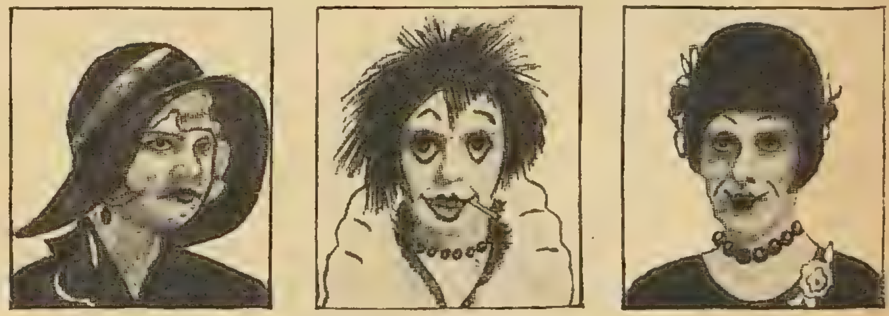
See what you can do to these pictures with a pen or pencil, making them look as funny as you can. Then mail them, as directed in the rules below, so that they will reach us before midnight, September 6. That's all there is to it!

HERE ARE THIS WEEK'S PRIZE AWARDS

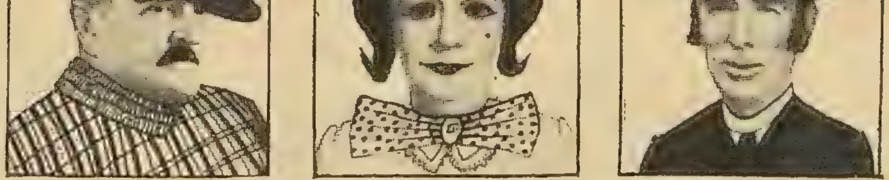
for the funniest faces made from the pictures of General Pershing, Ethel Barrymore, and Connie Mack, in our August 9 issue



FIRST PRIZE, $200—For these faces by Joe Mulcahy, 67 Summit Avenue, North Adams, Massachusetts



SECOND PRIZE, $100—For these faces by Kate B. Grissman, Weissinger-Gaulbert Annex, Louisville, Kentucky



THIRD PRIZE, $50—For these faces by L. C. Southard, Route 3, Box 114, Portland, Oregon

THE RULES

Each week Liberty will publish a set of photographs under the heading FUNNY FACES. You are invited to mark them up—all of them—in any way you see fit, and send them, with your name and full address, to FUNNY FACES, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 612, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

For the funniest sets of faces received each week, $500 will be paid, the prizes to be divided as indicated above.

You don't have to use the pictures on this page unless you want to. They may be copied or traced on another sheet of paper. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

Anyone, anywhere, may compete, except employees of Liberty and their families. The editors of Liberty will be the judges, and their decision will be final. Prize awards for the pictures in each issue will be announced four weeks later, and the pictures that win the first three prizes will be published. We cannot undertake to return any entries or enter into correspondence concerning these Funny Faces.

$5 PRIZES

for the week have been awarded to Wilson Allen, Colorado Springs, Colo.; D. M. Baxter, Santa Monica, Calif.; J. K. Brown, Waycross, Ga.; A. M. Browne, Pascagoula, Miss.; George A. Buchanan, Dayton, O.; J. D. Burke, Rensselaer, N. Y.; Marion Daly, Minneapolis, Minn.; F. K. Dobbins, Dallas, Tex.; Mrs. Walter C. Fellows, Philadelphia, Pa.; George Feyder, Minneapolis, Minn.; Camilla O. Folds, Whitewater, Wis.; E. D. Geissler, Detroit, Mich.; Oscar Goodmanson, Moline, Ill.; W. H. Lawless, Topeka, Kan.; A. O. Mason, Port Huron, Mich.; Carl L. McGuire, River Rouge, Mich.; Mildred Park, Atlanta, Ga.; Phyllis Patrick, Des Moines, Ia.; Walter J. Quest, Nashville, Tenn.; Gilbert G. Reinmund, West Allis, Wis.; Eleanor Rhodes, Florence, Wis.; W. M. Sargent, East Lansing, Mich.; H. R. Skene, Palmetto, Fla.; Charles R. Snelgrove, Toronto, Ont.; Harold Somerville, Atlantic City, N. J.; Giorgina St. Clair, New York, N. Y.; Frank D. Taylor, Salt Lake City, Ut.; William Ward, Starkville, Miss.; Richard D. Williams, Nashville, Tenn.; Harold A. Yerke, Elkhart, Ind.

Grabbing the LUSH

A Heist Guy's Adventures in Hijacking

As Told to EUGENE SEGAL

By ROY CHADWICK

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY

THIS story is told by an all-around racketeer with whom Charles P. Taft, 2nd, son of the late President Taft, came in contact in 1928, when he was prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio. Mr. Taft vouches for the authenticity of the narrative and has urged its publication in the belief that the more society knows about crooks the better it will be able to fight them.

HIJACKING was my recreation. Other rackets paid me better dough, but I say a hustler has to get a boot out of his work once in a while unless he wants to get jumpy and find himself making dumb plays.

The fun in hijacking is that you're outsmarting guys who rate themselves pretty keen. Just because they can sting the government, bootleggers get to thinking they're the goods. But you ought to hear one of those big windbags cry when you heist him out on the road.

" Please, boys," you can count on him saying. " I got a family and my case money is in this load."

And afterwards he sends around a friend begging you to kick it back. That's your boot. You're the guy this bootlegger high-hatted when he was out in legitimate company.

I haven't got anything against bootleggers except that one of them signed my death warrant. He actually did croak a partner of mine—Chuck Watson—and at the same time wounded Jerry Roger, the best buddy I ever had.

It was a bootlegger who steered me on to hijacking in the first place. That was around 1924. There was a period of about two months when I was on the lam, waiting for the heat to pass after a bank job. I ran into a friend named Schwartz, in Hamilton, Ohio, who told me he was working at a bootlegger's place near Cincinnati. He said if I wanted to kill time making some easy dough he could fix me up. You can't beat a proposition like that when the law is hot on you, so I go with Schwartz.

" Chadwick's O. K.," he tells his boss.

" Chadwick's O. K. around here any time," the bootlegger says.

With that he goes on about his work. He's busy taking in dough. I've seen paper piled up in bank vaults, but, I'll swear, I never hope to glom a poke like they were taking in at this joint. There were two barrels, one full of rolls and the other half full and going up.

Outside the house trucks were strung out along the road for a couple of hundred yards.

Each buyer had to lay his dough on the line before he could get his lush. The boss or one of his lieutenants counted it—as much as twenty-five grand in a single payment—rolled it in a rubber band, and tossed the wad into a barrel as if it's fish.

" Next man."

" Next man."

I watched for a while and then asked the bootlegger what he wanted me to do.

" You got a rod, haven't you ? " he said. " Just stick around."

Sometimes I was a guard along with about twenty-five other hustlers, and then again the bootlegger picked me out of the mob to ride with a load that was being delivered to his agents in Cleveland, Toledo, Indianapolis, Fort Wayne, or Chicago. He furnished me with a machine gun.

Each truck carried two hundred and fifty cases. I was paid a flat rate of five Cs for long hauls or a dollar a case for hauls into Cincinnati or surrounding towns.

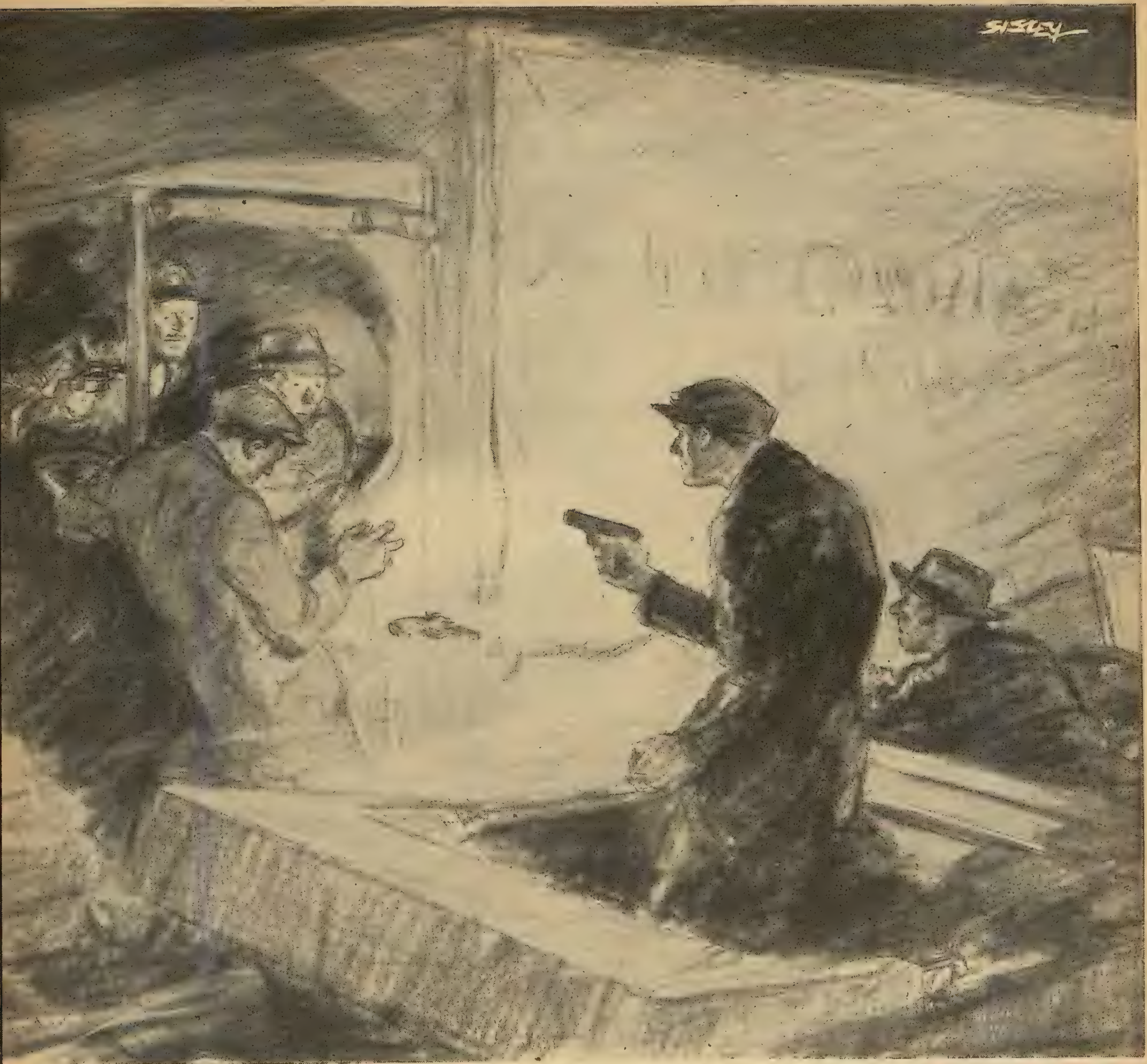
THIS wasn't so much for an experienced hustler. The real dough came from other work the bootlegger threw my way. That's how I learned hijacking.

This bootlegger hated anybody who tried to chisel him. His wholesale price was a hundred and twenty-five a case for bottled in bond, and he said his own mother couldn't buy it any cheaper.

One day in comes a couple of dudes who pass out cigars all around and then spring their story.

" We ain't getting only a hundred and fifty a case in Cleveland these days," one of them says. " It don't pay for the trip."

" All I got to say is you're in the wrong town," the bootlegger says. " Next man."



The load comes through carrying a crowd of guards all rodded with heats and they blast right into Schwartz and Blackie the first play they make. There's an exchange of slugs and a guard goes out.

"We like to do business with you, but we got to take care of ourselves," the guy goes on.

"You know my price. Pay or get out," is the answer.

They pay and are no sooner gone than the bootlegger pulls me and Schwartz aside.

"I got to discourage such guys from coming around," he says. "There's still plenty of dough on 'em, and the ice that one guy is wearing is good."

Schwartz and I tail the Cleveland dudes about five miles to a point where their truck has to slow down for a narrow bridge. That's all for them. My car is blocking their way. I stick the heat on and Schwartz fans them. They come for eighteen Cs and the diamond.

Then Schwartz gets behind the wheel of their truck.

"Mister," one of the guys says, "it's our case money."

"You'll find your bus at Spring Grove Cemetery in Cincinnati," Schwartz answers.

He drives off with the load, I following in my car.

We don't do anything but take the load right back to the boss, who gives us a half C a case for it.

Every week we had a couple of jobs like this, each load paying us from a grand and a half to five. Often the runners we heisted would show back in an hour or so and buy the whisky they had just lost. Some guys are never discouraged.

This went on until I decided I was a sucker for selling the stuff so cheap. By then I knew a lot of our bootlegger's customers, and it's a cinch they'd be more than willing to get his whisky at one C a case. So Schwartz and I make the rounds of about a half dozen of them. I proposition them like this:

"YOU'VE been losing your whisky, haven't you?"

The answer is yes or no.

"Well," I say, "you're going to lose it every time you come down the road."

"Who says so?" the guy asks.

"I say so."

"You don't get any payoff from me," he yells.

"Will you give a C for your whisky—the same you've been getting and delivered to your door?"

Sure he will.

"That's all I'm asking you," I tell him, and the deal is closed.

After we built up our market, Schwartz and I laid out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

GRABBING THE LUSH
Continued from page thirty-one

almost every day a couple of miles from our old boss' joint. We could recognize his customers' cars a quarter mile down the road and were all set to take them off by the time they reached us. We averaged about a hundred and fifty cases a week for three weeks, and then Schwartz had to break up our combination by getting too ambitious.

He heard of a big load of alki that was coming down from Cleveland. I didn't want to join him in this play. I was satisfied with the pickings we had.

So Schwartz takes on Blackie, a former harness bull. The only thing Schwartz doesn't find out in casing this job is that the alki is a legitimate shipment. All right; the load comes through carrying a crowd of guards all rodded with heats and they blast right into Schwartz and Blackie the first play they make. There's an exchange of slugs and a guard goes out.

The law grabs Blackie through a blue car he was driving and sends him up for keeps. Schwartz takes it on the lam and I haven't seen him since.

My next experience in hijacking came a few years later when I put in with Jerry Roger. In the meantime, the mob I had been working with on pete and bank jobs was busted up when Duke, Butch, and Rube—those guys I told you about—drew long time. Duke got fifteen years for a jewelry-store stickup, and Butch and Rube were sentenced to twenty-five each for bank robbery. Not wanting to go it single-o, I hunted up Roger, who I heard was making big dough.

Jerry's dead now and nobody has a good word for him. All the public knows of him is that he was a killer. When I met him he already had two known killings to his record and there probably were more. He started hustling in Cincinnati when he was sixteen. Anybody out late was the kid's mark. He would ask a guy for a match, sock him on the chin, and take his money. Later he popped people with a wringer roller.

Jerry didn't have a rod in his hand until he was about nineteen, and then it was every man for himself when he was around. He'd blast for no reason at all, and he could shoot straight.

Often when we were riding in the country he'd get out of the car to practice on mail boxes at fifty yards. He could make six hits out of six tries any time he wanted to.

Every hustler respected him, and he feared none of them. They knew if they crossed him somebody was going to get hurt and it wouldn't be Jerry. I've seen many a tough guy show yellow when Jerry called his hand.

THERE was the booze runner who, Jerry heard, had said our mob did nothing but hijack friends. I thought that monkey would die of joy when he was let off with a shiner.

Whatever the public has heard about Jerry, I know this about him—there wasn't a squarer guy in the world when he was sober. His word was as good as his money, and if he gave you a promise you knew he'd go through with it even if he had to take a fall. Anybody could work him for dough with a hard-luck story. He'd buy grub for some bum he never saw before, and it wasn't sandwiches either.

Whenever we hijacked a man and one of the mob took a notion he'd like to swing a heat on the guy's head, Jerry would keep his rod cocked until our boy made up his mind to lay off. He was polite to any man who behaved.

But when he was plastered he was nuts. At those times I stuck to him close, and, if it looked as if he might blow over some good people, I lifted his rod. I'd also watch to see nobody made a sucker out of him.

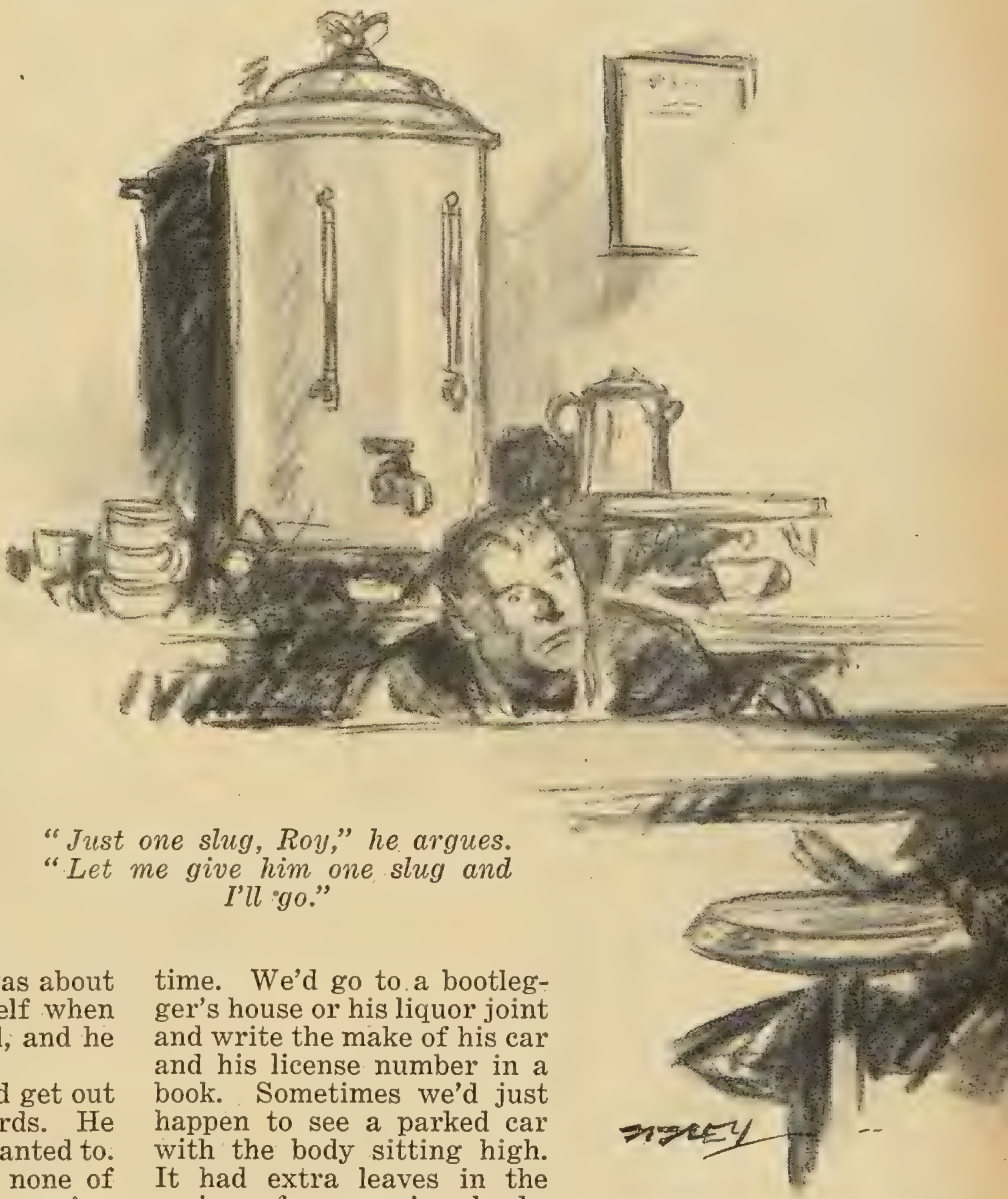
Jerry was grateful for what I did.

"If you're ever bumped, Roy," he used to say, "I'll see somebody pays up."

Jerry was a pete man, but when I met him there was so much liquor coming down from Detroit he didn't have time for anything else. Two of his men had just quit him to go into a different racket and he wanted another guy besides us two to round out the mob. So I got Chuck Watson, who I had met over in Muncie.

Jerry knew most of the bootleggers in Cincinnati, which made our work much easier than if we had to case them all. They knew him, too, well enough to realize they'd better like it when we took their lush.

The little casing we had to do was simple. It just took time. We'd go to a bootlegger's house or his liquor joint and write the make of his car and his license number in a book. Sometimes we'd just happen to see a parked car with the body sitting high. It had extra leaves in the springs for carrying loads. We knew it was a liquor runner's car, so we traced it to the owner and, if he sounded good, listed him in the book.



"Just one slug, Roy," he argues. "Let me give him one slug and I'll go."

With the book full of about fifty numbers we'd lay out on the road near Toledo. Often we didn't have to wait for a listed car to come through. Any job that had a weight bearing down on its springs was worth a play. We'd stare hard at the driver and if he burned us right back we were sure of our mark.

We never took a load on the spot unless the runner showed he was smart. There's no use burning up a good parking place. We usually waited until he got a good start and then tailed him about fifty miles.

Chuck was at the wheel. He was a wonderful driver. A punk will get nervous and let the car run away with him, smartening the runner before we're ready. Chuck doesn't gain an inch of the half mile that's separating us from the auto ahead until Jerry says when.

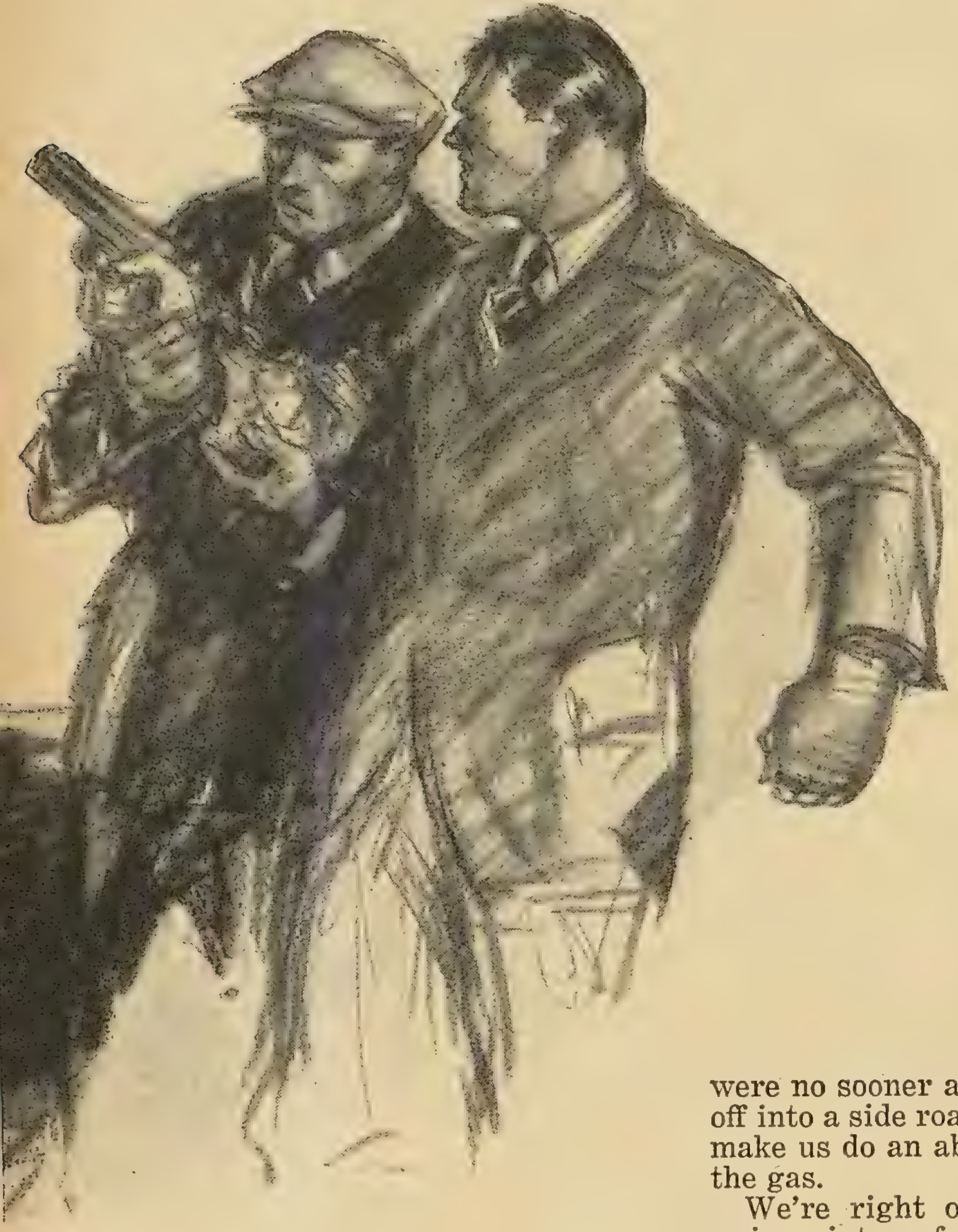
If the runner speeds up Jerry doesn't get excited. It only makes him more careful. He orders Chuck to pull to the side of the road for a while. Jerry knows all the signs that show when a runner is off guard and ready for the take. He won't make a move until everything looks right. Then he gives Chuck the office.

Chuck gives her seventy. Jerry and I are hanging on the running board. We crowd the liquor car to the side of the road.

“Get over for the law!” we yell.

If the runner doesn't think we're the Feds, he'll keep going and we have to send a couple of slugs through his car. He'll stop then—or else.

Sometimes he has his heavy man along. Jerry sticks the heat on them and I fan them for rods. Chuck hops into their car. If the runner is one of those we never saw before we get acquainted.



“Where you from?” we ask.

Maybe it's Cincinnati. We're not interested. He can't do us any good. But he might be from Toledo or Detroit, where we don't know so many bootleggers. In that case he's a guy we want to play with.

“WELL, you better stay where you come from,” we go on.

“I'm coming down every time I want to.”

They're all tough at first.

“Yeh?” we say. “You try walking tonight and then maybe you'll talk business.”

“What do you want?” he asks.

That's the right question. We want the names of bootleggers in his town. We'll trace their license numbers, all right. I never met a runner yet who'd refuse to give a steer on his friends, and he'll give the right names, too, because he knows that otherwise we're not going to pass him up the next time he comes through.

The information he lets us have doesn't help him now. We take his load just the same. Jerry asks him whereabouts he wants his car left. Sometimes he doesn't even do that, but phones the runner later to tell him where he'll find it. We give the cars back, because it's good for us if the runners stay in business and we know what makes they're driving.

The guys who made their runs in touring cars hardly ever resisted. Of the several hundred we took off, only two gave us any trouble. One was the guy who killed Chuck. I'm coming to that. The other I want to take my hat off to. He was only a little monkey, but he stopped the whole mob, including Jerry.

WE first saw him while we were cruising along State Road No. 9. His springs were low, so we burned him as we passed his car. He burned us back, and we were no sooner ahead than he turned off into a side road. That's enough to make us do an about face and give it the gas.

We're right on his tail when he swings into a farmyard so suddenly that we shoot on past for about twenty-five yards. By the time Jerry and I can come after him the little squirt has locked the doors of his car and disappeared into the farmhouse.

We have to get his keys, so we bust in after him, nearly bowling over a little old woman with dough on her hands who's on her way out, white as a sheet.

“Where is he?” we ask.

She runs across the yard screaming. Just then the little guy opens the door of the next room and stands there with his hands in his pockets.

“Come and get me, you lousy bums!” he yells.

We take only one step. He lets loose with a tear bomb from a pencil gun and slams the door. In a second we're soaked in greenish fumes. We can't open our eyes and tears are running into our mouths. I don't know yet how we made it out. We stumble across the yard and pile into the car. Our clothes have sopped up the gas and it got into Chuck's eyes. Imagine

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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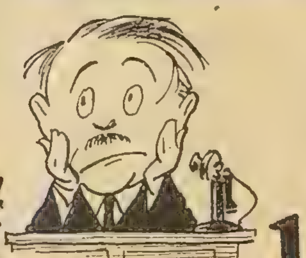

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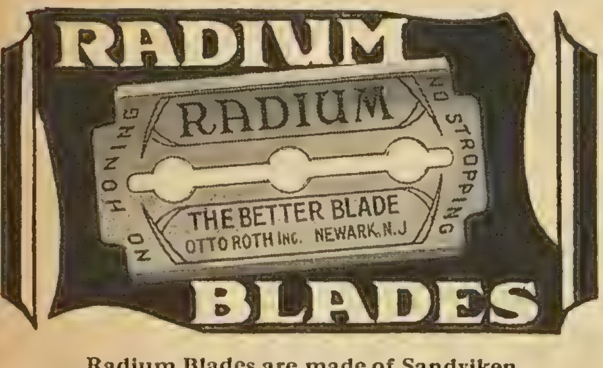

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[GRABBING THE LUSH
Continued from page thirty-three]

three tough monkeys riding down the road crying like babies.

After that, the word must have gone around that tear gas was the only thing that would stop Jerry's mob, as we found pencil guns on several bootleggers we fanned.

Except in the two instances, taking off the touring cars was simple. You don't know you're in hijacking until you try to make a truck. The trucks, carrying whisky or beer, usually come down tailed by two heavy men, who ride about an eighth mile behind the load. They're tough guys and you don't get the liquor unless you're tougher. That's where Jerry came in.

FIRST we go after the heavies. We don't say anything; just throw some lead through their car as we pull alongside. Now and then they fire back, but none of us ever got any more than a few pieces of buckshot. A nest of shot in the chest was the worst I took. You can bet the guy who did it went to the hospital.

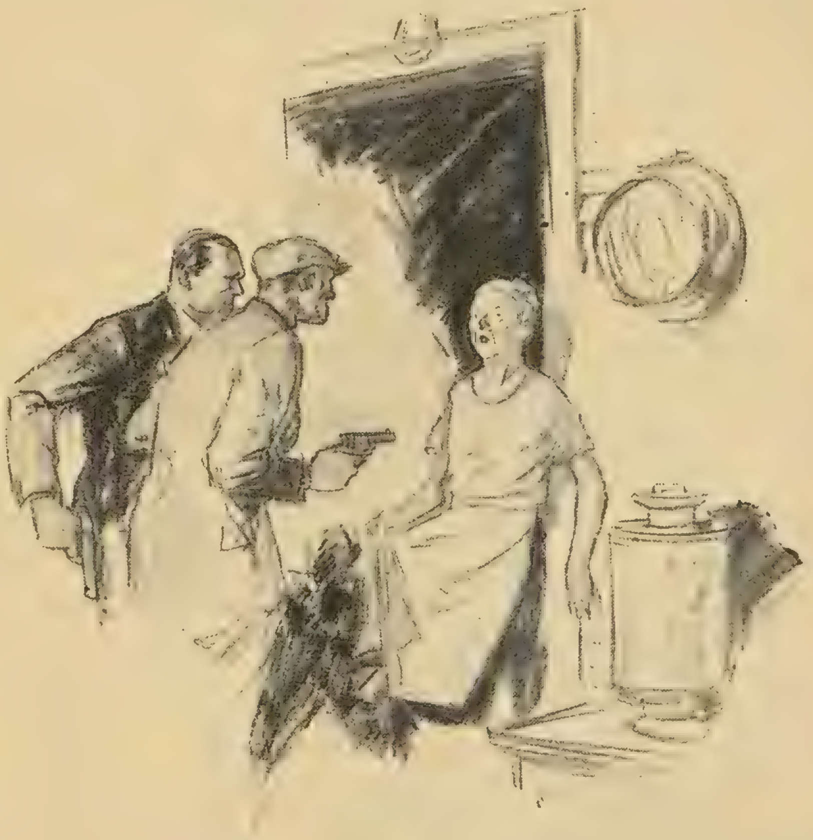
If the heavies get a look at our car, they'll stop and hand over their rods without pulling a trigger. It's nobody's business if they quit cold out here on the road. They'll get their dough just the same.

Once they are out of the picture we can catch the truck and take it without much trouble. It often was disguised like trucks of some big companies operating in our part of the country.

A couple of the oil trucks made saps of us until we learned they were trapped. Inside the big tank was a smaller one containing the liquor and surrounded by gas or oil. The front ends of the tanks were flush against each other and you reached the liquor through a trapdoor.

Many of the touring cars also were trapped. They carried the lush in the upholstery, in the channel iron, and under the top covering. Bootleggers, to save their own loads, sometimes told us how others' cars were trapped, but otherwise we had to tear an auto half apart to find the whisky.

My split of our hijacking amounted to about twenty-five grand in a year. We didn't work at it regularly. Every now and then we'd lay off a few weeks in order to give the bootleggers a feeling of safety. We were driving them off the road. Several times good liquor was hard to get in Cincinnati and the prohibition forces took credit for drying up the town.



"Where is he?" we ask.

Our liquor brought us sixty-five to seventy a case, ten bucks above the Detroit price, but the bootleggers were willing to pay extra, as they saved the expense of the trip and ran no chances with hijackers and the law.

Beer brought eight or nine dollars a case of twenty-four pints. We sold it to roadhouses. What they actually did was buy each other's beer. One night we'd take a load intended for one roadhouse and sell it to a neighboring joint. The following night we'd turn the deal around.

A lot of guys we sold, we'd hijack on their next trip. We'd take their load money going up and their lush coming down. The result was that bootleggers telegraphed their dough ahead.

I quit hijacking to open a booze joint when that load of shot in my chest kept me from doing any heavy work for a while. Another thing: Chuck had been killed and Jerry took in some

A Key to Crook Chatter in This Story

Boot—Thrill, "kick."
Bumped—Killed.
C—One hundred dollars.
Case money—Last dollar one owns.
Casing—Reconnoitering; checking up.
Chisel—As used here, to beat down in price.
Fan—Search.
Get jacket from law—To hear warrant has been issued.
Glom—Get a look at.
Grand—One thousand dollars.
Heavy man—Armed guard for liquor truck.
Heist—A holdup.
Hijacking—Robbing bootleggers.
Hustlers—Racketeers.
Lush—Liquor.
Mob—Crew, gang.
Monkey—As used here, stupid; sometimes mob term for a Jew.
On the lam—A quick getaway.
Racket—As used here, a criminal occupation.
Single-o—Without accomplices.

guys I didn't like to fill in for him. Chuck was croaked by Slats Ackerman. When the other liquor men saw Slats get away with it, the standing of Roger's mob fell.

Ackerman was a good-natured slob with plenty of friends. In the old days there wasn't a tough streak in him. He was one of those guys who was made over by the liquor racket. We liked Slats all right until he started getting tight in joints around Cincinnati and cracked that he wasn't afraid of us and could buy us with a pint of liquor. We decided that if we're going to keep our reputation we'd have to take him the next time he came down the road.

All one night we laid for him outside an Ohio town. About 4 A. M. Slats and his heavy man come buzzing through at fifty an hour. We put the tail on him with our lights out, because he's smart we're following. He's out of sight when we start.

At seventy-five an hour we begin to gain. We cut his lead to a block, but by this time we're busting into a town and he's saved.

He takes a chance and drives right up to the police station. A whisky runner would rather lose his load to the law than to hijackers.

We cruise around waiting to see Slats start down the highway, but get a jacket from the law and have to take it on the hot out of town.

Five miles away we park. An hour passes but no Slats. We decide the best thing is to go to Cincinnati on a chance of meeting him when he's coming in. We have a lot of luck. As we reach a town on the outskirts of Cincinnati, Slats is entering by another road.

He and his heavy man get out of their car and stand ready with sawed-off shotguns. But we don't stop till we reach the other end of town. There we wait. In a second Slats whizzes past. We throw forty-fives at him and he shoots back. By now people are going to work. They run into houses and duck behind poles.

A lucky shot from one of our rods busts a tire on Slats' car, but he keeps going, sixty an hour, with us hot on his tail. We're about to crowd him over when he slams on his brakes.

A motorcycle copper is waiting for him. Further on we park in a side road and see Slats drive by with the cop clearing the way.

After that the war was on. Slats passed the word he wasn't going to quit until he left all three of us leaning. A month later he found Jerry and Chuck cockeyed at a river camp. Before they knew what it was all about, he drilled Chuck and plugged Jerry in the leg. Now he was Big Boy Slats among his friends. They said he was a better man than Jerry Roger. He never told them Jerry was drunk. That burned Jerry up. He couldn't wait for his leg to heal.

He was still bandaged when we went to Slats' house and laid around night and day for two weeks. But Slats didn't show home.

AT last we caught him and—feature this—I'm the one who saved his lousy hide.

Jerry had on one of those mean drunks of his. The spot where he wanted to croak Slats was about the worst he could pick. It was a block from a police station.

We happened to be parked there when I see Slats going into a restaurant. I'm hoping Jerry doesn't glom him.

"Look!" he suddenly hollers, jerking his rod.

I grab his arm.

"Nothing doing, Jerry," I say. "See that place down there? That's the law."

"Hell with the law," he answers. "There's going to be a dead Slats."

"Hand me that rod," I order.

"Yellow, are you? Go on away, if you're yellow!" he yells. "I'll take him alone."

Then he starts across the street, walking hunched up, as he always did when he was plastered. I'm following. "Slats," he howls as he busts into the restaurant, "I'm going to let you watch me do it."

Three waiters and a couple of customers fly out the back way. Slats goes white.

"What the hell, Jerry!" he pleads. "What's between me and you?"

"You dirty no-good crumb," Jerry says, "you killed my buddy."

He's feeling too mean even to let Slats have it right off. I don't do a thing. This is a kick watching Slats show yellow.

But I keep my eye on Jerry's hand. When he cocks the rod I grab his arm.

"You damn' monkey!" I say. "What's the use you burning for a punk like him? We can get him any time we want."

SLATS is down on his knees behind a counter. He's almost crying.

"You can't bump me, Jerry," he begs. "You don't want to bump me. I'll throw you some business. Forget it, Jerry. Please—I'm your friend."

"Shut up, you damn' fool!" I yell.

Jerry began to tussle, trying to get his arm free.

"Listen to this," I tell him. "I want to croak this louse as bad as you do. I guarantee we'll get him. Take my advice and let's get out of here. You and I are buddies, ain't we? Did I ever give you a bum steer? Now give me that rod."

"Just one slug, Roy," he argues. "Let me give him one slug and I'll go."

I smack him in the mouth. He hands me the rod and staggers out as if he's a spanked baby. I go out backwards. I don't trust this Slats. He gives me a high sign and grins.

"Never mind that," I say. "You just got a reprieve, that's all."

About a year later they buried him deep. With all his friends telling him he was a killer he must have begun to believe it himself. The other guy beat him to the draw.

The true story of some of the Heist Guy's further adventures will appear in an early issue.

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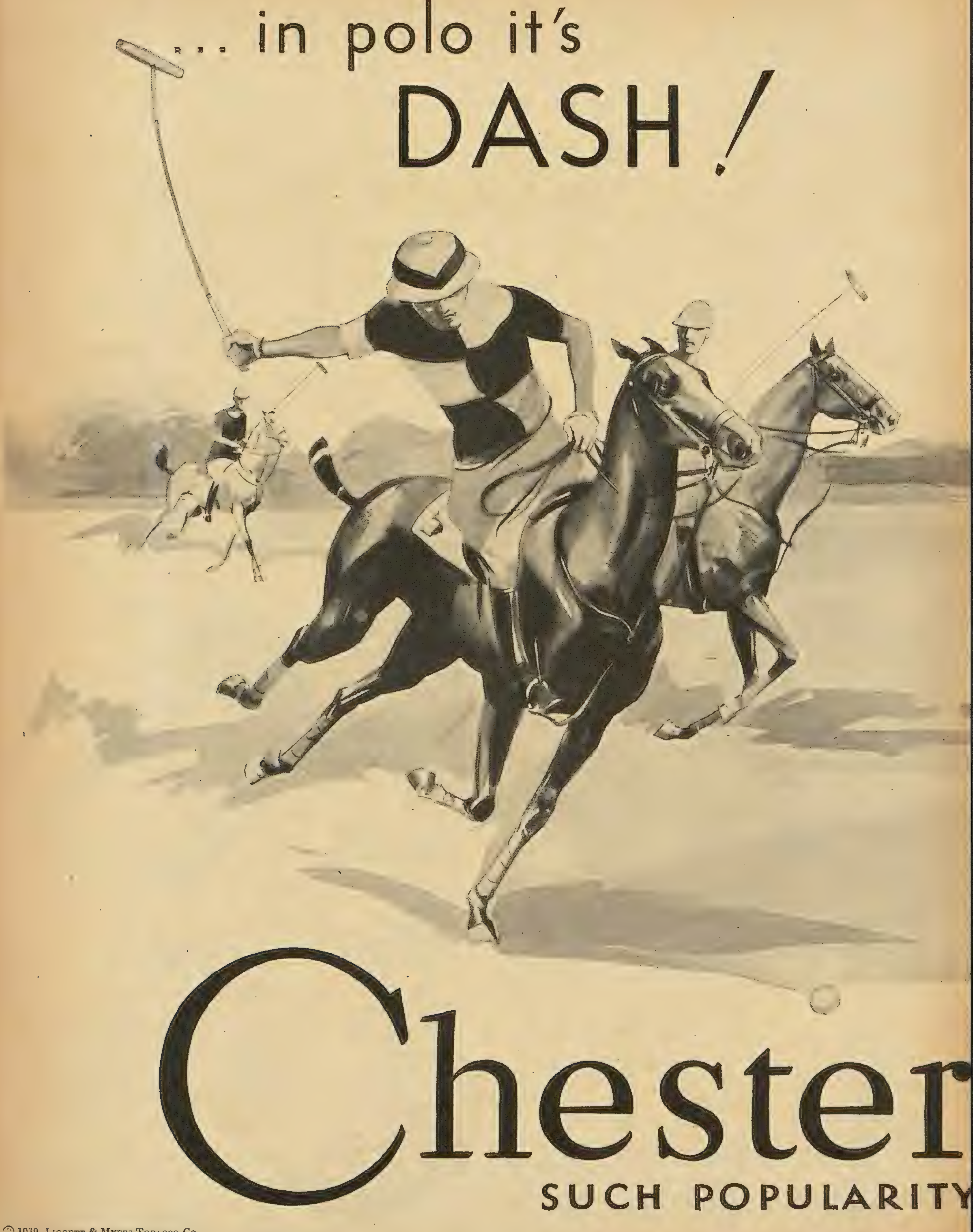
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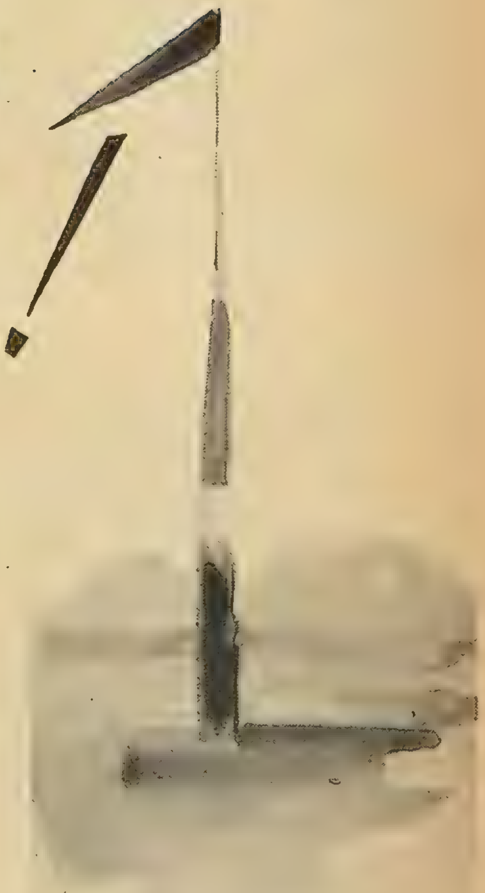

PONIES marvelously trained, fast, sure-footed; daring riders, skilful play—what group of sport lovers can resist the combination?

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These Two-Timing

Here's Another Old Picture Making Good in New Guise

Two Pages of Movie Reviews by

KATE CAMERON

Fredric March and Claudette Colbert in the new talkie version of Manslaughter.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ MANSLAUGHTER

CAST

Lydia Thorne	Claudette Colbert
Dan O'Bannon	Fredric March
Miss Bennett	Emma Dunn
Eleanor	Natalie Moorehead
Albee	Richard Tucker
Evans	Hilda Vaughn
Drummond	G. Pat Collins
Bobby	Gaylord Pendleton
Peters	Stanley Fields
Piers	Arnold Lucy
Morson	Ivan Simpson
Foster	Irving Mitchell

Produced by Paramount. Directed by George Abbott.

PARAMOUNT rings the bell a second time with Manslaughter. It was first produced as a silent picture shortly after it became a best seller as a book back in 1922 or 1923, and now it is brought out again as an audible picture. The first production, starring Thomas Meighan and Leatrice Joy, and directed by Cecil B. De Mille, made screen history. George Abbott modernized and dialogued the new version, and while it is not as sensational a picture as it was seven or eight years ago, it is a good dramatic production.

Fredric March, as the serious young district attorney, gives the best performance of his screen career. Claudette Colbert is a beautiful Lydia Thorne.

The motor accident—the climax of the picture—is breath-taking.

★ ★ THE SAP FROM SYRACUSE

CAST

Littleton Looney	Jack Oakie
Ellen Saunders	Ginger Rogers
Hycross	Granville Bates
Senator Powell	George Barbier
Nick Pangolos	Sidney Riggs
Flo Goodrich	Betty Starbuck
Dolly Clark	Veree Teasdale
Captain Barker	J. Malcolm Dunn

Produced by Paramount. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland.

The Sap from Syracuse fits Jack Oakie's talents so well you'd think it had been written especially for him.

But it wasn't. It was made known to playgoers on Broadway last season under the same title and enjoyed a fair success as a play. It's a good vehicle for Oakie and gives him the same opportunities The Social Lion gave him for comedy and characterization.

Most of the action takes place on shipboard with the Sap on his way to Europe to spend a small legacy in the grand manner. Before he sails he is made the victim of a practical joke which turns out to be not so much on him as on a couple of other fellows.

Ginger Rogers plays opposite Oakie, but this part doesn't give her the chance

Granville Bates in the mirthful film, The Sap from Syracuse.

TALKIES!

The crook film, Shooting Straight, presents Richard Dix and Mary Lawlor.

she had in Young Man of Manhattan to show the stuff her name is made of. This is a Ginger without any spice.

Oakie sings a song entitled I Wish I Could Sing a Love Song, and I wish he could, too. The situations are amusing and some of the lines are good for laughs.

★ ★ What a Man

CAST

Wade Rawlins	Reginald Denny
Eileen Kilbourne	Miriam Seegar
Mrs. Kilbourne	Lucile Ward
Mr. Kilbourne	Harvey Clarke
Kane Kilbourne	Carlyle Moore
Marion Kilbourne	Anita Louise
Elsie Thayer	Norma Drew
Marquise de la Fresne	Christiane Yves
William, the butler	Charles Coleman
Hanna, the maid	Greta Granstedt

Produced by Sono-Art. Directed by George J. Crone.

Farcical comedies are all too scarce on the screen and when a clever one like What a Man appears it is an event.

This comedy is an adaptation from a novel by E. J. Rath and it has been deftly transferred to the screen. It is about a rich woman with a penchant for reforming bums, who keeps her family in a state of perpetual exasperation by taking tramps into the house and giving them jobs as servants.

When Wade Rawlins is picked off the road and put in the chauffeur's uniform the entire household rebels. He stays, however, and gradually ingratiates himself into the affections of the family.

Reginald Denny, as the chauffeur, makes the most of the clever situations.

Miriam Seegar and Reginald Denny put on the ritz in What a Man.

Also Ginger Rogers and Jack Oakie, whose gifts for comedy find full play.

★ ★ Shooting Straight

CAST

Larry Sheldon	Richard Dix
Doris Powell	Mary Lawlor
Rev. Powell	James Neill
Martin	Matthew Betz
Chick	George Cooper
Tommy Powell	William Janney
Hagen	Robert E. O'Connor

Produced by R. K. O. Directed by George Archinbaud.

Shooting Straight is not to be dismissed as just another crook picture.

It is to be distinguished from the others because, first, Richard Dix plays "Lucky" Larry Sheldon, the big craps man, with a twinkle in his eye; second, there is a remarkable picture of a train wreck; and, third, it winds up with one of the best fist fights I've ever seen on the screen.

★ Wild Company

CAST

Larry Grayson	Frank Albertson
Henry Grayson	H. B. Warner
Sally	Sharon Lynn
Anita	Joyce Compton
Mrs. Grayson	Claire McDowell
Cora	Frances McCoy
Dick	Richard Keene
Joe Hardy	Kenneth Thomson
Natalie	Mildred Van Dorn
Felix Brown	Bela Lugosi
Judge	George Fawcett

Produced by Fox. Directed by Leo McCarey.

Our wild young people and the company they sometimes keep are used as the theme of this story. It is unfolded in a fairly interesting manner, but loses its appeal when, toward the end, it turns into a tirade against modern parents for the way they mismanage their offspring.

Do you know that—

Edmund Lowe will play a dual rôle in Scotland Yard, soon to be released?

Four- and three-star pictures of the past month

★★★★—None.

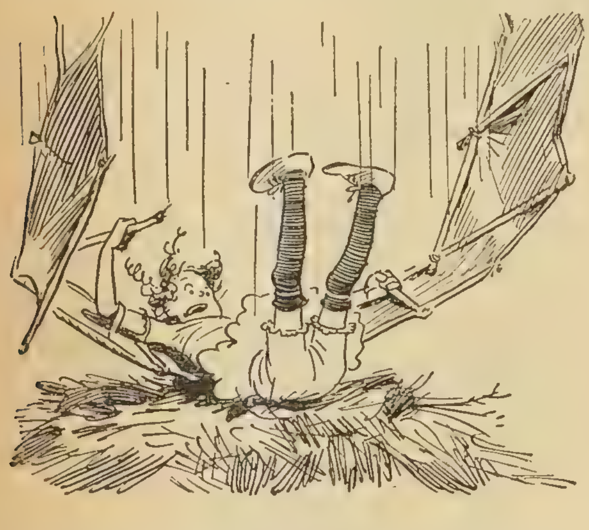
★★★—Romance, For the Defense, Let Us Be Gay, The Dawn Patrol, The Unholy Three, The Border Legion, The Big House.

Vox

Our Air-Minded Constituency

Kansas City, Kan.—I am a girl who would like to fly. I want to more than ever after reading Elinor Smith's splendid article, "This Business of Flying."

But, so far, my only flying experience ended in a calamity. When we were both kids, my brother and I once made a pair of wings—oh, beauties!—out of canvas and sticks glued together, and then arose the question of who was to try them. We argued and argued, and I won out. So he tied them on to my arms and I jumped from the second-story window of a barn, expecting to soar right away from there.



Luckily we'd chosen a window with a haystack under it. How hard, oh how hard I hit that hay!—*Girl Who Flew (?)*

Williamston, N. C.—Give us more air stories by Miss Elinor Smith. This eighteen-year-old girl is not only the greatest woman flyer of the world but she also writes with the skill of any great author or authoress.

Furthermore, she should be declared Miss Universe, if she resembles her pictures. I move that we declare her Miss America immediately, if not sooner.—*Asa.*

Cheyenne, Wyo.—"The Circle of Life," by Richard Carroll, is the most sensible and interesting story that Liberty has ever published. I learned more about aviation from this one article than I have previously from all other sources combined.

That bird knows his garden truck from the seat of his pants on up. Give us more matter of this class. We are foundered on "love."—*M. E. Eady.*

A Thought from Hawaii

Honolulu, T. H.—Your editorial, "The Bigger They Are the 'Arder They Fall," has no doubt been read by many and forgotten by most. It is a habit that we Americans have to avoid the thought of trouble until "old man trouble" has overtaken us and then to use every available means to combat it.

My point is that few states care about or give a thought to Japan. They could be counted on the fingers of one hand—and they border the Pacific Ocean.

But—if we Americans are interested in preserving our own states and territories, why do we tolerate the sly and persistent invasion of the Hawaiian Islands by these "land-starved" Japanese? It is true that, at this time, they comprise more than one-half of Hawaii's population. They are steadily increasing. They are enjoying privileges here that are refused them on the continental United States. They are benefited by education facilities; it is not uncommon to find ninety per cent of a school's classroom of pupils are Japanese.

And to think that these tiny islands, a miniature Nippon, are claimed by our government! We should either take steps to keep them ours—or hand them to Japan on a golden platter.—*An Observer.*

Now You Know, Stan

Rochester, N. Y.—Yes, "Stan," I can tell you what "love" is, since you asked, in Vox Pop. I know, having experienced both its pangs and its later consequences. It is a disease. It is caused by a specific germ—the reproductive germ plasm. It appears in the male at about the age of fourteen, and somewhat earlier in the female.

It continues active in the male till about fifty, gradually diminishing in virulence after forty.

In the female it has been known to retain its full virulence to the age of ninety, which accounts for the female being "more deadly than the male."

In adolescence, its attacks in both the male and female are characterized by a peculiar violence, which often betrays them into acts that bear a bitter harvest of lifelong regret. There is no cure for it except marriage.—*Will Thomas Withrow.*

They Just Don't Forget (They Just Marry the Other Fellow)

Philadelphia, Pa.—I'm so sorry that Grace Robinson said "only the mothers really remember," in her lovely article, "Mothers Remember."

I lost my sweetheart over there and I never knew grief until then, fortunately. I didn't realize anything could be so terrible as that government telegram.

I never forgot for a minute, although three or four years later I married his best friend.

I'm very happy, very contented, but forget—*never.*

I also have two children and a lovely home, but we just don't forget, Grace. We marry to help overcome our grief.—*One Who Can't Forget.*

The Error of Our Ways

Los Angeles, Calif.—A word to you wets. You may violate the Eighteenth Amendment and you may repeal it, but don't forget that the laws of nature are still working and your feeble wail carries no weight in their repeal.

The ruination of your character, will power, physical well-being, and ability to be a responsible member of society will follow your drinking as night follows day and you can't repeal the law that makes it so.

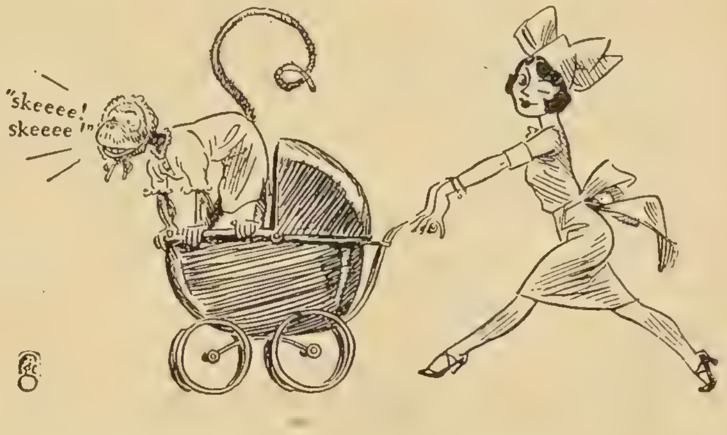
Just remember that when you howl for liquor, personal liberty, or license and licentiousness—whichever it is you think you want.—*Olin Brown.*

Buffalo, N. Y.—Do you realize the harm you are doing? Do you or not? In the issue of August 2, I read Burns' poem to John Barleycorn and in disgust flung it from me as unclean.

In the days of Sodom and Gomorrah your circulation would be greater—and I wonder if that wasn't an early issue of Liberty that Lot's wife had in her hand as she turned to look back.—*Edward J. Flaherty.*

Ooh!

Chicago, Ill.—Say! I didn't like Mr. Thrasher's cover drawing of that newborn baby a tall, a tall. Has he ever seen a baby that old? Tell him to look at one before he paints another. There are now several babies around, you know, and a little detective work might result in his finding one.


"skeeee! skeeee!"

Better still, if he really wants to get an idea of what a newborn baby looks like, tell him to dress a monkey up in baby clothes.—*Man Who Has Seen a Baby.*

Terrible Story

Boise, Idaho—I once lived in Rifle, Colo., and happen to *know* what I'm writing about. Even you may have read of this incident of which I'm writing. Anyway it was about two police dogs and two little tots.

The father left the babies in the police dogs' care while he worked on the farm. One fine day he came home to a pile of clean-picked bones. How do you account for it, eh?—*G. P. F.*

Pop

"The Transgressions of This Feature"

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The author of your short short story, "The Egyptian," whether famous or unknown, is to be congratulated on his achievement of crowding into so limited a space a splendid plot, brilliant manipulation, suspense, and an absorbing interest—the prerequisites for a good story.

One story of such caliber would suffice to make amends for the transgressions of this feature for an entire year.—*Claude G. Hubener.*

WINNIPEG, CAN.—I presume you pick what you consider the best short short story each week.

In future please pick what you consider the worst, and maybe we will like it better.—*Poison Ivy.*

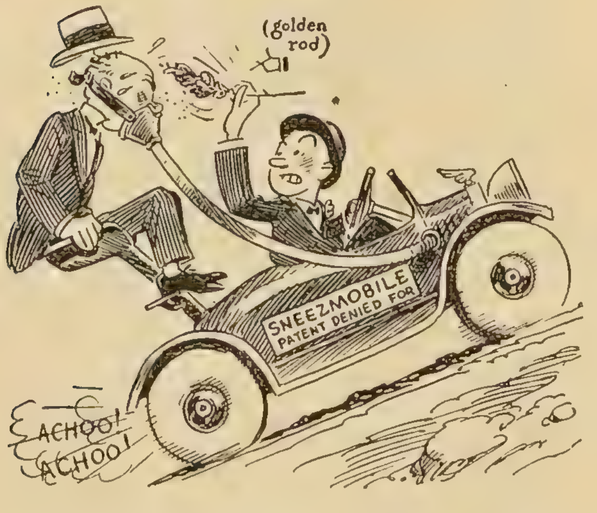
How Would You Head This One?

UTICA, N. Y.—Jeanne Eagels is dead and gone.

Why waste valuable space in your magazine, telling her petty experiences and life history? After all's said and done, she was nothing but a mere woman.—*Little Howard.*

Well, You Gotta Think About Overproduction

CHICAGO, ILL.—Just read "A Word About Hay Fever," by Robert Benchley. I assure you that Mr. Benchley is quite wrong to mourn so, just because hay fever seems incurable. He takes a hopeless, destructive attitude. We should be constructive.



What I mean is, such sneezing is a gift, and can be put to work. No one seems to realize the explosive power of the sneeze: a force equal to the driving power of steam or gasoline.

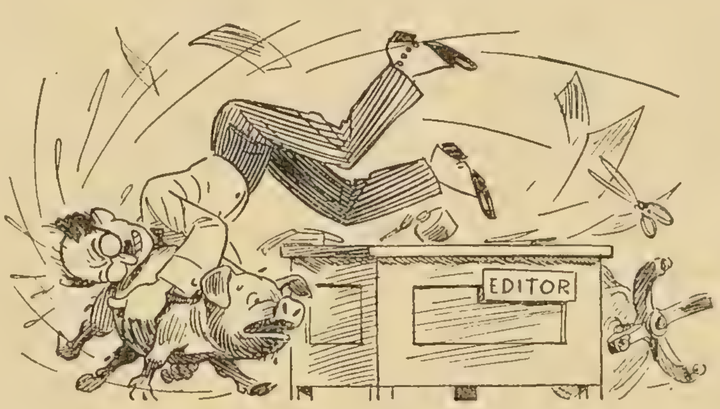
So, all we need to do is to gather together select groups of hay-fever victims, and allow them to run engines, machines, and dynamos, by sneezing into tubes.

Hay fever would then be at a premium, and first-rate sneezers would command high wages.—*Optimist.*

With Picture: Editor and Pig

JASPER, CAN.—I have finally discovered the real reason for your ridiculously large circulation.

It is simply the ease with which one can handle Liberty, or take it along. Its paper is firm to the touch, while some other magazines I could name—Well, have you ever tried to handle a greased pig, Mr. Editor? If not, try it, and you'll know just what I mean.



That "next page" idea, and introductory matter about the author, help too.—*A. Spence.*

Why Limerick Judges Go Mad

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Until about six months ago I supposed you folks wrote your own Vox Pop letters, but I know better now, for you published my letter to you.

What's bothering me now is your prize contests. In spite of all I can do about it, I keep thinking you award prizes according to who they are and where they live.

I have a suspicion I'm wrong about this, but you know us Missourians.—*Wemis Bier.*

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—I notice that all prizes awarded to Limerick contestants are given to those living in eastern states. Don't western people buy Liberty as much as eastern people do? I, for one, can hardly wait until each new issue comes out.—*A hard working Limerickite.*

BROOKLINE, MASS.—About these contests. Why is it that you always see printed that the contestants are from California, Wyoming, and all those western states?—*M. F. G.*

EL DORADO, ARK.—Just why is it there is never a Limerick winner south of the Mason & Dixon line? I have noticed most of the winners are northern.—*A Southern Reader.*

DES MOINES, IA.—Hey, why can't an Iowan ever win any of those last lines for Limericks?—*Peeved Iowan.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—What's the idea of holding out on us Chicagoans? Aren't we important?—*Zo-Po.*

See the Funny Faces Page

NEWTON, N. C.—It seems that Leslie Thrasher has made some enemies because of several of his cover pictures. Why not publish his photo on the Funny Faces page, so that they can vent their rage on his face?

By doing so you might retain them as readers.—*Tar Heel.*

And Speaking of Funny Faces—

WOODLYNNE, N. J.—Looking through the Liberty Magazine I happened to glance at the page on which the Funny Faces were, and saw, to my surprise to find, that the man or men who were the judges for the set of pictures for the week of July 12, has chosen the picture of Clara Bow dressed as a nun for first prize.

Well, to give you my honest opinion of the judges I think they are a bunch of hypocrites, making a joke out of a picture of a Nun: a person who, to my estimation, is superior to the bunch of men who call themselves judges.—*A Catholic.*

PRESCOTT, ARIZ.—At the Arizona hospital for the insane the matron of the feeble-minded ward is adding greatly to the happiness of her charges by keeping them busy with activities on a par with their limited intelligence.

Noticing in a recent copy of Liberty your sprightly page of Funny Faces she immediately decided that it would be just the thing for her patients. They were delighted with it.

I should think this highly original feature might greatly increase your circulation among such people, both in and out of asylums.—*Will H. Robinson.*

Quite So

SAN LEANDRO, CALIF.—I can easily believe Elliott White Springs was shipwrecked and spent two days and a night in an open boat and without a hat; especially without the hat.

And I'll bet the sun shone hot on his poor bare head.

Also I can readily understand how his story, "Shipwreck," could be the result of such a trying experience.

I once sent in a story to Liberty—and now I know why it was not accepted. I wear a hat.—*Una Pop.*

Kate's Corner

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—Say! Why all the kick about Katie Cameron? She's okay for me.

All these movie fans think there's only one four-star picture in a century.

Keep her on your staff if you're wise. —*Marjorie Lacey.*

Still Another

A Love Story of Today in America

By

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER

What Has Gone Before:

BERT THOMAS made beautiful Juliet Rogers a surprising proposal. Thomas was a big theatrical producer and Juliet a show girl in his company. He was prepared, he said, to provide Juliet's mother with a comfortable income until her death if Juliet, in return, would give him one hour out of her life. One single hour all his own.

Juliet was engaged to Keith Morris. But a desperate need of money, with two mothers to be supported, kept them apart. The secret hour would set everything right!

She wavered, got as far as Thomas' bedroom, then sickened with horror. She left the apartment, left the show, and went back to her old work, stenography.

Life was placid once more, until, in a restaurant, she saw Keith lunching with Jane Gilman. Jane was a little blonde whom Keith had been "hanging around," if Murphy, a woman friend of Juliet's, was to be believed. Now go on with the story.

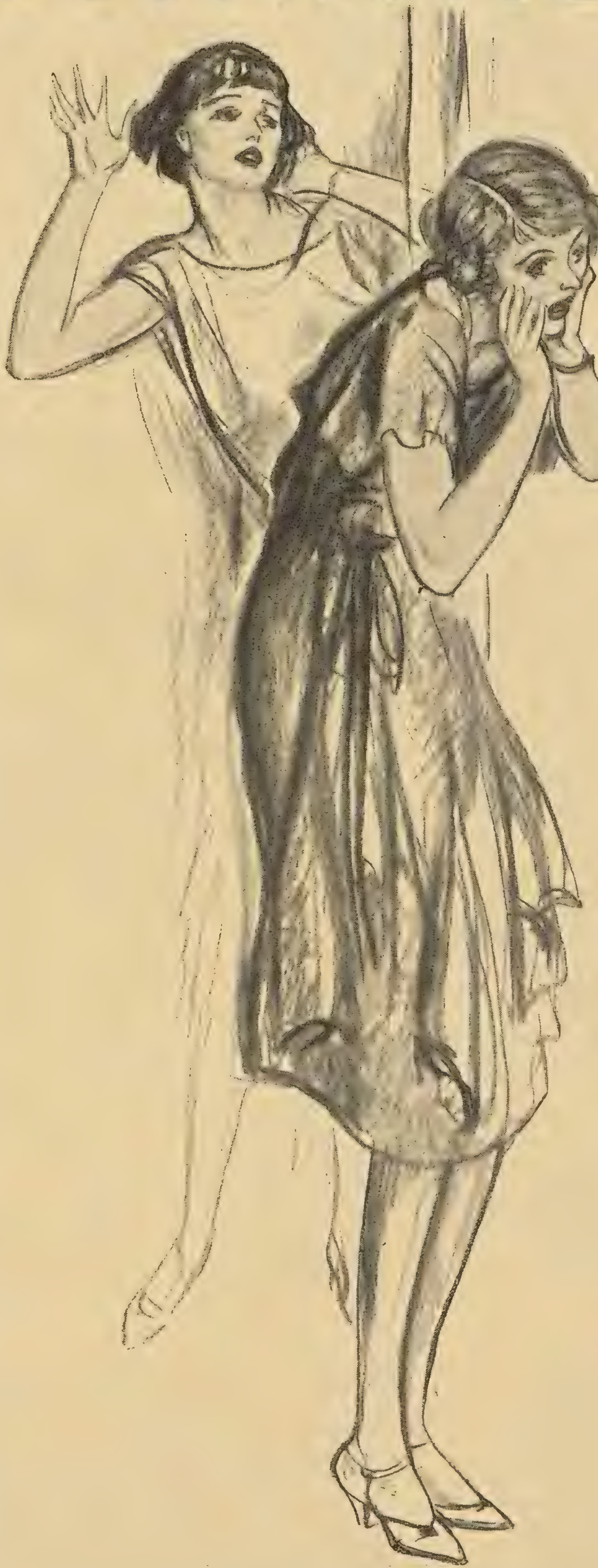
PART ELEVEN—JANE'S STORY

JULIET forced her eyes away from Keith sitting with Jane Gilman at the little corner table in the Clover Tea Room. She looked instead at Murphy, who was plainly triumphant. And, curiously enough, Juliet's first reaction was the hope that Keith hadn't seen her. She didn't want him to think she was spying!

"There, you see!" said Murphy. "Just as I told you! Those little young cuties get all the fellows! Most folks would have said that that Keith Morris was a steady fellow. He went with you a long time, didn't he? That's the way men are! Don't I know? Well, the last few weeks he's been hanging around Jane. Not that she isn't pretty, but she's lightweight. No brains. Even the other girls in the office can't stand her. And you remember how they were!"

Murphy chatted on. Juliet was only half aware of her words.

Juliet knew that Keith had had lunch with Jane Gilman over six months ago. He had told her that. He had not told her that he had seen Jane Gilman lately. She wouldn't have believed it, no matter what anyone had told her, if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes. She couldn't believe, even now, that things like this happened. Coincidences like this always seemed more a part of fiction than of life. And there was Keith and another girl! And according to Murphy it wasn't such a rare



The girls rushed in. And there, at the sink, Keith was bathing Steve's eye!

JULIET

Arthur D Fuller

coincidence, at that, because she might have seen the two of them any number of times if she had been here in the tea room.

Something inside of Juliet refused to accept, even now, what she saw. Why, Keith was her boy! She felt, absolutely, that he was true to her! She knew that their love was too perfect for any outside thing to enter in. Why, their love was real romance! They had kept their love beautiful all these years. And yet, here was Keith sitting at a little black-and-yellow table, obviously most attentive to a pretty blonde girl! What could it mean?

Juliet couldn't believe, even while she listened to Murphy's disillusioned talk, that she was like Murphy—like those thousands of other girls who go with men year after year, only to find in the end that the men turn to prettier and younger girls, especially if the prettier and younger girls are easier to attain. That had been Murphy's story. That had been Freda Robertson's story. Other girls Juliet had known had had the same thing happen to them. Was she like these other girls? Was the same thing happening to her? She couldn't believe it!

The luncheon was tasteless, hard to swallow. She couldn't let Murphy see how she felt.

Murphy chatted on about the office. About the girls. About "J. D." She wished Juliet was back. Those had been fine days, when Juliet worked in the office. Murphy was still loyal to the Fredrickson Agency, would be loyal as long as she stayed there—and would stay until some change in the organization left her without a job.

JULIET didn't know whether to leave the restaurant first, taking a chance that Keith wouldn't glance in her direction as she left, or to wait until Keith had gone. There were possibilities that he'd see her, either way. She didn't want him to see her!

Murphy settled the question:

"Hurry up and finish your dessert. That banana pudding's the best thing they make here. I've got to get back to the office. You know the way things pile up in an advertising office this time of the month."

Juliet felt herself being piloted by Murphy. Out of the corner of her eye she saw that Keith didn't even glance in her direction. He was much too busy talking to the little blonde.

Juliet made a thousand mistakes that afternoon. She wouldn't have blamed Mr. Kriech if he had completely lost patience with her. Instead, he was in one of his genial moods, and whistled cheerfully as he hunted around his office for some papers he'd misplaced weeks before.

Juliet was glad when he went out. She forced herself to go through a semblance of work. Of course there was nothing to worry about! She was going to have dinner with Keith. He'd explain everything, tell her without her even asking. Of course.

When Juliet met Keith she felt as always the thrill of seeing him. How good it was to be with him! Nothing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-three

had happened—nothing that Keith couldn't explain. She must believe that! As he took her arm and they became one with the crowds, Juliet wondered if she hadn't made a mistake. Perhaps the man she had seen in the Clover Tea Room hadn't been Keith at all!

She looked intently at his profile. That strong, blunt nose. The firm chin. Broad shoulders under the familiar blue suit. Very blue eyes and black lashes and brows. She hadn't made a mistake. She knew that. She knew so well every little thing about Keith's appearance. The way his hair grew on his forehead. The set of his ears. The curve of his mouth and his nostrils. The man had been Keith. Oh, well, Keith would tell her everything as soon as they were seated in the restaurant. She felt he would be quite casual about it—that it amounted to nothing at all.

They chose a little Armenian restaurant on Madison Avenue where groups of swarthy foreigners sat at little tables. They ordered one of the cold entrées, a succulent mixture of eggplant prepared with olive oil, and a chicken-and-rice dish which they both liked.

Keith told little incidents of the day. What Roth had said. A laughable error that his little stenographer had made. He said nothing about his luncheon date! And Juliet didn't ask him.

They went to the theater. As a special treat Keith had got seats for Coquette, which he knew Juliet wanted to see. All through the play, even while her heart was torn by the poignant acting of Helen Hayes, Juliet watched Keith. He seemed the same as always. Serene and sure and dependable. She had heard that he was seeing a lot of another girl—had actually seen him lunching with the girl—and he hadn't told her!

When Keith told her good night at Pennsylvania Station, Juliet felt that she would have thought he seemed especially tender, if she hadn't known!

During the ride out to Glen Hill, Juliet couldn't read, although she had a copy of Claire Ambler and adored everything Tarkington wrote. She read paragraphs over three times. She closed the book finally, thought only of Keith. She wondered what it all meant. She trusted Keith absolutely. She felt there was some simple explanation. And Keith hadn't told her anything!

All night a curious fear gnawed at her. She couldn't sleep. She put on her light, tried to read, switched it off again. She couldn't stand this awful restlessness! Surely Keith loved her! Loved her as steadfastly, as truly, as she loved him. And yet, she had seen him with Jane Gilman! And Murphy had said— Without her own observation she would never have believed Murphy. She didn't know what to believe now. If only Keith had said something!

AT breakfast mama noticed how tired Juliet looked. You couldn't tell mama anything, of course.

"What's the matter?" mama said. "Didn't you sleep well?"

"I slept all right," Juliet said.

"If you lived the kind of life other girls live you'd feel better. And look better, too! If you went with some nice, upright young man instead of wasting your time, year after year, on a good-for-nothing whom I'd be ashamed to let into my house— No wonder you wake up with black shadows under your eyes!"

Mama had started now. She went on, her voice growing shriller as she talked:

"You're not as young as you once were! You're almost twenty-seven. In my time a girl was an old maid if she didn't get married before she was twenty-five. And you're not getting younger every day. If you'd look around and find a nice husband instead of running around with Minnie Streeter's son every night, maybe we'd have a better life. You haven't had a word to say since you got up! It's that way every morning. And I'm home all day alone. I guess tonight you'll be running around again."

"No," said Juliet. "I'll be home in time for dinner."

Keith had told her last night that he was dining with a client, would be busy all evening. For the first time since she had known Keith, she doubted him. It really wasn't a doubt. It was less than that—a faint suspicion, a fear. She felt sure he had told the truth. She would have staked a great deal on it. And yet, she had seen him with Jane Gilman!

Juliet told mama good-by as gayly as she could. After all, mama had her side, too. She didn't have a great deal, was so lonely. She was looking older these last few months.

All day at the office Juliet tried to keep up her spirits. She worked hard, forced herself to concentrate. She cleaned out her desk, did a dozen things she had been postponing. When Keith called her on the telephone, she tried to talk the way she always talked when she spoke to him. Evidently he didn't notice any difference. She waited eagerly for him to tell her about things. Just a few words and everything would be all right!

If he would only say, "I'm having luncheon with that little girl from Fredrickson's. I've seen her several times lately. I'll tell you about it."

Just a few words like that and everything would be all right.

And Keith said nothing like that at all!

JULIET hoped Keith would telephone again—say something. At noon she wanted to see Murphy—wanted to go to the Clover Tea Room again. She couldn't do that, couldn't spy on Keith!

If only he telephoned in the afternoon—or met her at Pennsylvania Station! Keith didn't telephone again.

At the station Juliet let the 5:18 go out, hoping for a glimpse of Keith. He knew what train she took—could have met her. He didn't come to the station.

She took the next train to Glen Hill, hating to take it.

She had dinner alone with mama. She tried to be good company, tried to tell mama amusing incidents of the day. There wasn't much to tell, the way there had been when she had been on the stage.

Why, if she didn't have Keith this is what her life would be night after night! Working all day—and evenings at home with mama. Nothing to live for at all. She knew, now, that no other man could ever mean anything to her. Why, she had gone with Keith almost seven years! He was a part of her life. Almost as if, in a way, there had been a sort of marriage between them. And yet no real union. A break now would be a kind of divorce.

She couldn't lose Keith. Simply couldn't lose him! Why, Keith loved her, too! Surely he didn't care for another girl—youth wasn't attracting him already! She couldn't be getting that much older!

In her room she peered into her mirror. She did look older. There was no doubt about that. The sleepless night had left shadows under her eyes. At the corners of her eyes there was more than a suggestion of wrinkles. Her skin was still fair, but the line of her throat was not quite so firm as it had been. From the corners of her nose to her mouth there were shadowy lines. She would soon be twenty-seven. Oh, Keith, Keith!

The next day the constant little worry started in again. And yet, she couldn't doubt Keith. If only he would tell her!

Luckily, she was busy at the office—so busy with reports Kriech brought in that she was able to put an overlay of work across her worry, a bridge over the day. She was going to have dinner with Keith in the evening.

She rushed to him so eagerly, when she saw him waiting for her, that he said:

"What's the matter, darling? Is something wrong?"

She tried to dissemble, to pretend that everything was all right.

When they reached the nice little Italian speakeasy where they were going to have dinner, Juliet couldn't hold things back any longer. She had to tell him.

"Keith," she said, "the other day I was having lunch with Murphy at the Clover Tea Room. And I saw you. You were—you were with Jane Gilman."

She watched his face to see if he would be angry because she had trapped him. To her surprise, he looked very grave.

"Oh, my dear," he said, "I didn't want to tell you! I didn't want you to worry about it."

"Worry about it?" asked Juliet. She didn't understand. Of course she would worry if Keith—

"Why, yes; about Jane," he said.

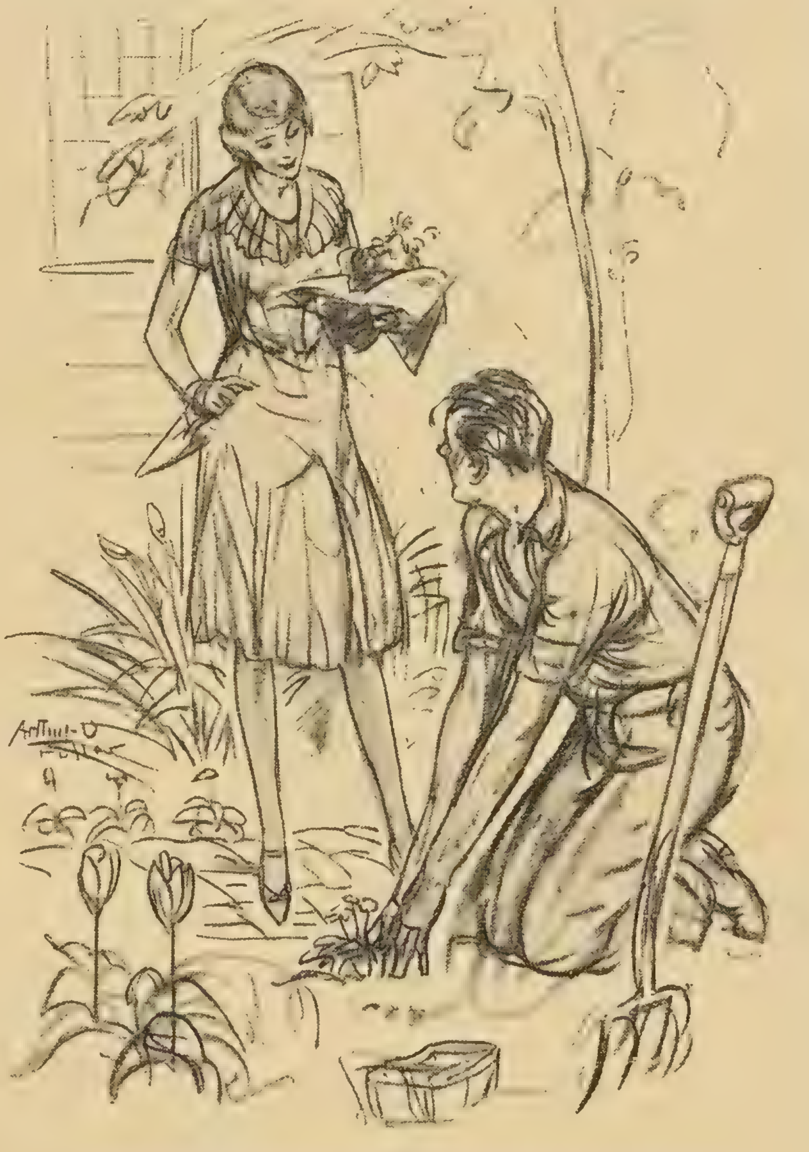
There was a funny, tight sensation in her throat. She could hardly say the words:

"What do you mean?"

Then he told her. It was Jane's story. Keith had felt that he ought not to tell anyone. He had thought of talking it over with Juliet, decided it was something for him to take care of alone. He had had lunch with Jane months ago. He had told Juliet that. He hadn't seen her again until three weeks ago. Then she telephoned to him, asked him to meet her. He knew by her voice that it was important. He took her to lunch. She told him the whole story.

Jane couldn't bear to tell anyone whom she saw frequently at the office. She didn't have any intimate girl friend—her best friend had got married, moved away. She didn't know to whom she could turn.

Yes, Jane had been running around with the men she met—and there had been too much running around. She was one of the modern girls who believed that women have just as much a right to freedom as men. Jane was young. She had seized her freedom—and she hadn't taken biology into consideration. And biology, as always, was the one thing that made a single standard for women and men impossible.



They worked in the long neglected garden.

Jane had played around, had proved to herself and her acquaintances that she could "do whatever she wanted to, live for the moment, have a good time, be a good fellow and be free." The man she had been playing around with lately had left New York. She didn't know where he had gone. He had been free, too, and he hadn't had biology to interfere with his freedom. Jane was worried—and had a reason for worrying.

Keith admitted that he didn't know why Jane had turned to him. But after she looked to him for help there seemed to him only one thing to do about it. A little thing like that, alone, pretty and ignorant and helpless. He did what he could. He had the money saved up—loaned it to her. She went to a doctor last night. She telephoned him this morning. That was over!

IT never occurred to Juliet to doubt Keith even for a moment. She knew he was telling her the truth. Of course he would do a quixotic thing like that! A marvelous sense of security, of safety and happiness, lapped around her again. He was her boy, loved only her. Yet it was possible, if they kept on like this year after year, that he might grow to care for someone else. Oh, not really possible, either! Their love was too great, too wonderful and enveloping a thing. Yet they were never satisfied, always restless. And other men—

Keith was different. Of course. Even this incident proved it—if proof were necessary.

Of course Jane had turned to him! Juliet saw why that had been the most natural thing in the world for Jane to do. Keith was understanding, fine. Jane didn't dare to turn to someone she saw every day, who might refuse to help her.

Poor little kid! Juliet knew why the girls at the Frederickson office didn't like her. Jane was too frivolous, too foolish. Now she had to suffer for this very gayety and exuberance. Her very love of life had got her into her difficulty. At least, thought Juliet, she had taken the things she wanted—even if she had to pay for them. In a way, she almost envied Jane Gilman.

Juliet was happy because she hadn't really doubted Keith. Yet she knew she had come near doubting him. Otherwise, why had she been so miserable for the two days she hadn't understood? She knew that even now some people would have misinterpreted Keith's actions. He was her boy. She trusted him completely; would never doubt him again. She felt that. Their love was too wonderful for any doubt to creep in. There should be only faith and love for them both, always.

There should be love—and all they had was a pretense of love. They said good night when they wanted to cling together. They spent evenings apart, Juliet with mama, and Keith in Washington Heights in the little apartment with his mother, when to be with each other was what they wanted most of all.

WINTER passed and spring came. And in March Juliet really was twenty-seven. Mama didn't have to say *nearly* twenty-seven now.

Uncle Joe Madison had a paralytic stroke, and Mrs. Morris hurried out to New Jersey to be with the family. The stroke was a slight one, but Mrs. Morris stayed on for a visit after Uncle Joe was better.

"Won't you come up to Washington Heights with me?" Keith asked Juliet one night at dinner. "I've some things I want to show you. The pictures I had taken when I was a little boy that I told you about—a lot of other things."

They took a bus uptown, got off at 162d Street, walked over to the apartment building in which Keith lived.

The building was of pressed tan brick, five stories high, and had rather an ornate foyer, although the apartments were small and not at all pretentious. Juliet had a curious feeling as they went into Keith's apartment. Here were the things Keith saw every day. Familiar things, home things—Keith's home. And yet it was the first time she had ever been here! It didn't seem right that Keith should have a life so apart from her own. His business life was real, understandable. The hours he spent here were strange—Juliet had never been able to visualize him here.

The apartment proved to be a pleasant little place. The living room was filled with old-fashioned furniture which Mrs. Morris had brought with her from Monroe, Illinois, where she had lived until after her husband's death. There was a big secretary, not old enough to be an interesting antique, a sofa elaborately carved, comfortable but dated rocking-chairs. Even the net curtains were a bit more like Monroe, Illinois, than New York. And yet the place was comfortable and well kept.

Keith showed Juliet his own room. In it were a day bed, a little table, a dresser. And Juliet's picture, framed, stood alone on top of the dresser.

Keith showed Juliet the pictures he had told her about: Keith at four, with curls. Keith at five, a big boy now, with a velocipede. And a whole row of Keiths in different poses at seven, still in the frame that Mrs. Morris had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-five

so proudly put on the picture back in Monroe. And Keith in high school with very sleek hair and a serious mien. And Keith, very erect and self-conscious, in uniform. And a dozen little Keiths in smaller pictures.

It seemed to Juliet as if a whole new part of Keith's life had opened to her. Why hadn't she seen all this before? In a way, she couldn't blame Mrs. Morris quite so much for her attitude as she had done in the past. She could understand how a mother wouldn't want a boy like this snatched away from her by a girl he met after he was all brought up. She wished his mother would make the best of it now, be sensible about things.

Keith put his arms around her, kissed her tenderly.

"Do you realize how little we are ever alone together?" he asked. "Like this, where there's no possibility of anyone else being around?"

"I know," said Juliet.

He held her in his arms. It was wonderful, being in Keith's arms! She closed her eyes, relaxed completely now. When he kissed her she felt the same glow she had felt years before when he had first kissed her, plus an added ripening and longing. If—if they could only stay together always!

Then, as Keith's kisses grew warmer, Juliet pushed him away. She wanted Keith's love—wanted his kisses—more than anything in the world. But it wasn't right, making love here. What if Mrs. Morris should come home unannounced—find them! This was her home. She would undoubtedly be furious, feel that Keith and Juliet had taken advantage of her. And she would have a perfect right to be angry if she returned and found them together.

"Darling, don't tremble so!" Keith begged. "Mother can't possibly come home now. She said she'd telephone before she came."

He put his arms around Juliet again, but the spell was broken. She was an intruder in another woman's home. She had no right to be here at all.

There was never a place where they could be alone—unless they were willing to accept the things so many other people accepted: hotel rooms under assumed names; week-ends where they'd have to be careful and avoid even speaking to chance acquaintances. Juliet couldn't do that. She felt that their love was too fine for such degradation.

"There must be some way out!" Keith said. "We must have each other! I do want you so! I dream of you at night—and I wake up and I'm all alone. I wonder, sometimes, if you love me as much as I love you."

"I do," said Juliet. "I love you with all my heart."

"Other couples have obstacles," said Keith, "and yet they manage to overcome them. I wish I knew what to do."

FALL came. And winter. And they hadn't found a way out.

They heard their first sound pictures—and preferred pictures without sound. They joined the discussions of companionate marriage and thought it all rather silly. They saw Connecticut Yankee and loved the Rodgers and Hart music. And the amusing Mae West in Diamond Lil. And This Year of Grace and Animal Crackers.

And they read The Bridge of San Luis Rey and Trader Horn and Mother India and the Van Dine mystery stories.

During the winter they both got small raises. These brought them a few extra treats, took away from Juliet the awful fear of debt, gave them the hope of being together a little sooner. Still, it might take years if things kept on this way. There was always the problem of the mothers. If something would only happen!

Something did happen. Something that Juliet had not planned.

Quite unexpectedly Thelma and Steve arrived in Glen Hill. They arrived with suitcases and trunks. They came to stay!

Juliet wasn't consulted. Mama wasn't consulted.

Juliet knew well enough why her opinion hadn't been asked. Mama felt it was all a most pleasant surprise. Mama peered at Thelma and told her how well she looked and gave her affectionate little pats. Mama was full of praises for Thelma. Mama forgot, if she ever had thought of it, that since her marriage Thelma had never done anything for her. Now Thelma was back—a modern prodigal daughter.

Thelma did look well. Her crisp brown hair was still bobbed and waved. Her large dark eyes were still made to look even larger by mascaraed eyelashes. Her cheeks were a little thinner, but they were as carefully rouged, and so was her full, soft-looking mouth. Thelma was not quite as coy as she had been before, but she was still lively and gay. She had a pleasant, petted air, the air a woman who is always beloved, looked out for. She glanced up at Steve now, seemed to have no ideas of her own, asked his opinion about everything.

"How perfectly silly!" Juliet thought. She knew well enough that Thelma couldn't possibly need to ask Steve's advice about anything. Steve never knew anything, never would.

Steve hadn't changed during the years. He was still breezy, optimistic, sure of himself. He still used the newest slang. He still knew all about the theater and the scandal of theatrical folk, though he gathered all of his material out of the magazines, mostly from Variety, and hadn't been to anything but the movies.

"Folks in hick towns never learn," he said. "You give them the best you've got, but they never appreciate it. The big city's the only place for a man like me. I said to Thelma, 'You and I are too good for a rube town. We'll go to New York where we belong!' And here we are!"

STEVE spoke grandly—but rather vaguely—about the opportunities he had in view. When Juliet asked him whether Thelma was going to look for a job, he shook his head.

"I don't want my wife to work. I don't think it's good for a girl to be in an office day after day. It makes her sort of masculine. I want Thelma to be a home girl. She's got a man to look after her. She can stay home and help ma. I guess I can look out for her!"

Juliet didn't remind Steve of the letters Thelma had written, of the money she had sent her sister. She didn't remind him, either, that Thelma's clothes were old and worn and looked well only because Thelma, who was twenty-six, and had a lovely, slim figure, looked nice in anything.

Without even a "by your leave," Thelma and Steve settled in Thelma's old room.

There was nothing Juliet could do. Even if they had asked mama in the first place, instead of surprising her—taking it for granted that they were welcome—Juliet knew that mama would have talked it over with her and she would have protested, and in the end mama would have cried, and Thelma and Steve would be here just the same.

Maybe it would work out for the best. If Steve could get a good job, could look out for Thelma, help keep up the house—

Steve didn't seem to be able to get a good job. He'd work for a few weeks—and then get into some sort of altercation with his boss, and be out of work again. He was a good automobile mechanic, Juliet knew. She also knew that he was lazy and opinionated, ignorant and conceited. Still, he was Thelma's husband. If he made her happy— If only he could support her now!

It did seem a shame, when Keith was so fine, that mama wouldn't even let him visit her at home—and mama let Steve tease her and call her "ma" and say things to her—in fun, of course—that her daughters would never have said.

She was always making excuses for Steve. And didn't think it was at all unusual because Juliet paid all of the household expenses. Juliet had a good job, didn't she? Thelma and Steve had just arrived—were really their guests. And poor Steve had had such hard luck! He needed encouragement, and not scolding and nagging.

It was livelier, having Thelma and Steve at home. The two of them still had little secret conversations and jokes. Steve always treated Juliet as if she were of no consequence, ignoring her most of the time. He gave mama rather exaggerated and foolish compliments when he thought of it, and the rest of the time ignored her altogether, too, never doing the slightest thing for her comfort. Still, there was youth in the house, and life and conversation.

Steve went from one job to another, but even when he was working he didn't pay his full share. Sometimes he didn't even contribute enough to pay for the extra food which he and Thelma ate. This and the laundry were the only extra expenses, as Steve pointed out. The house had been running anyhow, hadn't it? Occasionally he would come home with a cheap bit of finery for Thelma, or some unnecessary and usually useless gift for mama that didn't help toward maintenance of the home, but did please mama a great deal. He did nothing for Juliet; did not seem to realize that she was supporting the home.

When Thelma and Steve found that Juliet was still going with Keith, they were inclined to laugh about it.

" Still sticking around! " said Steve. " That handsome devil. He isn't the marrying kind, evidently, is he? "

Juliet wanted to point out the reasons Keith and she hadn't married. She knew how useless it was to tell Steve anything. And she knew Steve considered himself handsome, too—was quite complacent over his own appearance. He was as tall as Keith, and though he did not look as athletic, he was always boasting of his physical prowess.

Juliet met Keith, as always, for frequent dinners and on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays. It was easier to get away in the evening now, for sometimes Thelma and Steve stayed at home. She and Keith had lovely evenings—and days—together, especially when spring came.

SHE didn't mention Keith at home. But Steve or mama—and even Thelma—were always saying things about him.

What did a girl like Juliet see in a fellow like that?

Minnie Streeter's son!

Wasting her best years!

Why didn't she go with someone who might mean an advantageous marriage?

Juliet listened—and tried not to say anything. Sometimes she did lose her temper and there was a family quarrel. And Steve said cruelly sarcastic things. And Thelma said:

" Can't we act like human beings around here? "

And mama cried.

Steve and Thelma and mama had a long talk together one evening when Juliet was out with Keith—one of the evenings when Steve and Thelma preferred staying home to going to the movies.

" Not that it's any of our business, mama," said Thelma. " But don't you think that Juliet has been going with that fellow long enough? "

" I certainly do! " mama agreed. " I've done what I can about it. I won't let him come into the house. She sees him every chance she gets—won't look at another man. I've gone over that with her often enough. But Juliet's her own boss. She won't give him up."

" You weren't firm enough," said Steve. " You should have put your foot down. If she were my daughter, I'd tell her a thing or two."

" I know," said mama. " I tried. When—when her father was alive he could do things with her. She won't listen to me—and, after all, she's been paying for everything."

" That's all very well," said Steve. " She does what she can. Why shouldn't she? She hasn't got anyone else to look out for. It isn't as if she were married. I'd like to tell her a thing or two."

MAMA grew frightened. She had an idea that Juliet's reactions wouldn't be just what Steve wanted.

" Oh, Steve, don't do anything! " she begged.

" You keep out of it! " said Thelma. " You'd have something on your hands if you got Juliet really down on you. I want peace in the family."

Steve knew better than to make Juliet angry. He didn't want the family on his hands.

" There's another solution," he said. " If she won't give this fellow up, why not let her see a lot of him? That sometimes works great. She's probably let him hang on all these years because she never got enough of him. If we thrust him down her throat she'll get sick of him quick enough. Thelma was young when she got married. Juliet "—he pronounced it Juli-*ette*—" will be an old maid if you don't look out. I hate to think of my wife's sister being an old maid."

" I think Steve is right," Thelma agreed. " Let her see a lot of him and she'll soon get enough. I thought he was rather stupid, myself. Good-looking enough in a dumb way. Maybe if she saw him every day—"

" That's the idea," Steve interrupted. " Cram him down her throat. Ask him out here. Let him moon around all Saturday afternoon and all day Sunday. It'll probably make us all sick, but we'll manage to stand it. At the end of six months I bet she'll be tired of the sight of him. Didn't she have other fellows before she met him? "

" Not the way I did," said Thelma complacently. " She never was very popular. Still, she went out sometimes. There was that boy across the street. What became of Harry Foster, mama? "

" Harry's married," said mama. " He got married last year. He's working for a dye firm in Staten Island and that's where they are living."

"Well, that lets Harry out," said Steve. " Still, Juli-*ette's* good-looking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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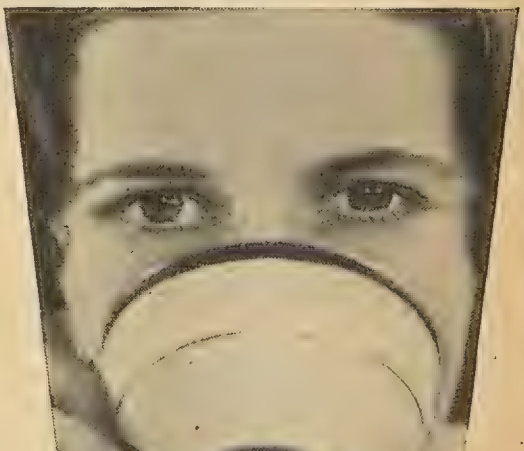

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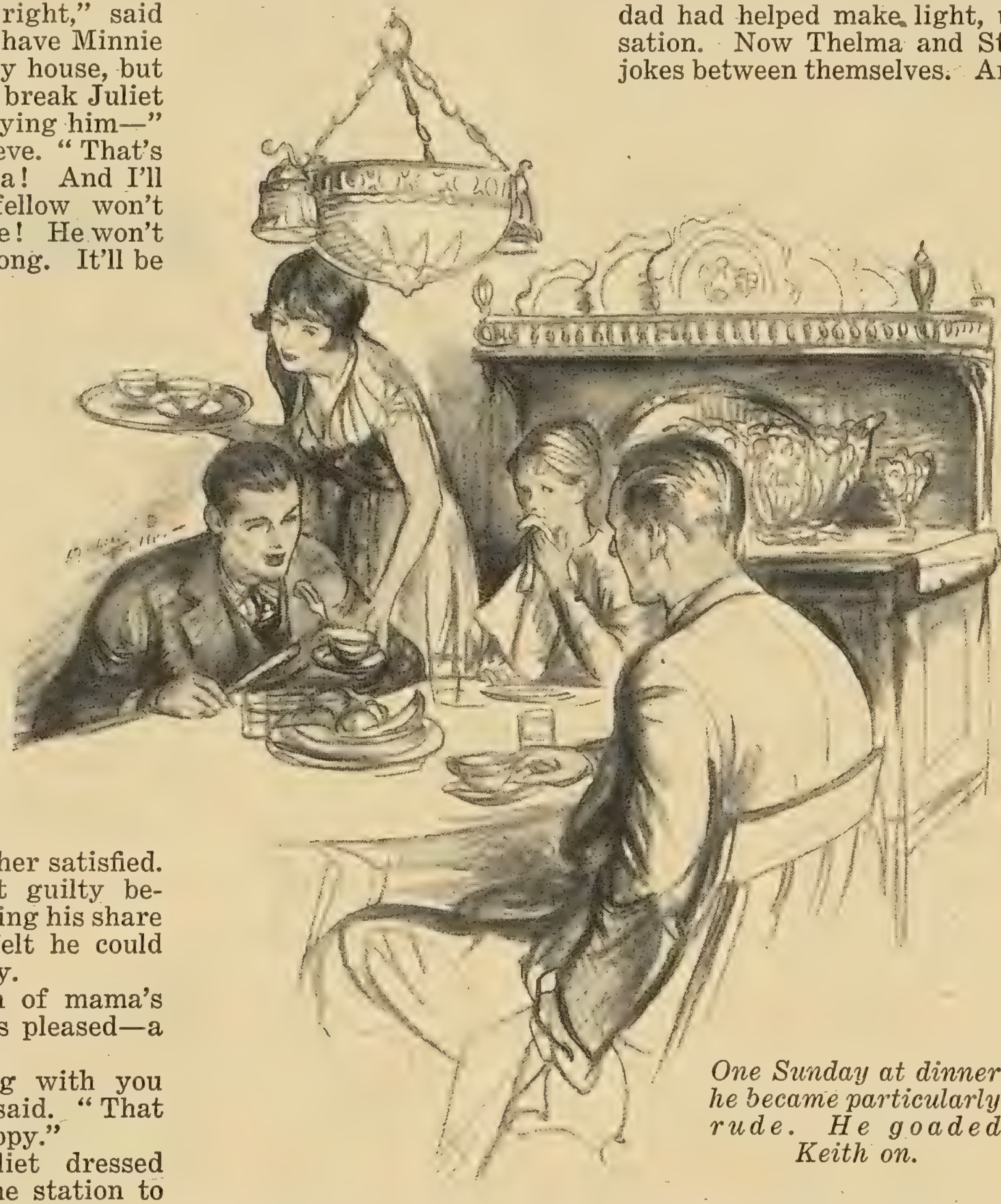
MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

STILL ANOTHER JULIET
Continued from page forty-seven

—been on the stage and all. She ought to be able to get somebody besides this fellow. When she gets rid of him maybe I can bring some live wires home—if she'd perk up a bit. Why don't you give my scheme a trial?"



One Sunday at dinner he became particularly rude. He goaded Keith on.

"Maybe you're right," said mama. "I hate to have Minnie Streeter's son in my house, but if you think it will break Juliet of the idea of marrying him—"

"Sure!" said Steve. "That's the way to talk, ma! And I'll say things that fellow won't like! Leave it to me! He won't hang around here long. It'll be all over but the shouting before you know it."

When mama told Juliet to invite Keith for dinner on Sunday, Juliet didn't quite believe it. When she drew from mama the fact that it was Steve's suggestion, Juliet was suspicious immediately. She knew Steve for what he was—a cheap braggart. Still, maybe this was Steve's method of keeping her satisfied. Perhaps Steve felt guilty because he wasn't paying his share of the expenses—felt he could soothe her this way.

Juliet told Keith of mama's invitation. He was pleased—a bit skeptical, too.

"It means being with you more, anyhow," he said. "That part makes me happy."

On Sunday Juliet dressed early, walked to the station to meet Keith. It was like that Sunday, long ago, when Keith had come to Glen Hill. He had met dad that day, and he and dad had talked about baseball, and mama had found out he was Minnie Streeter's son, and he had never come again except on that New Year's morning. Maybe everything would start coming out all right now.

HOW handsome and big Keith looked at the station! It came to Juliet, suddenly, how he had matured. He looked broader, taller even, though surely he was no taller. His very blue eyes, his dark lashes, his strong, slightly blunt nose, were the same. His face looked older, a little heavier, too. Why, Keith was thirty-one—no longer a young man! All these years—these wasted years! Well, not wasted, exactly. They had been happy together—with a happiness greater than some people ever attain. Frustrated years—sexless and barren! And soon she would be twenty-eight! How well Keith looked. Masculine. Fine!

They walked along the quiet suburban streets as they had walked years before. New houses were going up. Glen Hill's "developments" were beginning to grow in earnest. Little white clapboard houses—the kind that Juliet and Keith dreamed about—and stucco houses with a trim that made them optimistically "half-timber English."

Steve and Thelma had gone for a walk. Mama was in the kitchen. Keith went in to speak to her. She was surprisingly cordial. Even Juliet was amazed at her welcome.

"I've changed my mind," mama said. "I'll be glad to see you out here as much as you care to come."

And Juliet was glad at the deferential and gracious way that Keith spoke to mama—as if mama had always treated him cordially.

Dinner was not exactly gay. Juliet was a little worried at the obvious undercurrent. At that dinner so long ago, dad had helped make light, unimportant conversation. Now Thelma and Steve had their usual jokes between themselves. And occasionally Steve said something a little unpleasant to Juliet or to Keith. He bragged, too. He spoke of his prowess as an amateur boxer. He spoke of his knowledge of the theater. He even ventured to give Keith advice concerning the advertising business.

KEITH was gentle, quiet. Juliet was a little surprised because he didn't answer Steve the way he usually answered other men, calling their bluffs, smiling at their bluster. Juliet knew that it was consideration for her that kept Keith quiet now.

Steve underestimated Keith. Obviously he had no idea that Keith was holding himself back—that Keith had anything to hold back. His innuendoes at Juliet, at Keith himself, even over the fact that Juliet and Keith had not married, were met by Keith's silence or by a pleasant and bland answer.

Juliet grew nervous. She knew that Keith's temper, while well controlled, might easily flare out. She felt that mama was unaware of what was going on, and only thought that Steve was clever and Keith stupid. And Thelma was enjoying the whole thing, pleased at Steve's cleverness and Keith's apparent inability to answer him.

But dinner was over finally, and Juliet and Keith were able to get away.

They took another walk on the quiet streets of Glen Hill, went far out into the country. There was a nice leisureliness about the day—in spite of Steve's bad manners. Everything would surely be better from now on. Entertaining Keith in her own home would make life more normal, the way things should be. And some day—

Mama's cordiality continued. Keith was invited for dinners and suppers. Juliet could entertain him at home without restriction. The trip from Glen Hill to Washington Heights was a long one. Keith couldn't come out as often as he wanted to. Even so, in spite of the trip—and Steve—life became definitely more pleasant.

On Juliet's birthday mama gave her a party. Juliet was touched and pleased at mama's thoughtfulness. There were just the family and Helen Watrous Armstrong and her husband, who were visiting the Watrouses. And Steve behaved himself! Juliet had a lovely time, for, after all, Keith was there.

When summer came, Keith called for Juliet and they took long walks near Glen Hill. And found little cottages they would like to live in. And talked about the home they were going to have—some time soon. Or together they worked in the long neglected garden. Since dad had died no one had paid much attention to things.

Keith came out to Glen Hill every Saturday for dinner at night, and for Sunday dinner in the middle of the day—except occasionally when he had to go with his mother to New Jersey. Steve was constantly rude and frequently insulting. Thelma was often a bit unpleasant. Mama was curiously negative—as if she were afraid of saying the wrong thing.

Keith was always pleasant, always gentle with mama and Thelma. Each week he brought mama something he thought she would like—a book or some handkerchiefs or a basket of fruit. And he ignored Steve as much as he could.

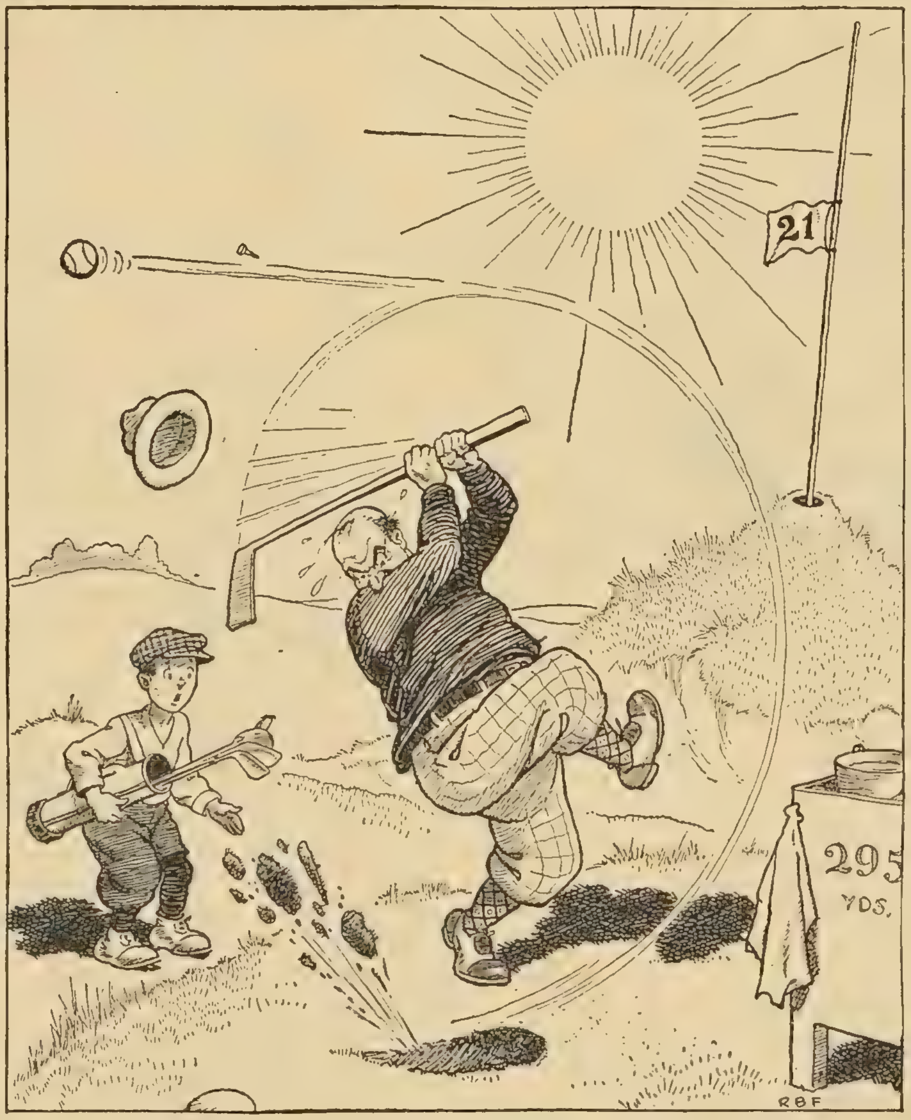
And Juliet wished things were still nicer—and didn't know what to do. Mama cried if Juliet even mentioned marrying Keith. Though, as Keith's mother had been ill and had needed expensive medical attention, and as Steve paid very little toward the household and it took every cent Juliet made to keep things going, an immediate marriage was out of the question.

Juliet and Keith still had dinners together in town, and went to the theater. And in spite of the family Juliet achieved a lovely feeling of companionship with Keith that had been impossible before. But, even under this, the unrest they had been feeling for a long time grew stronger as the days passed.

Summer, as always, was the most delightful season for Keith and Juliet. This year it was better than ever. Beaches. And walks. And lazy hours together in Glen Hill. Fall came. And winter. And when they were denied the pleasures of the country the restlessness gnawed at them. Even at home in Glen Hill there was always someone around—usually someone who was being slightly unpleasant. Steve grew worse as the months passed. When he did have a job he was superior and arrogant and self-centered. When he didn't he was rude and sarcastic. And he was always a braggart, always an authority on topics of the day, on the stage and screen.

Every day the love Juliet and Keith denied beat stronger for recognition.

What's Wrong Here?



Ten mistakes were made in the drawing of this picture. See if you can find them without the aid of the list on page seventy.

THEY held hands in the movies and in the theaters. They kissed in taxicabs. Keith held Juliet in his arms in the home in Glen Hill when they could be reasonably sure they wouldn't be interrupted. And even then they were always keyed up, nervous, ready to start away from each other at the slightest sound. This wasn't what they wanted out of life!

Steve grew constantly more annoying. He attacked Keith with pinpricks of insults continually. One Sunday at dinner he became particularly rude. He goaded Keith on. The advertising business evidently wasn't the profession he thought it was. Why, he had heard that anyone with half an ounce of brains could make a fortune if he were given the training. How long had Keith been in the advertising business? Oh, well, the whole profession was a lot of hooey, anyhow!

Steve had met a girl named Jane Gilman, and when she found out that he knew Keith Morris she had simply raved. She had called him a saint and a nobleman and all that sort of rot. A pretty girl, too. What did Keith do to girls to make them that way?

Then Steve's delicate irony turned toward his sister-in-law. Usually he was a little careful of Juliet.

"Look, Juliet isn't eating any bread and butter. Must keep that schoolgirl complexion! Does she think if she stays thin Ziggie or Thomas will discover her again? Come, tell us the truth—why did you leave the stage, Juli-*ette?* Couldn't you make a hit with any of the rich men?"

Juliet tried to be pleasant. So did Keith. Thelma smiled. Mama fluttered. And finally dinner was over.

AFTER dinner the girls helped take the things off the table—mama protesting that they go in the living room and "enjoy themselves."

"Keith and I are going for a walk later," said Juliet. "You cooked the dinner—you worked hard enough. Thelma and I'll do the dishes."

"I'll help, too," said Keith. "No use you girls doing everything."

"The kitchen is no place for a man," said mama. "You and Steve read the Sunday papers. I'll help the girls. We'll be through in no time."

The three of them washed the dishes almost in silence. The men in the living room were evidently almost silent, too. Juliet heard only the rustle of the Sunday papers. When the dishes were done, Thelma and Juliet ran upstairs to powder their faces. Thelma and Steve were going out, too, but they were not making a foursome with Juliet and Keith.

Suddenly Juliet heard a commotion in the living room. A chair was overturned. Something crashed to the floor. Another thud, then. Thelma and Juliet rushed downstairs.

There was no one in the hall, nor in the living room.

"Keith! Where are you?" Juliet called.

"We're in the kitchen!" Keith answered.

The girls rushed in. And there, at the sink, Keith was bathing Steve's eye!

"Steve said something he shouldn't have said about you, Juliet!" Keith was grave. "I think he's sorry now. He talked so much about being a good boxer that I thought a round or two wouldn't hurt him. You'll excuse me, won't you, Thelma, for spoiling his face for a day or two? I thought I was pulling my punches, but I'm afraid I lost my temper."

Keith applied a wet cloth to Steve's eye. And Steve, for once, had nothing to say.

Must Keith's and Juliet's romance end in frustration—or is there a way out? Next week's concluding installment of this story will give you the answer.

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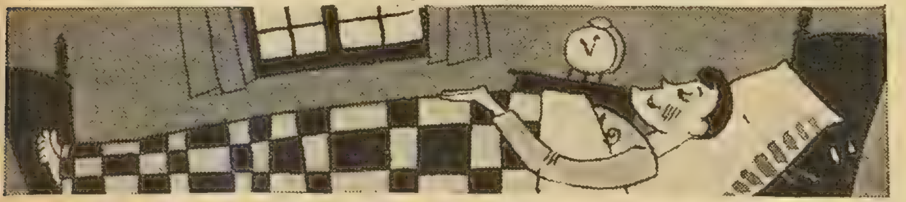

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Summer Daze

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"SEE that bird from the city?" asked one of the wise old boatmen on the shore. "Well, he knows the difference between a rowboat and a battleship—but that's all he does know about yachtin'." And he continued to stare out across the water to where Sandy was mopping the deck of his rented speed boat.

"He swabs that deck the way my wife sweeps," laughed another boatman. "He'd take first prize in a landlubber show. I bet that guy's muscles are the size of robins' eggs. Ha-ha!"

Sandy didn't hear these mean maritime remarks. He was too busy concentrating on his vacation chores. *Smack, smack!* went the wet mop, and the water gurgled over the side of the boat. The mop caught in cleats and Sandy had to yank it free. Then, with a final splash, he squeezed it out and trod upon it with his bare feet.

SUMMER DAZE

This week's cover picture.

"'When we go rolling down to the rolling sea!'" he sang, feeling that he had worked hard enough to render a sprightly chantey. "'The rolling sea!'"

"Don't talk about rolling," Lil sighed from a canvas chair in the cockpit. "The wind may come up and I hate rough weather. Why you ever rented this speed boat, goodness knows. We stay at the mooring most of the time while you get excited mopping and polishing brass. This view's an old story to me now. I've stared at the buoys and the gulls, and the gulls and the buoys—"

"Sure, I have, too," Sandy told her, tilting his sunburned feet over the wheel. "They make me forget business. People chase around too much in their vacations. We're going to take it easy, see?" He donned his yachting cap and grinned. But he didn't look very imposing to Lil because he forgot to tuck in his ears.

"I want somebody to play with," little Ulysses whined. "I'm sick of playin' with this rope."

"Here's another one," Sandy said, tossing it at him. "Tie it full of knots and I'll give you a penny. Don't forget that you're a sailor—and they *work!*"

"I wish you'd see if the engine would work," Lil laughed. "The green flies are here with us and I seem to be their favorite dish."

"I tied it full of knots," U. said, holding up the rope. It looked like a pretzel. "Where's my penny?"

Sandy didn't hear. He was bending over the engine.

"It runs like a car," he told Lil. "You just push the self starter, pull this down—and off we go!"

They didn't go off very far because he'd forgotten to untie the mooring line. Lil's head jerked so suddenly that her neck hurt, and poor little U. slid around like a billiard ball. Sandy ran up to the bow.

"Hand me my knife!" he called. "I didn't tie the right kind of a knot and I have to cut the rope."

Lil felt around in the pockets of his jacket and finally handed him the knife. "What a sailor!" she said.

"Here we go! Watch us go!" Sandy yelled a minute later—and the Summer Daze streaked its way across the lake. "Isn't this swell?"

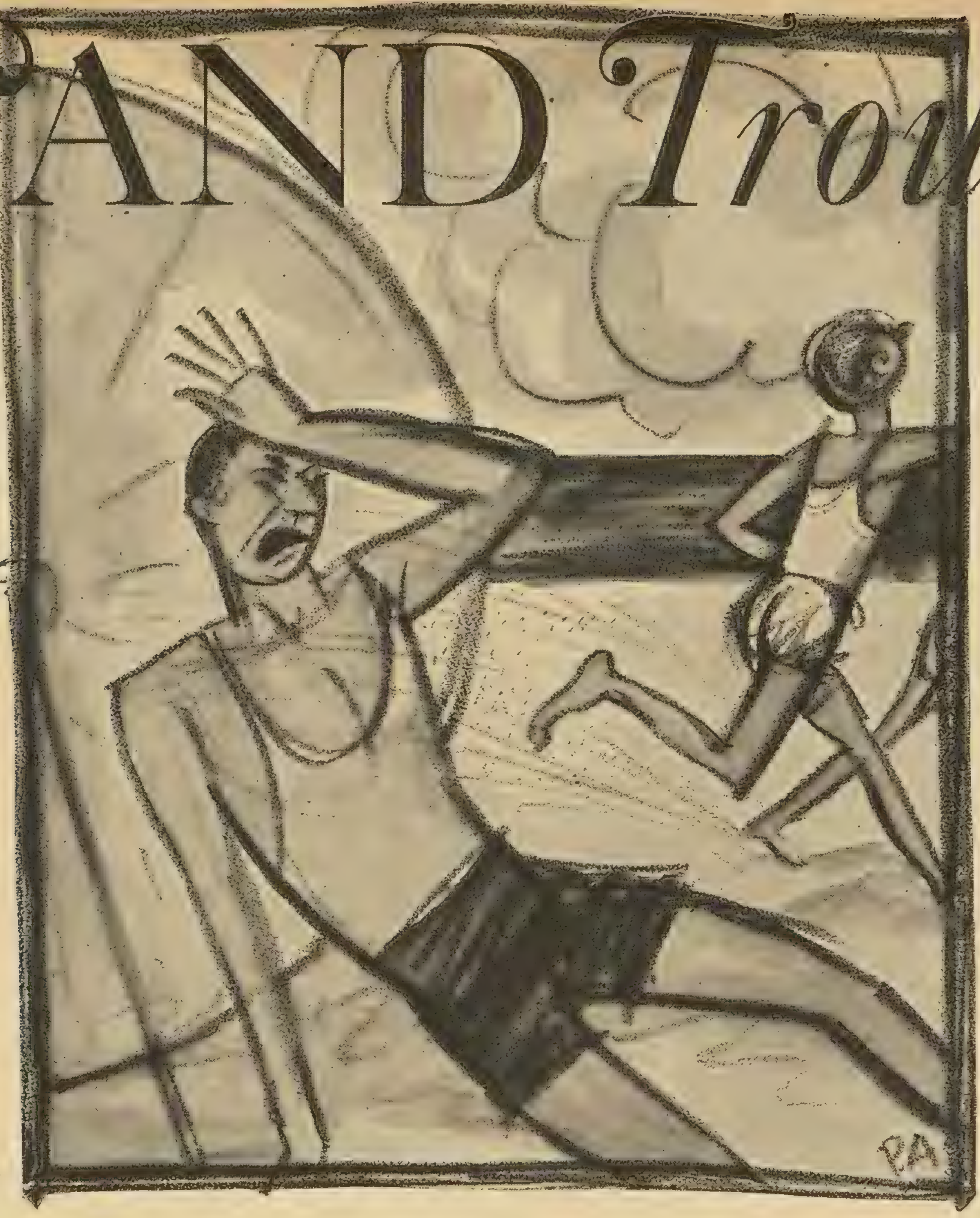
It was swell, and little U. was thrilled, but only for a few moments. The engine stopped.

"Well, I'm going to sit up in the breeze," Lil said, "and you can putter all you like." She gave U. a banana so he wouldn't cry at so much inaction. "Somebody's a Jonah on this boat."

And she sighed, knowing this was one of those wasted summer days she would never forget.

(Next week's cover adventure: On the Beach)

SAND Trouble



Picture by PETER ARNO

ONE small boy can throw enough sand to blind an ordinary man.

By ROBERT BENCHLEY

IT doesn't seem much more than a month since I shook the remaining grains of last season's sand out of my shoes. Here's another summer nearly gone, and I find I am doing it again.

By " it " I mean the process of getting sand on and into things and then getting it off and out of things, at which most of us spend our summers. If, during the winter months when we are in the city, we had to cope with an element as cussed as sand, we would be writing letters to the papers and getting up committees to go to the City Hall about it. If, every night when we got home from work, we had to shake out our shoes and empty our pockets to get rid of a fine scratchy substance which was infesting the city, there would be such a muttering all over town that you would think there was a thunderstorm coming up. And yet, when it is a part of our vacation, we take it, along with all other inconveniences, and pay money for it. It sometimes seems as if we weren't very bright.

Of course, there is sand and sand. I am a great admirer of nice, hard, smooth sand which knows its place, especially if I can draw pictures in it with a stick. I guess there is no more exquisite pleasure. It is a little more enjoyable if you happen to be able to draw well, but even just little five-pointed stars and egg-and-dart designs are a great comfort. Sand is also a good place on which to write, " I love you," as it would be difficult to get it into court after several years have passed.

But a great majority of the grains of sand on the earth's surface do not know their place. They are always wanting to go somewhere—with you. Just how several hundred grains of sand work it to get up from the beach and into the short hair on the back of your neck is one of Old Mother Nature's mysteries, but they do it, and with a great deal of dispatch, too. I can go on to a beach and stand perfectly upright, touching nothing but the soles of my feet to the ground, for four minutes, with my hands held high above my head, and at the end of that time there will be sand in my pockets, on the back of my neck, around my belt line (inside), and in my pipe. It is marvelous.

Smoking is one of life's pleasures which is easiest marred by this little trick of sand. After a swim in the ocean or lake there is nothing more refreshing than the tang of tobacco smoke, yet the risks incident to lighting a pipe or a cigarette are so great that it is hardly worth while. A pipe is particularly susceptible. You can wait until you have had your swim and then have a man come down from the bathhouse with a fresh pipe in a chamois bag, which he himself can insert in your mouth (naturally, not still in the chamois bag) and which he can light for you with matches also brought freshly to the beach, handled only with silk gloves. And yet, at the first drag, there will come that sickening crackling sound like an egg frying in deep fat, indicating that the stem is already as full of sand particles as a shad is of roe, and presently your teeth are a-grit (and on your teeth three grains of sand will do the work of thousands) and in no time sand is in your eye.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

Just to avoid this blight on beach smoking I had a leather-smith make me a little box, with compartments just fitting my pipe, a box of cigarettes, a box of matches, and my watch. (Sand in watches would make a whole treatise in itself.) Although I came under suspicion of carrying a vanity case when I appeared on the beach with this outfit, it nevertheless seemed worth it to keep my smoking utensils free from the usual pulverized rock. But the very first day, when I came out of the water and, unwrapping my box from two towels, unlocked it with a combination known only to myself and my banker, I found that my pipe, cigarettes, and matches were merely parts of a sand design such as men build along by the boardwalk at Atlantic City. In fact, there was more sand on them than usual, because the box had served as a catch-all in which sand could concentrate and pile up without being blown away by the breeze. Since then I have given up smoking on the beach.

Lying supine (or even prone, for that matter) on the sand is one of those activities which always seem more fun just before you do them. You think how wonderful it would be to stretch out under the sun and bake, letting the world, as the Duncan Sisters used to do in soprano and alto, go drifting by. So you take up your favorite position (which very shortly turns out to be *not* your favorite position, much to your surprise) and, shutting your eyes, abandon yourself to a pagan submission to the sun and its health-giving beams.

Gradually small protuberances arise from the beach underneath you, protuberances which were not there when you lay down but which seem to have forced their way up through the sand for the express purpose of irritating you. If you are lying on your face, the sand just at the corner of your mouth raises itself up in a little mound just high enough to enter between the upper and lower lip. If you are lying on your back, the same sand raises itself into an even higher mound and one with a curve at the top so that it still gets into the corner of your mouth. All this happens without outside aid.

But there is plenty of outside aid available. One small boy playing tag fifty feet away, and running past anywhere within that radius, can throw off enough sand to blind an ordinary man. And, as there must be at least two small boys to make a game of tag anything but a mockery, enough sand is thrown off to blind two ordinary men. A dog, merely by trotting by, can get almost the same effect. And it is very seldom that a dog is content with merely trotting by. I have never yet stretched myself on a beach for an afternoon's nap that a dog, fresh from a swim, did not take up a position just to the left of my tightly closed eyes, and shake himself. I need hardly go into this.

Aside from the initial fright at the sudden shower, there is the subsequent irritation at the humiliation (it is quite apparent that the dog picked you out deliberately to do it to) which ends in your leaping up and going home to lie down on a couch. It usually ends up that way even without the dog.

I am perhaps working myself up into a phobia for sand which I did not originally feel. Simply by putting all this down on paper I have got myself to itching down the back of my neck and find myself wiping my lips to get off imaginary particles of sand. And there is no sense in my getting myself into this state of nervous susceptibility, for in fifteen minutes I have got to go down to the beach and romp with the children. Perhaps I can persuade them to go to the movies. Perhaps I shall even *make* them go to the movies.

Another article by Mr. Benchley will appear in next week's Liberty.

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Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 28

1—Shah.
2—Thwart.
3—A meeting of political leaders to decide upon candidates, etc.
4—A wind gauge.
5—The Reformation.
6—One's attendants or associates.
7—One invested with full power to transact any business.
8—On an island off the coast of North Carolina.
9—The crime of murdering one's own parent or other near relative.
10—One who prepares, stuffs, and mounts the skins of animals.
11—Maine.
12—Beneath one's dignity.
13—A species of banana.
14—In the open air.
15—Two.
16—An animal that has no backbone.
17—A moral fable.
18—Victor Emmanuel III.
19—New Mexico, Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Louisiana.
20—A continent.

Dancing Girl

A Short Short Story

By

ELSIE KELSEY

who describes herself as "a dancing girl professionally and socially." At the time she sent this story she was in Los Angeles. She is now on tour. She is twenty-three, but sent no picture.

"WELL, why won't you marry me?" asked Bruce. "Is it because you're in love with that sap, Willie Rogers?"

"Of course not, silly," answered Carol. "You know I'm in love with you. But mother thinks I'm too young to get married yet. Besides, there are so many things I want to do first. You needn't worry about Willie. We're just good friends. I couldn't ever take him seriously."

"Well, you see a hell of a lot of him."

"That's just because I'm sorry for him. I'll tell you a secret if you promise never to tell a soul."

"I won't tell anyone."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

"You see, it's this way: Willie has worshiped me for a long time. Sort of put me on a pedestal, you know. I told him I was in love with you. He felt terribly, of course, but he said if I just allowed him to see me occasionally it would sort of help to pull him through. I felt that was the least I could do for him. After all, I'm the only person in the world that understands him. To be perfectly frank, I get a little bored when I have to go out for dinner with him. But I sort of feel that I ought to do my share in the world to make someone happy."

"You are a sport, Carol. I didn't realize the situation. Poor old Willie! He's not such a bad egg at that. I guess I'll have to be nicer to him."

"I knew you'd understand. You always understand everything. Do you know that you're the most understanding person I've ever met? I think understanding is the greatest virtue a person can have, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Bruce. "You've got pretty much understanding yourself."

"But not nearly as much as you have."

"Yes, you have."

"No, I haven't."

"Yes, you have."

"Well, I guess we both have a lot of understanding. That's probably why we love each other."

Carol looked at her watch.

"Heavens, it's late! I've got to dash for dinner."

"Who are you having dinner with?" asked Bruce.

"With Willie. Poor thing! He's all alone and I thought I ought to cheer him up. You understand, don't you?"

"Sure," said Bruce.

Carol took a taxi home. It was seven o'clock and Willie was calling for her at seven-thirty. She decided to wear the blue tulle. It brought out the color of her eyes. She had large blue ones with black eyelashes. Once someone told her that she had eyes like Garbo, and ever since then she always wore colors to bring them out.

WILLIE called for her in his new coupé at exactly seven-thirty. Willie was always on time when he took Carol out. Carol met him downstairs at eight o'clock.

"I'm sorry to be late, ducky," she said. "But I've had the most hectic time. I had to have tea with Bruce Mathews and he kept raving on about nothing at all. I finally just got up and left him. He's probably still raving."

"I don't see why you go out with him if he bores you so," said Willie.

"I feel sorry for him. You see, he knows I'm really crazy about you. I like to cheer him up, poor thing."

"It seems to me he would be better off if you didn't see him so much. It would give him a chance to forget you and find himself another girl."

"He'd never find anyone like me, he insists. He said that if he could just see me once in a while it would help make things easier."

"Poor old Bruce! I guess I'll have to be nicer to him."

"You know, Willie, you have the most wonderful understanding. That's one reason I'm so crazy about you. I think it's the most wonderful quality in the world to be able to understand someone else's point of view. I just wish I had some understanding too."

"But you have!"

"No, I haven't! Not nearly as much as you have."

"I think you have more understanding than anyone else in the world."

"Do you really think so, Willie? I'll bet you're just flattering me."

"No, I'm not. I wouldn't say it if I didn't mean it."

"I know you wouldn't, Willie, because you're too sincere. I'd rather get a compliment from you than anyone else in the world, because I know you mean it."

They had dinner at the Kit Kat Inn and then went to see All Quiet on the Western Front. Carol thought it was a shame that so many people had to be killed. She cried most of the way through it.

NEXT night a girl with a cute figure was next to Eddie at the Griswolds' dinner dance, but he hardly noticed it. They were sitting out the dance before the dessert. "I think they're the cutest couple, don't you?" said she.

"Who is?" said Eddie wearily. The evening was well on its way and he hadn't had a dance with Carol yet.

"Carol and Willie. They dance divinely together."

"Oh, I don't know. I think he's kind of clumsy."

"But they're so sweet with each other. Just see how she looks at him. Of course, I think it's the nicest thing that could have happened."

"What is?"

"About Willie and Carol, of course. You certainly must have heard?"

"I haven't heard anything."

"Oh, dear! Maybe I shouldn't have said anything. But, of course, I thought *you* knew."

"Knew what? I don't know what you're driving at."

"Well, if you don't know, I'm certainly not going to be the one to tell you."

After dinner was over Eddie made a systematic search for Willie. He found him in room 209 where they were serving the champagne. He dragged him over in a corner.

"Listen, Willie," he said. "I want to get one thing straight. I suppose you know Carol is in love with me."

"The hell you say! She's in love with me."

"Well, there's something phony somewhere."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, it seems she's told us both she was in love with us. Now, there's only one way to settle it."

"What's that?"

"Go to Carol and ask her."

"Suits me."

"Where is she?"

"She was dancing with that bum Horace Martinique the last I saw of her."

"Well, let's find her."

Carol wasn't on the dance floor. Finally Mrs. Griswold told them she had gone home with a headache. They went over to Carol's house. When they got there they looked up at the window. The shade was not altogether down. They could sort of see through the drapes by stooping. They could see the outline of a man and girl kissing each other. They recognized Carol by her fuzzy bob. The man's sleek hair looked like, and was, Horace Martinique's.

They looked at each other and smiled wanly. "Well," said Willie, "maybe they understand each other."

THE END

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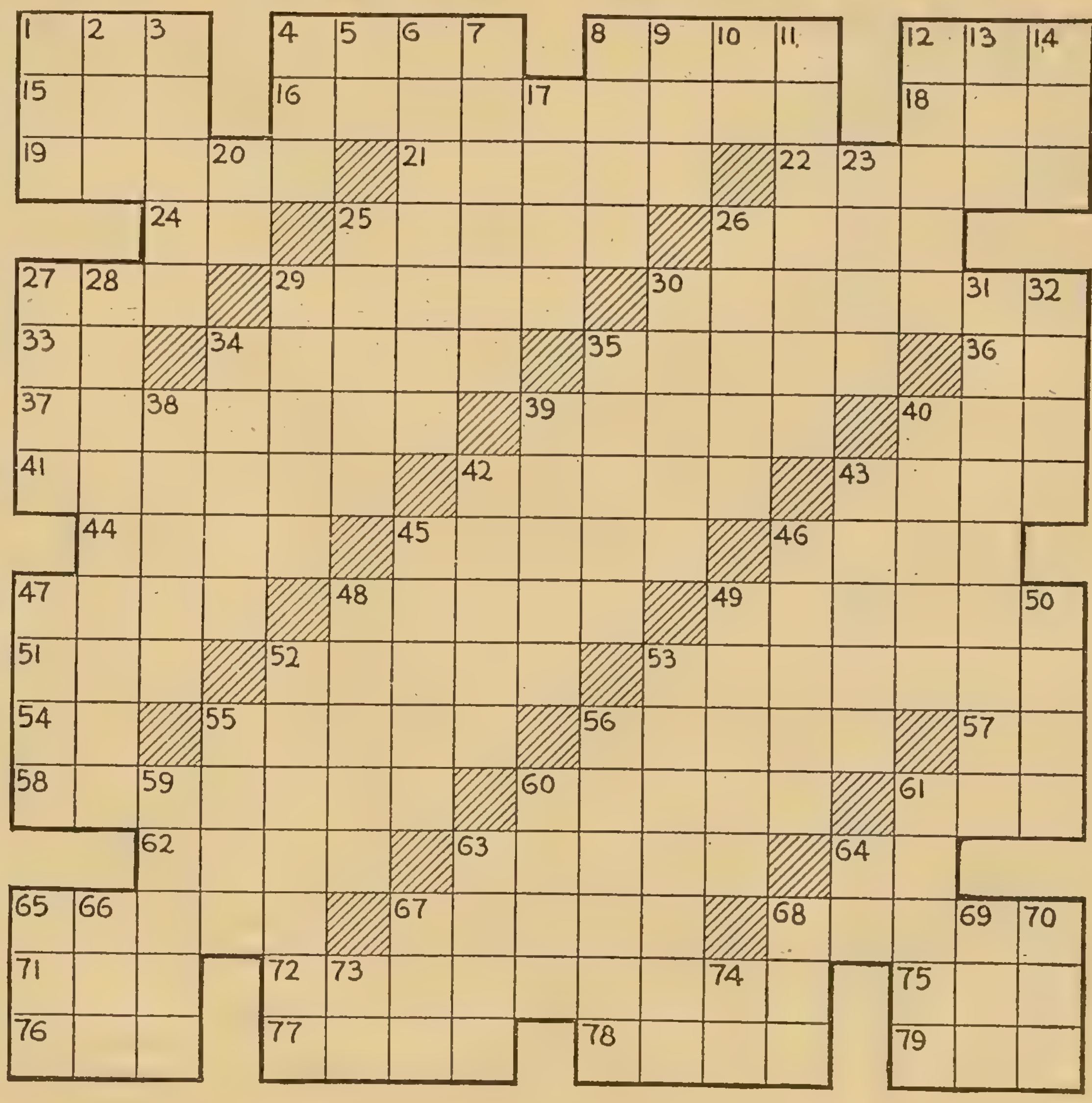


HORIZONTAL

1 A tree
4 Simians
8 Any plane surface
12 Goods receptacle
15 Lay, as of land
16 Placing in a central position
18 Anger
19 Sultan's decree
21 Acted irrationally
22 Arm of the sea
24 River in Italy
25 Shuts up; confines
26 Adult male of the red deer
27 Form of to be
29 Boxes or stalls, as in a theater
30 Persons of long experience
33 One, indefinitely, of a number
34 Becomes withered
35 Ejects; throws out
36 Exclamation
37 Broke suddenly
39 Steps over a fence
40 Self
41 Shaved or shorn
42 An alloy
43 Slide
44 Tiara
45 Peels
46 Slender
47 Vigorous; spirited
48 Damp; moist
49 Dishes
51 Corroded
52 Purgative medicine
53 Three-pronged spear
54 One of the United States (abbr.)
55 One who hauls
56 Set of bells
57 Toward
58 Those who show trained skill
60 Slip
61 Serpent
62 Gift of charity
63 Range in a row
64 Over and in contact
65 Combining form: divided; divers
67 A town in North Carolina
68 Bear patiently
71 Consume
72 Nudity
75 Moral error
76 Measures of area
77 Ardor; dash
78 A plant
79 Terminus

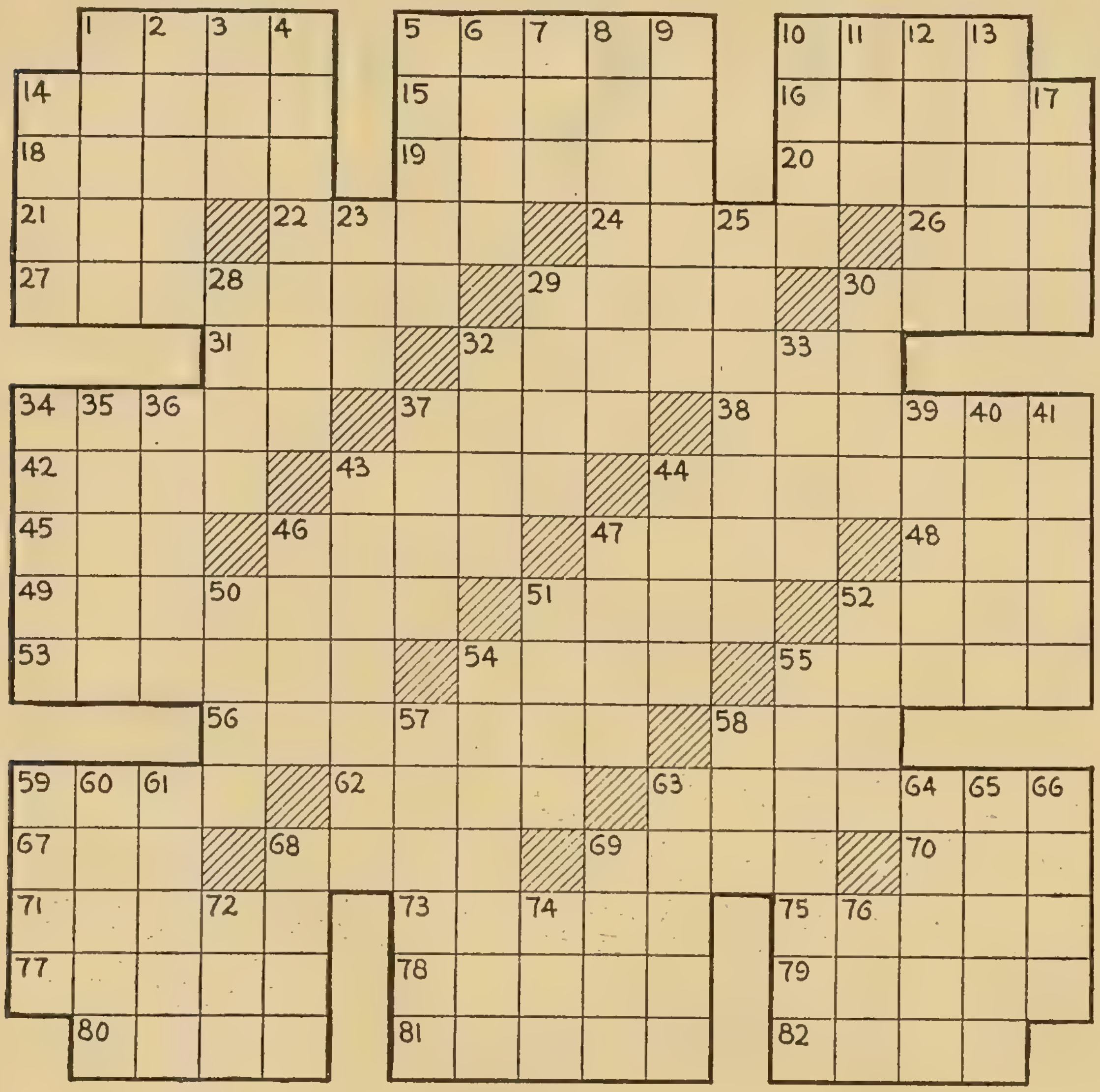
VERTICAL

1 Mohammed's adopted son
2 Baronet's title
3 Piles
4 Playing card
5 Brazilian and Portuguese measure
6 Violently angry
7 Platforms
8 Greek god of war
9 Cause to be quit of
10 Type measure
11 Stir up
12 Region of a ship
13 Ill temper
14 Mesh fabric
17 Evenings
20 Note of the scale
23 Horses
25 Removed the heart of
26 Motionless
27 Stinging insect
28 Commentator
29 One affected with leprosy
30 Inspects or examines secretly
31 Military unit
32 Store
34 Render oblique
35 Charger
38 Feminine personal name
39 Narrow piece
40 Select class
42 Philippine province
43 Sole of a plow
45 Whimpers
46 Muck
47 Incarnation of Vishnu
48 Stops
49 Lofty self-respect
50 Cease
52 A flower
53 Slimmer
55 Part of a sword
56 A dependent
59 Pieces of pastry
60 A vehicle
61 Aromatic seeds
63 Solar disk in Egyptian mythology
64 Siberian river
65 Edible seed
66 River in Switzerland
67 A weight of Turkey
68 Peer Gynt's mother
69 Noise
70 Termination
73 An element (symbol)
74 Japanese measure

If you MUST know the answer, you'll find it on page seventy

We Give Up!

For nearly two years we ran two cross word puzzles in each issue. Then, recently, we left one of them out and used a "What's Wrong Here" picture in its stead—whereupon we were flooded with kicks from irate puzzle fans. The people must and shall have their way. But what we want to know now is, how about letting us leave out the "What's Wrong Here" picture?



HORIZONTAL

1 A fish
5 Saline solution
10 On top of
14 Mistake
15 Addition to a manuscript
16 Opened to view
18 A rajah's wife
19 Effigy; statue
20 A size of type
21 Devoured
22 Descendants
24 Division of a drama (plural)
26 Japanese measure of area
27 Apparent; ostensible
29 Man's name
30 Assail with missiles
31 American author
32 County in Pennsylvania
34 Reduce, as in rank or office
37 Uttered
38 Characterized by melody
42 Jack in the game of cribbage
43 Roman emperor
44 Shut noisily; banged
45 Period
46 Strikes lightly
47 Christmas carol
48 Unit of energy
49 Makes response
51 Come upon by seeking
52 Molding
53 Reconsider, as a court case
54 Strong or offensive taste
55 Body of students
56 Appease; conciliate
58 Japanese fish
59 Retained
62 Embrowns
63 An artery
67 Woman's name
68 Saucy; bold
69 A mineral
70 Collection of facts
71 Courtyard of a Spanish house
73 Father
75 Inquired
77 Notions
78 Blot out
79 Prophets
80 Eagle
81 Piece of pastry (pl.)
82 Dispatched

VERTICAL

1 Packing case
2 The wild buffalo of India
3 A deer
4 Act as chief officer of a meeting
5 Convey
6 Margins
7 Famous mountain in Asia Minor
8 Nullified
9 Builds
10 Arab garment (pl.)
11 Label
12 Declaim
13 Corolla leaf
14 Periods
17 Indentation, like that made by a blow
23 Cardinal number
25 Amounted to
28 Religious service
29 One of the United States
30 Stiffly decorous
32 Vehicles
33 Of an era
34 Close by
35 Carried
36 Put to shame
37 Collections of things belonging together
39 A letter of the Greek alphabet
40 Becomes withered
41 Borders
43 Relate
44 Ditty
46 Ring
47 Cardinal number
50 Lamented
51 Oily tissue (plural)
52 Hodgepodge
54 Blare of a trumpet
55 Dead body, whether of man or beast
57 Floor covering
58 A tall East Indian palm
59 Military cap
60 Avoid by dexterity
61 To become exhausted; to run out
63 Responsibilities
64 Captured
65 Not having active properties
66 Fathers
68 A position designedly assumed
69 Trial
72 A form of John
74 Sailor
76 Comprehend

If you MUST know the answer, you'll find it on page seventy

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Jeanne Eagels

The Making of Jealousy—Farewell to the Movies—Jeanne's Cook Reads Death in the Tea Leaves—And the Lights Go Out

By EDWARD DOHERTY

PART FIFTEEN—CONCLUSION

JEANNE took a long time to make The Letter—but she thought she would never finish Jealousy. And when she did finish it she had to do it all over again.

They had to write her lines on a blackboard now, that she might read them as she played. Sometimes she couldn't read them. Sometimes she refused to read them, and spoke whatever lines came into her head. And when the director would stop the camera and the sound-recording machine and ask her why, she would turn angrily on some luckless actor standing near, and blame him for making a noise.

Blanche Le Clair, a blonde young actress, had the only other rôle of importance in the picture. Jeanne got a small part for Nelly Savage, Mama Froggy's daughter. Nelly, grown up into a distinguished, tall girl who might easily be mistaken for a Russian princess, was one of the mannequins. She exhibited a gown for which Jeanne had paid $1,000. It weighed forty pounds. It was an evening gown covered with brilliants.

Jeanne didn't like Miss Le Clair, especially when she chanced, on the set one day, to see her junior making a bathtub scene. Blanche was nude, and in her tub when the villain entered.

Jeanne watched without comment, but the next day she appeared before the camera in a green georgette dress. Mort Blumenstock, then an assistant director, turned his eyes in another direction. But others hurried up. The gown revealed, rather than concealed; and there was nothing beneath the gown but Jeanne.

"You can't wear that," someone protested. "It's—it's nothing. I mean it's—it's impossible."

Jeanne tossed her head.

"I'm the star of this picture," she said. "The people want to see me, not Blanche Le Clair. If you can show her in a bathtub, you must show me in this georgette."

The bathtub scene was cut out. And Jeanne went to her dressing room and put on some clothes.

Jeanne tried hard, terribly hard. And she made it harder for herself by never giving in, by fighting everyone, by insisting on her own way. It seemed impossible for her to remember her lines, impossible for her to simulate any of the emotions needed for the picture, except despair. She was often the very picture of despair.

She drank in her dressing room now; and at a time when she was supposed to be working. They missed her once, and searched all over the studio. They could not find her. She had not gone to her apartment in New York. She had not gone to Ossining. She had simply vanished.

They found her in her dressing room—though she hadn't been there five minutes before, and nobody had seen her going in—and she was weeping.

Blanche Le Clair's bathtub scene, which caused Miss Eagels to shock a director. The public never got to see this scene from Jealousy. It was cut to restore peace to the studio.

"NOBODY loves me!" she cried. Nobody cares if I live or die. And I hate everybody as everybody hates me."

She took a sip from the bottle she had in her hand.

"I'm the greatest actress in the world," she went on, "and the greatest failure. And nobody gives a damn."

Jeanne was proud of her work in The Letter, and of the advertising it was given. She took her mother for a ride up Broadway, that she might see the sign—the biggest sign on Broadway—with Jeanne's name blazoned across it for millions of people to read.

"I owe that to Equity," she said, with a giggle. "I hope Frank Gillmore sees it."

She went to the opening of The Letter with Barry O'Neill, but she could not stay in her seat that night. She must go out into the lobby every so often, walking slowly up the aisle and listening to everything people might be saying about her. She came again the following night, muffled up so that no one would recognize her, and she

When she saw herself as others saw her. Jeanne Eagels in The Letter, which she would attend in disguise and hear her admirers exclaim, "Isn't she wonderful!"

came three or four times later to look at herself and hear people say, "Isn't she lovely!" "Isn't she wonderful!" "Wouldn't you give everything you have to be like her?"

She loved herself in The Letter, but she hated Jealousy, because so many of her best scenes had been cut.

"I'm going to write Jesse Lasky a letter," she said to Outhwaite. "I'm going to tell him about the cuts. I'm going to say, 'Dear Mr. Lasky: After seeing Jealousy, I suggest that you change your motto from "Bigger and Better Pictures" to "Bigger and Better Scissors."'"

"You're crazy," said the outspoken Outhwaite. "You can't insult your boss like that. He'll throw you out on your ear."

"I hope he does," she said. "I hate the movies. They're stupid. They're inane. I want to go back to the stage. Just a little while now and Sam Harris will have a hit for me."

The Laughing Lady Jeanne called the height of stupidity.

"They take a beautiful English play," she wailed, "and vulgarize it. Not only do they use American players, but they stick a life-saver into the cast of characters and some tabloid newspaper reporters. It makes me sick to think of it."

JEANNE ridiculed and damned the idea of using a life-saver in the picture, but finally submitted to the judgment of her friend Monta Bell. She began to look through a pile of pictures of men in bathing suits.

"Disgusting," she said of one. "Horrible," of another. "Look at those bony knees! Aren't men hell in bathing suits?"

One by one she discarded the pictures, until she came to that of Johnny Weismuller, the champion swimmer. She gave a little gasp of pleasure.

"Ooooh! I want him!" she cried.

Bell sent for Weismuller and tried him out. But his voice, like the voices of many athletes, was high pitched and not suited for sound pictures. They let him go despite Jeanne's protests.

Jeanne accepted another actor, and began to read the script. This must be changed, and that, she said.

"Who's the scenario writer?" she asked Bell.

"Bartlett Cormack."

"I'd like to meet him and tell him about these changes."

Bell sounded a buzzer and presently Cormack was being introduced.

Jeanne gave him one of her nicest smiles, suggested that he change the script as she wanted, and asked him what he thought of her ideas.

"Good," said Cormack. "They'll strengthen the story."

She gave him a hand in farewell, and Cormack sat up all night rewriting the scenes she didn't like. He strolled into Bell's office the next day with the completed manuscript to find Jeanne there.

"Here he is now," said Bell. "We were just talking about you, Cormack."

"Yes," said Jeanne. "You are the scenario writer?"

She looked at him as though she had never seen him before.

"What is your name?"

"Cormack. Bartlett Cormack."

"Cormack. So nice to meet you. I have read your script, but I want some changes made."

She outlined the scenes exactly as she had on the preceding day.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SEVEN]

"Yes, I know," said Cormack. "I sat up all night doing them exactly as you suggested."

"What do you mean?" cried Jeanne, outraged. "I meet you for the first time in my life and ask you to do something—and you try to say you have already done it. I ask you, what do you mean?"

"Why," said Cormack, "I met you yesterday and you—"

Jeanne turned to Bell.

"Is the man crazy?" she asked. "I never saw him before. I was not here yesterday. I told him nothing. And he says—you hear what he says. Is he trying to insult my intelligence?"

"Cormack's all right," Bell said, smiling a little at Jeanne. "He says he's going to sit up all night to fix those scenes for you."

"Oh," said Jeanne. "That's different. I'm sorry I didn't understand. Good-by."

Another day Jeanne came in and asked to be released from her contract.

"I'm sick, Monta," she said. "I'm very sick. My eyes are bad. It will take two weeks for the operation. And it may not succeed. Besides, I don't like this picture, the way it's cheapened and gagged. Can't we come to some agreement? I want to quit the movies forever. I want to go back to the stage—when I'm well."

"I'll take it up with the legal department, Jeanne. I think we can arrange it."

She gave him a quick little kiss, and vanished forever from the movie studios.

II

THE operation was performed successfully, and after two weeks spent recuperating, Jeanne took up her life where she had left it. 'Stina had started to write the story of that life, and Jeanne was helping her.

"Maybe I'll write the story myself some day," she said. "If I do, it will be fearless, sensational, and true—and it will make a million dollars for my mother. I was thinking of that the other day as I lay in bed, looking out at the mountains. Go ahead, 'Stina, write down our daily routine, and some day—if I live—we'll go over it together and make it into a book."

People called at her apartment, or at her new house in Ossining, and she mixed them drinks, but did not drink with them. Sam Harris and other producers sent her their best plays to read. She was interested in An Affair of State, in which her old press agent and friend, George Holland, had a financial interest. And she liked Diana, a drama which was based on the life story of Isadora Duncan.

Here is Ted Coy's wedding ring with the rest of the jewels Miss Eagels wore when she died. Photographed at New York police headquarters.

She went with Clifton and Mabel Webb to see Madame X, and talked of Willard Mack, who wrote the movie version.

She quarreled with Barry O'Neill. She quarreled with Outhwaite. She tried to arrange a party to see Beatrice Lillie at the Palace and play a little joke on her. But Clifton wouldn't come, and she felt bad about it.

She woke on a Monday morning in Ossining, bored with reading plays, lonesome, desperate. She wanted to drink, and there was nothing in the house. She called her chauffeur, visited an Ossining speakeasy, loaded the car with liquor, and was driven to her apartment in Park Avenue, New York.

"I won't need you the rest of the day," she told the chauffeur. "I'll call you when I want you again."

She locked herself in her apartment, and though her friends and her secretary and her maid rang the bell repeatedly, she would not open the door. They called her on the telephone. She would not answer.

On Thursday morning 'Stina was let into the apartment. She found Jeanne sober, lovely, radiant. They breakfasted together, Jeanne taking nothing but hot water and a bit of toast. They examined the wardrobe, and Jeanne ran her hands lovingly over the new ermine she had bought, and which she was never to wear. She talked of gowns she wanted for the opening of a swagger night club.

"Will you take some books and pictures to Ossining for me?" she asked. She knew exactly where she would place those books, and where she wanted to hang the pictures.

"I'll take them and be right back," 'Stina said. "The chauffeur's downstairs with the car."

"Have him come up. He can carry the pictures. It's cold—and maybe he'd like some hot coffee."

The chauffeur had no overcoat. Jeanne noticed that at once. He said he had none to wear.

"'Stina, write him an order on Brill Brothers for an overcoat—any coat in the store that he wants."

'Stina wrote the order, and Jeanne signed it. It was the last time she wrote her name.

As 'Stina started for Ossining the phone rang. It was Barry O'Neill calling. Jeanne's voice was happy. 'Stina closed the door and left. When she got to Ossining she wanted to return immediately. She was nervous, impatient.

"Better have some tea," said the cook. "It will warm you."

'Stina consented reluctantly. When she had drained the cup she looked at the leaves in the bottom.

"I can read tea leaves," said the cook, taking the cup from her and peering into it. "But this—this is funny. All I see is a box."

"A coffin, you mean!" cried 'Stina. She put on hat and coat and hurried to the car. The chauffeur sped back to New York. The speedometer read 55.

They arrived at the apartment as Jeanne was leaving. Jeanne was accompanied by a nurse.

"I'm going to Dr. Cowles'," Jeanne said, "for one of my regular treatments."

"I'm going with you," 'Stina decided, and hurried downstairs. The car was at the curb, but the chauffeur was in a phone booth in the corner drug store. 'Stina interrupted his conversation:

"Who you talking to?"

"My wife. Why?"

"Break off. You've got to take Miss Eagels to the hospital."

The chauffeur, alarmed, hung up.

THEY arrived at the hospital in a few minutes, and spent some time chatting with the nurse, awaiting the coming of the doctor. Jeanne was in a blue frock. On her neck was an imitation pearl necklace with a genuine diamond clasp. On her fingers were four rings, a square diamond in a platinum setting, a large genuine pearl ring, a diamond-studded wedding band, and a plain guard ring. Ted Coy wept when he learned that Jeanne had died, but it softened his grief a little to know she died wearing the wedding band and the pearl he had given her.

Another nurse appeared.

"The doctor is ready for you, Miss Eagels."

Jeanne stood up. 'Stina was talking to one of the nurses. Jeanne started up the stairs. She hesitated, turned, and gave 'Stina her compact and lipstick to hold. A little squeeze of 'Stina's hand, a smile, and Jeanne was gone.

'Stina continued her conversation with the nurse for a few minutes, then went upstairs to be with Jeanne. She found her in a little room near the head of the stairs. She was lying on a couch, gasping for breath.

And even as 'Stina watched, stricken dumb, Jeanne ceased to gasp. Her arms fell of their own weight to her side.

Jeanne Eagels, "the greatest actress in the world," was dead.

THE END

The True Story of a Great Comédienne

Mishkin Studio photo

SHE climbed a ladder of laughter and found love perched with tragedy, but could smile.

Madcap MABEL NORMAND

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

P. & A. Studio photo

who has written for Liberty of many interesting people, from Billie Burke and Lillian Gish to John L. Sullivan and Lou Magnolia. He was a newspaper man for more than twenty years, has been nearly everywhere in the western hemisphere, was born in Mexico, and lives now on Long Island, N. Y.

MABEL NORMAND was not yet thirty-five years old when she died in a hospital room on the edge of the southern California desert. The little comedienne struggled long and desperately and in vain against the germs that destroyed her lungs.

She died alone, but not forgotten. In the memories of millions who chuckled as she romped across the screen of her comedies for fifteen hilarious, hectic years, Mabel will ever be an entertaining recollection. Nearly four years had passed since her last appearance before the camera, but so superlative was this hoyden's art that movie magnates and movie fans throughout the world constantly hoped that some day she would emerge from the shadows that obscured her fame and the ailment that brought her down, again to perform her inimitable capers on the screen. Nor was she forgotten by those

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

who, knowing her intimately, were unanimous in loving her. They knew, better than the public which so often was deluded by the silly unrestraint of press agents and, with equal frequency, was deceived by lurid stories about her celebrated scandals—they knew that Mabel was a lovely, charming, kindly, talented, generous woman whose chiefest enemy was herself.

These memoirs I am about to write constitute no obsequious account of her career, no unbalanced homage to her genius, no propitiatory apology for her undeniable instability of conduct, no attempted extenuation of her sometime truancy from what convention has mapped as the path of strict rectitude.

They are simply a condensed biography, striving to impart with fidelity an informative chronicle of the public and private history of the young woman who, critics and producers generally concede, was unequaled in her rôle.

Before proceeding with the story of her life, as she herself told it to me in the course of three months I was associated with her in southern California and in New York, it is well to underscore heavily one fact:

An actress in France. Mme. Adrienne, great-grandmother of Mabel Normand.

Before Mabel's advent into pictures feminine clowns had achieved their laughs by reason of their homeliness, their anatomic angularity or obesity, their grotesque slapstick antics.

You didn't smile at them: you guffawed!

Mabel was the first actress who truly understood the tempo and motive and goal of pantomimic comedy; she was the first *beautiful* girl who could produce an earthquake of laughter in the darkened theaters of the world simply by walking out before the camera and standing still!

She was the first beautiful actress you could smile *at* and still admire! To this day, so the studio chieftains in Hollywood and New York confide in me, they are praying not for another great emotional actress; not for another handsome hero; not for another startling character performer; not for another brave cowboy—but for another Mabel Normand, another comely comedienne who intelligently understands that to be funny is to be natural—provided you are blessed with a priceless sense of humor.

Moody, hardly a good provider, but bequeather of a precious love of music—Mabel's father, Claude G. Normand.

IN Mabel Normand's life are a multitude of laughs, and a sob or two. There are revelations of personal qualities and accomplishments little known to the public which followed her career for the nineteen years that elapsed between her screen début and her funeral.

In her story there are two or three shadows from which she strode, reasonably unscathed, after tremendous publicity of a harmful character; a paragraph or so about the terrific and successful fight she made to overcome unhappy habits contracted during the earlier, madder days of the picture experiment; and a comprehensive explanation of her unique relationship to the industry which she saw commence in the cradle of the pioneer and grow to its present gigantic adolescence.

For who can doubt that the pictures are, as yet, only on the threshold of their potentialities?

In the late ’80s Claude G. Normand, a slender, swarthy, taciturn young Frenchman, frequented the theaters of Providence, Rhode Island. An excellent pianist he, though his temper and indifference to public opinion did not commend him for permanent employment. Yet he might be seen often in the orchestra pit at his favorite instrument, or assisting at rehearsals, or selling tickets. His only love was the theater, until he met Mary Drury.

Mary Drury was a pretty, ebon-haired, gray-eyed Irish girl whose parents, in modest circumstances, had seen to the cultivation of her voice and such schooling as they could afford.

It is interesting to note that her jet eyelashes were so long that when she found it necessary in later years to wear glasses, her vision was troubled because the lashes rubbed against the lenses.

The destiny that fashions strange molds wherein to perform its inscrutable experiments of producing from ordinary mates rarely beautiful offspring, and from seemingly mediocre liaisons the gifts which later are to astonish the world, presently merged into one the orbits of young Normand and Mary Drury.

The former Mary Drury, Mabel's mother, first to catch a glimpse of her power to please.

WHERE and when and how they met is obscure. It is known that they eloped from Providence and returned after about a year.

Six children were born to them, Mabel told me. Harold, Grace, and Ralph died quite young. Claude, Jr., was born in Providence. Mabel, the future comedienne, was born November 10, 1895, in New Brighton, on Staten Island, New York. That is, Mabel said she thought she was born on Staten Island, and she thought the date was November 10, 1895.

She always professed her uncertainty about these two facts—and she always insisted that neither was very important, anyhow. Her sister Gladys also was born on Staten Island.

Normand had moved his family there when offered a position with the Sailors' Snug Harbor, a great establishment where ancient mariners ended and still end their days.

Later the parents lived in a comfortable home that Mabel built for them in St. Mark's Place, New Brighton. The family has since moved to southern California, scene of Mabel's triumphs and tragedy.

From infancy Mabel Normand possessed the beauty of face and body which was to make her one of the most popular models in the studios of Manhattan, and was to distinguish her as one of the most lovely women the screen has known.

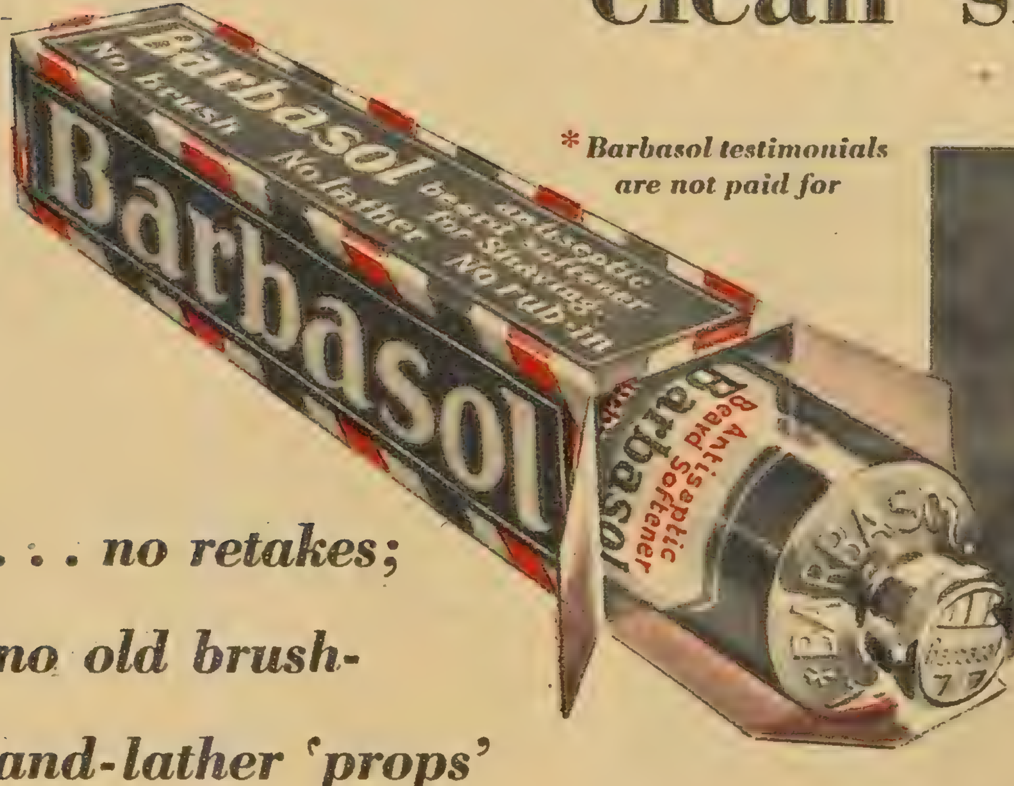
Her eyes were unusually large and dark and set wide apart. The lashes, like her mother's, were more than half an inch in curling length. The nose was small and delicately chiseled. The mouth evoked an approbatory nod from artists for whom she posed.

These artists included Charles Dana Gibson, the Leyendecker brothers, Frank X. and Joseph Christian; C. Coles

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-TWO]

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Barbasol plays a quick, clean shaving part"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Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES

RALPH GRAVES, new luminary of the screen world, who thrilled millions in "Submarine" and "Flight," is now starred with Jack Holt in "Hell's Island."

TRY this today and find out why Barbasol Believers have made it the fastest selling shaving cream in the world. *Just follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd:* **1.** Wet the face thoroughly. Leave it wet . . . **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in . . . **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

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Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY]

Phillips, Penrhyn Stanlaws, James Montgomery Flagg, and others presently to be mentioned. To my questioning, many of them responded enthusiastically long afterward about the beauty and charm and wit of the young girl they knew.

The youthful figure was then, as later, extremely slight and graceful. Her feet were small, and even in those early days the toes turned in toward each other in a laughable manner, as those who knew her in the films so well remember. There was a laugh even in the gesticulations of her small hands, whose little fingers would oddly pull away from their neighbors at an angle of thirty degrees.

Burgeoning Mabel Normand, in one of her first films.

And the whole picture of this child I am describing, who in her maturity was five feet one inch tall and weighed ninety-nine pounds, was crowned with a heavy mass of fine, purple-black hair.

Two things distinguished Mabel Normand among the countless men and women who knew her—her extraordinary scorn for the conventions and for the opinion of mankind, and her generosities.

Proofs of both will appear in these chapters. And these qualities seem to have had their beginnings in her earliest childhood.

Either she was battling fiercely with her brother Claude, whose bicycle she would steal, no matter how carefully he hid it from her, or she was repeatedly giving away to neighbor children all her possessions. It kept the harried mother busy retrieving these things and refereeing the fights between her progeny.

But whether the Normand household was in funds or not, one article of furniture never was missing from the parlor—a piano. And there in the Staten Island twilights the moody elder Normand would bring from its often untuned strings all the mad melodies that surged through his bosom.

And there at his knee would crouch his black-haired little daughter, her dark eyes flaming over the thundering chords that crashed out on the ancient keyboard.

It was to the musical education of his daughter that Normand devoted much of the time he was at home; and to the cultivation of her voice that his distracted helpmeet gave what time she could spare from her conduct of the wild family's destinies.

To this parental attention Mabel owed the excellent musicianship she revealed to her friends in her drawing-room in Beverly Hills.

And until near the end passers-by often paused on Camden Drive in the lovely suburb of Los Angeles where so many picture celebrities live, to listen across her lawn to the throaty voice of Mabel Normand, rising to the swing of an exquisite ballad or romping madly through a rakish song learned about the ribald studios of Hollywood.

SCHOOLING was something the half-French, half-Irish girl never was to experience. Her mother, between foraging for sustenance, keeping such children as she could at work, and patching and mending, miraculously found time, however, to teach her favorite offspring to read and write.

I say her favorite offspring. I think later incidents reveal the mother's intuitive foresight in the matter of correctly appraising the future money-making talents of her children.

She seemed to have sensed, in Mabel's case, that she had mothered in a nest of drab ducklings a swan of beauty who was to cash in to a fabulous extent on her facial and bodily comeliness.

All other textbooks which happened to fall into her hands containing little to appeal to the pupil, it was a geography that delighted the restless heart of the little girl. Somewhere Mrs. Normand got hold of a globe and an old Rand McNally geography book.

With these Mabel was content to pass endless hours, tracing with dreamy eye and eager finger tip the paths that led to distant lands and wild exotic life.

In an old dressing room of Miss Normand's in an abandoned Hollywood studio we poked together among the dust-laden débris of the past, and there we found an old globe she bought when she began to work on her most famous film, Mickey.

"I used to run in here from the set and twirl it around while I hurried away to the Klondike, to Madagascar and Paris and Peru," she said as we dusted it off. "And while Nappy—I used to call Mack Sennett Napoleon because it made him feel proud and changed it to Nappy because it made him angry—while Nappy was dashing wildly around looking for me I'd be strolling through the bazaars of Bombay.

"NAPPY would pound on my door and shout: 'Mabel, snap into your dance! The scene's waiting. What the devil are you doing?'

"I'd put on a little mustache and goatee and open the door and say: 'Miss Normand's sorry, sir, but she begs me to inform Mr. Napoleon K. Sennett that she's smoking a camel and riding its mate through the Arabian Desert. When she returns, she'll hasten to the set. So, off the deep end, Nappy, old beard, till she gets home.'

"Then Nappy'd tear his hair, stamp around, and go back to the studio. There was a short cut from my dressing room and I'd run and beat him back. When he arrived he'd find me listening demurely to Dick Jones' suggestions—Dick directed many of my big pictures.

"When he saw me, he'd throw up both hands, gurgle himself into a fit, and totter off the set. Dick and I would laugh and go on with our endless plot to introduce a bit of business in the scene so the handsome hero would get socked. How Dick and I hated handsome leading men!"

But it was with the companionship of geography, not leading men, that the years passed in the Staten Island household. Mabel recalls that she was quite lonely then; that while she knew all the neighbor children and divined what they were thinking about, they never really knew her or had any idea what was taking place in the unexplored jungle of her thoughts.

This manifestly set the child apart from childish associations, just as in maturity it raised a barrier few adults ever were permitted to scale.

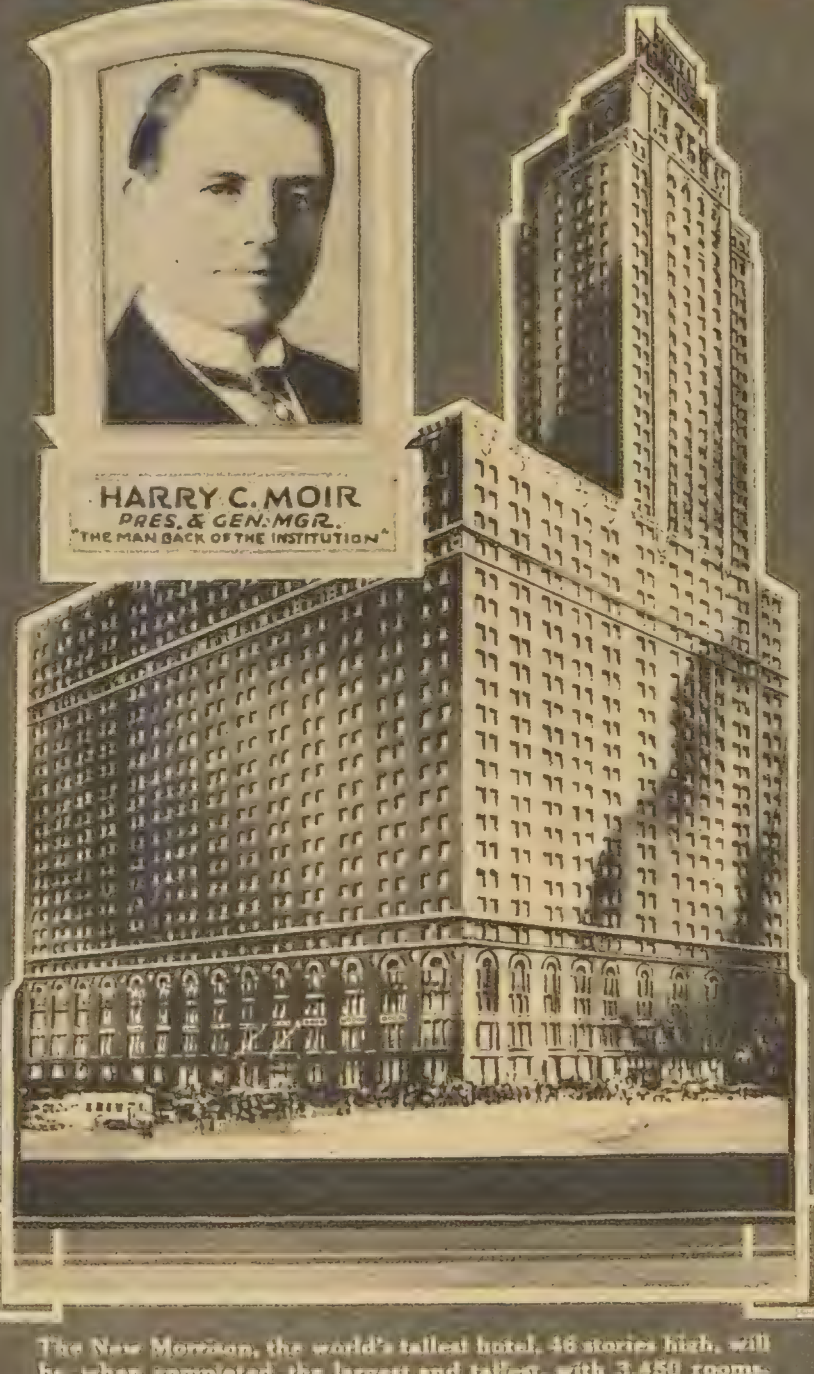
Presently the girl reached the age when her money-troubled mother deemed her thirteen years as sufficient to bear her share of earning for the needy household. After many conferences, Mabel set off in the autumn of 1908 to make her fortune in the city.

She boarded a ferryboat to carry her to the Battery, clutching her purse with fifty cents and the address of the Butterick Company, where Mrs. Normand had heard young girls could find employment in the pattern-mailing department.

As she leaned over the rail, it is highly improbable that the strange little girl envisioned a future in which

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-FOUR]

AUTUMN BUSINESS TRAVEL
to CHICAGO
Emphasizes the Need of a Larger . . .
MORRISON HOTEL


HARRY C. MOIR
PRES. & GEN. MGR.
"THE MAN BACK OF THE INSTITUTION"

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3,450 rooms.

AS Chicago's downtown district gradually extends westward, the peak of business activity tends to concentrate at the intersection of Madison and Clark Streets.

This trend becomes more evident as national commerce emerges from the lull of the vacation season. It is impressively marked in the present demand for guest-room space at the Morrison Hotel.

The vital advantage of having one's business contacts at *closest range* has always been a main factor with our patrons; hence the addition of one building-unit after another, the latest of these being the 500-room addition now under construction.

The new section will raise our room-capacity to 2450. As in the present building, all rooms will be outside, with bath, circulating ice water, telephone, bed-head reading lamp, and Servidor. Each floor will have its own color-scheme, and several floors will contain kitchenettes—a novelty in a hotel of premier dimensions.

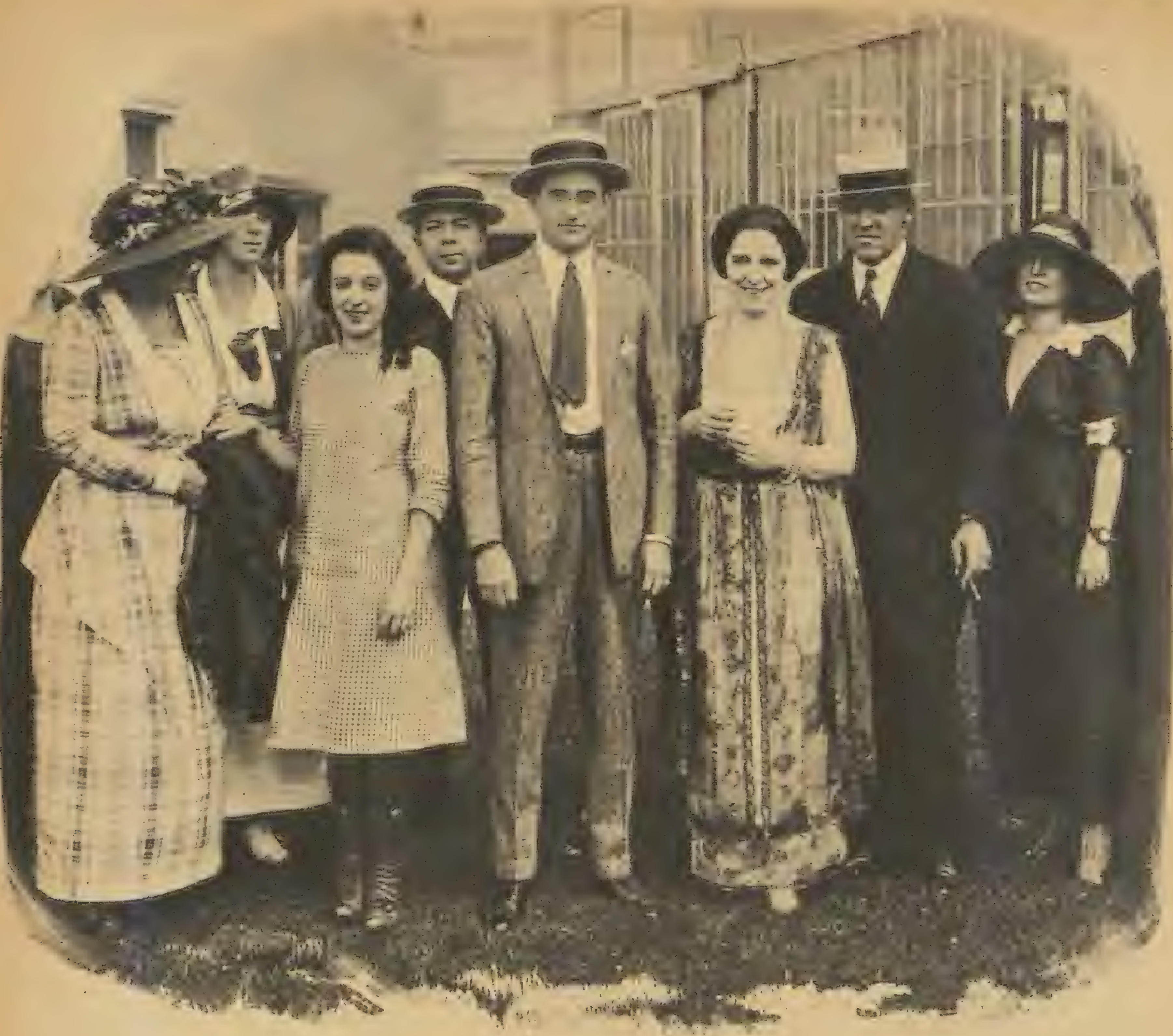
One feature remains unchanged—*the moderation of the rate-scale,* which rests on the permanent condition of central location. While the outer districts become increasingly populous, the "Loop" gains steadily in significance as the nerve-centre. Here our subleases show a continually increasing yield, and enable us to offer the same economies to our guests, notwithstanding the steady ascent of operation costs.

H. C. Moir
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Company

TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, $2.50 457 Rooms, $4.00 15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00 245 Rooms, $4.50 35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50 189 Rooms, $5.00 21 Rooms, $8.00
16 Corner Suites, $12.00
16 Suites, $15.00 6 Suites, $20.00
Sample Rooms from $6.00 to $12.00
Write or Wire for Reservations

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"



How many do you know? Left to right, Grace Kingsley, Margaret Ettinger, Miss Normand, Rupert Hughes, Sam Goldwyn, Geraldine Farrar, Rex Beach, and Florence Lawrence. The picture was taken about twelve years ago.

MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page sixty-two

fame and popularity and affluence—and the tragedy of great scandals—were to play so all-absorbing a rôle.

When Mabel reached the pattern-mailing room, the clerk to whom she applied for work looked at her a long time. He was a kindly, middle-aged man, and his decision altered her whole history and profoundly affected the history of the movie idea developed a few years before in the brain of Thomas Edison.

"You're too pretty to work in this department," he said. "I'll give you a note to Carl Kleinschmidt in the art department. He draws our Delineator covers and he can use a girl like you."

An hour later Kleinschmidt, who had engaged her, was explaining that the pay for models was fifty cents an hour; that the hours were from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 4 P. M.

He told her that when he couldn't use her, other artists, to whom he would give her a note of introduction, would employ her; that additional money was to be made posing for the lantern slides with which popular songs of that era were illustrated, and in working for the commercial photographers.

I asked Mabel Normand to reminisce about her life in the studios, and she groped her strangely forgetful and disjointed way among the pigeonholes of the departed, crowded years.

"The first artist I posed for was Hamilton King," she began. "Kleinschmidt sent me to him, and he used me the first morning to illustrate an advertisement for a new soap shampoo.

"He sent me to Orson Lowell, Henry Hutt, and Penrhyn Stanlaws; and after I had worked for them for several weeks I went up to some lantern-slide offices on Forty-second Street and made a set for them.

"I STOOD under an artificial peach tree and gazed longingly at a rustic youth who was departing for the city to make a lot of money and then come back to marry me. They paid five dollars for a set of these slides, four to each stanza and a couple for the chorus.

"There was much excitement and gratification in my home when I returned the first day and poured out my account of the delightful new world I had discovered. And, of course, the money I brought was a welcome relief to my mother.

"I made money, too, at the commercial photographers, posing for newspaper and magazine advertisements. There was tremendous variety in this: hats, cold cream, hairbrushes, shoes, stockings, combs, hair tonics, hair nets, veils, gloves, satchels, lingerie, umbrellas, necklaces, frocks, evening wraps, furs, bracelets—everything the world at large pauses to glance at in that shop window of life known as advertising.

"The pay was on a sliding scale. I'd get a dollar for standing in a tailored suit beside an imitation Pekingese dog and a new bit of luggage; or they'd give me five dollars for a set of twelve plates to be printed in a millinery trade journal. The beauty of this work, and the colored slides, was that I could do it at noon when the artists were at their leisurely luncheons.

"The weeks slid into winter and the snow piled high in the streets; and the studios were places of refuge with their steam-heated warmth or cheery fireplaces. I walked most of the time to save carfare. And I met many famous artists.

"C. Coles Phillips sold one exquisite drawing entitled The Sand Witch to the Saturday Evening Post. It showed me coiled up on a bathing beach nibbling at a sandwich. The late F. X. Leyendecker and his brother, J. C. used me in countless advertisements, F. X. also selling The Girl at the Spinning Wheel to the Post.

"Phillips had his studio on Twenty-seventh Street and I used to walk from there to Carnegie Hall on Fifty-seventh and on the way look into the windows and wonder if some day I'd have an automobile like those displayed there. If Charles Dana Gibson had nothing for me, I'd go on up to West Sixty-seventh Street where James Montgomery Flagg had his studio.

"MY meeting with Flagg was a funny one. Henry Hutt phoned him I was coming, and I arrived there in a heavy rain. I put my cheap umbrella in the rack downstairs, successfully passed Flagg's inspection, made an appointment for the following week, grabbed my umbrella, and ran happily down the street. I looked back and Flagg waved his hand at me from a window.

"Then I glanced up and was petrified with horror: I had taken a fine silk umbrella, and the artist had seen me making off with it, I thought. I ran back, switched it for my cheap cotton one, and got away. When I told Flagg about it later he laughed, for of course he hadn't even noticed I had an umbrella. We have been friends ever since.

"Penrhyn Stanlaws' studio was in the Woodward Hotel. He was a demon for color, and one day I thought I'd please him by showing him a little sample of a rose-colored dress my mother was going to make for me. He spoiled the whole morning, tossing his hands aloft and raving about the atrocious hue. He frightened me so I've never worn a rose-colored dress to this day.

"HENRY HUTT was on the top floor of the Life Building, and he made the most lovely faces I ever saw. He was tireless at the easel, and I used to tug at his cramped legs until the circulation was restored and he could move himself.

"Mr. Gibson was truly a master. How I loved to watch, between poses, as he filled in the outlines of my face or body with his soft, warm crayons. I used to touch the picture with my finger tips when he wasn't looking.

"Carnegie Hall was filled with studios, and after I fixed the pose he wanted I would dream for hours as the students throughout the building practiced on their pianos and harps and violins, or ran their vocal scales.

"How sad Mr. Gibson and I would become when his agent came to take away his completed drawings. Into them he had poured such talent and warmth and love that we felt like crying when the editor's messenger would call.

"'Well, Mabel,' Mr. Gibson would sigh, 'if we don't sell them you don't get paid for posing and I don't eat. Now, let's try this position, my dear.'

"He was so kind, always nodding when he saw me weary with the pose. And one day he detected me in the midst of a theft! I had on a marvelous creation, a foamy, filmy evening gown covered with silver rosebuds.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

It keeps teeth WHITE

The road to friendship is paved with winning smiles.

For everybody loves a smile that sparkles with pearly WHITE teeth.

So chew the richly flavored gum that keeps teeth clean and gleaming white.

Every day chew Dentyne—the highest quality gum on the market.

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
5¢
5¢
KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE

Chew DENTYNE *. . and smile!*

BETTER
BRAN FLAKES

The glorious flavor of PEP
The healthfulness of BRAN

SAIL ALONG with breezy pep. Start the day with vim and zest. Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes will help you.

No other cereal is like them. These crisp, sun-brown flakes are full of the famous flavor of PEP. Rich with the nourishing goodness of whole wheat. Healthful. They contain just enough bran to be mildly laxative—to help keep you feeling fit. Virtually a perfect food with milk or cream.

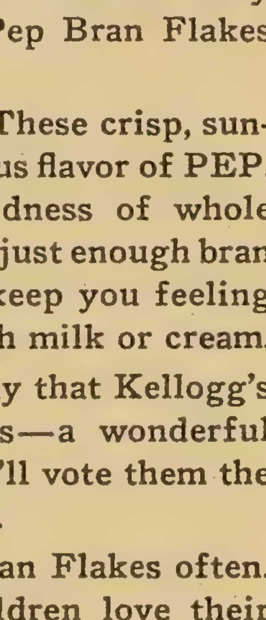
At the first spoonful, you'll say that Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are delicious—a wonderful cereal. At the last spoonful you'll vote them the *best bran flakes* you ever tasted.

You'll want Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes often. For breakfast. For lunch. Children love their peppy flavor.

Get the red-and-green package at your grocer's. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

IMPORTANT—*Kellogg's Pep Bran Flakes are mildly laxative.* ALL-BRAN—*another Kellogg product—is all bran and guaranteed to relieve both temporary and recurring constipation.*

Kellogg's
PEP
BRAN FLAKES



MADCAP MABEL NORMAND
Continued from page sixty-five

My mother had made a little black felt hat for me, and I wondered how a wreath of the silver buds would look around its brim.

"One way we models would rest, without letting the artist know, was to move a hand, for instance, that wasn't in the pose. And quite unconsciously I began to tug at the little rosebuds.

"I was so wrapped up in the vision of their effect when twined about my cheap hat that I never noticed Mr. Gibson had left his easel and walked around behind me to see why I was wriggling.

"When he saw what I was doing and followed my gaze toward my hat where I had tossed it on a chair, he smiled gently, startled me by patting my shoulder, and told me to help myself to all the little rosebuds I wanted because he was not going to use the gown any more.

"I think I cried a bit, when he continued to pat my arm and murmur his understanding of a young girl's heart.

"I made many acquaintances among the other models, some of whom became lifelong friends, such as Alice Joyce, Justine Johnstone, and Anna Q. Nilsson. What lovely girls they were—Alice with her placid, wide, dark eyes; Justine, with a wealth of taffy-colored hair and matchless skin; and Anna, as regal and blondly fascinating as a viking's daughter.

"We four were favorites with the artists, because among us almost every type and shading of feminine beauty could be found.

"I don't believe any of the girls who posed regularly for the men I've mentioned ever were subjected to the treatment popular opinion attaches to life in the studios. I know everybody was nice to me.

"THE better artists never had the time or inclination to misbehave, and since they looked on their models about as a stock fancier looks on a prize animal, they had little patience with a girl who dissipated.

"It seems obvious to me that if a girl, especially at the ages at which we were working back in 1908 and 1909—the eldest of us not yet twenty years old—really became notorious, she wouldn't have lasted long before the easels.

"A model's face must be extremely pliable; that is, the artists want them to get the spirit of the pose into their features, and if they want a joyous morning face it's a sure thing they don't want a model showing up with a dead pan and a morning-after pair of eyes.

"I don't know when it was, but I imagine it must have been about the time I was fifteen years old, in November, 1910, that I began to miss Alice Joyce around the studios and photographers' and song-slide offices. Somebody told me she had gone into the movies.

"A little later I saw her at Eddowes, a great commercial photography studio, where she'd come in to pick up a few dollars, and she was quite excited about the new job she had with Kalem's movie company.

"Of course, I'd been a movie fan all my life, stealing a few nickels from my luncheon money to go to the funny little theaters of those days when there was no work in the studios.

"I loved Florence Turner and Mary Fuller, but every fiber in my body responded to Flora Finch's celebrated comedies; and though I was quite unconscious of it, I can see now that I was always wondering how I would do the funny stunts she did in her pictures. And, quite likely, figuring my way would be better!

"It was Frank Lanning who really sent me into motion pictures, I guess. He had gone into them, and I had met him around the artists' studios where he posed as an Indian for railway folders and calendars. He said he was working for D. W. Griffith at the Biograph studio at Eleven East Fourteenth Street, and urged me to go down there and ask Griffith for work.

"Something inside me tugged strongly at my heart, whispering that Lanning's counsel was good. But I was afraid of mother, and a little afraid I might not make good before the camera. Orson Lowell added his advice to Lanning's.

“ ‘You see, Mabel,’ this clever artist for Life said one day, ‘all the funny women in pictures today get their laughs by being awkward, by being homely, and by getting kicked when they stoop over. Now, why shouldn't real beauty such as yours and an unquenchable spirit and genuine spotaneity go big on the screen? Why not give it a whirl? You can always come back to the artists if you don't like it.’

“ Another thing that made me hesitate was that I thought I'd like to be an artist. The men I worked for helped me, and, while of course I've never done anything with it, I learned enough about painting to do vignettes today in my own books and the books of my friends out here, and to do water colors on the programs and guest cards for my friends when they give parties.

“ But I took the great plunge one day. I got on a street car after I left Mr. Gibson's office and alighted in Union Square. I asked the first man I met at Eleven East Fourteenth Street for a job. He sent me to Wilfrid Lucas, Griffith's right-hand man. Lucas talked to me a while and then nodded his head, sending me to the wardrobe mistress, Ada Ebling, whose quarters were in the basement.

Three great players of the past. Flora Finch, who saw her own fame fade, John Bunny, delight of young and old, and Miss Normand.

“ A little later I was dressed as a page and was holding up the long train of a noblewoman. My silk-clad legs embarrassed me, and while I was rehearsing I noticed a stocky, red-faced Irishman leaning against the wall, looking at me and grinning.

“ I was worried because for all I knew he might have been Griffith, and I instinctively knew my rôle didn't call for a laugh.

“ But when Lucas yelled through his megaphone, I forgot the grinning Irishman and snapped into my part. I remembered his face, though, and years later I made a tremendous fortune for that Irishman. His name was, and is, Mack Sennett.

“ After what seemed to me only a couple of minutes, so excited was I over the confusion and thrills of the movie studio and the strange people in it, somebody blew a whistle, the lights were switched off, and somebody else said it was luncheontime. After trying nervously to eat a sandwich, I went back upstairs to work in another short picture.

“ When four o'clock came, the time I usually quit work, Lucas explained we were to work late and that my pay was five dollars as an extra, but that I'd get two-fifty if we went on till nine, and if we worked after that two-fifty more. That was more than I'd ever made in a day, and I was doing the one thing on earth I wanted to do!

“WE quit at eleven o'clock that night; and I began to worry as I hurried into the subway, clutching my ten dollars. I found my mother waiting grimly for me when I reached home, and after listening to my excited account of the day's adventure, she took the ten dollars and forbade me to return to the Biograph!

“ Disconsolate, I obeyed and returned to the artists' studios, until about three weeks later I happened to run into Mack Sennett, Henry B. Walthall, and Del Henderson in Times Square. Sennett scolded me for deserting Griffith and said I'd have to go back and ‘kill the scene,’ explaining that while I had carried the noblewoman's train out I hadn't appeared with her entering the next room.

“ So, in spite of the scolding I knew I'd get at home, I determined once and for all to go into moving pictures. We returned together to Fourteenth Street, and I killed the scene, and a lot of others during the following weeks. My mother gave in when she saw it was useless to oppose.

“ It was Griffith's practice to escape the leaden winter skies of Manhattan by taking the company to Hollywood from Christmas until May. He told me he would not want me and suggested I ask Vitagraph for a job over in the Flatbush studios.

“ Sennett, seeing how unhappy I was over being left behind, told me he'd look me up when they returned and would have something interesting to talk to me about in the way of working for a new company for which he was going to direct comedies.

“ Vitagraph put me on steady at thirty dollars a week. I made Betty Becomes a Maid with Leo Delaney, and met dozens of famous persons. And there I found one of my idols, Norma Talmadge. I shall be happy to pay her and our friendship, that began in 1911, a golden tribute when I come to discuss what you call one of the *shadows* of my life, the mysterious murder of my friend, William Desmond Taylor.

“OF course, I met the great John Bunny and the celebrated Flora Finch.

“ Bunny, poor clown, died too early in his picture career; and Flora had that tragic thing happen to her which has happened to so many in our profession—the heartbreak of seeing somebody displace you in the esteem of the capricious public.

“ Among the Vitagraph directors was an eccentric duck named Thompson. When things went wrong he would jerk off the derby he invariably wore, hurl it to the ground, and jump on it.

“ Although it endangered my budding career, I couldn't resist the impulse to do things purposely wrong just to see him attack his bowler. I must have bulled the Brooklyn market in derby hats, for he certainly wrecked a lot of them when I was working for him.

“ To recite the names of the actors and actresses who worked for Vitagraph is almost to catalogue the industry in its early, glorious, funny days. Among them were Florence Turner, William Quick, Virginia Pearson, Naomi Childers, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Ralph Ince, Rose Tapley, Florence Lawrence, Wallace Reid, Anita Stewart, Antonio Moreno, Earle Williams, Clara Kimball Young and her husband, Jimmy Young.

“ Also, there were Mary Fuller, Edith Storey, Leah Baird, Rosemary Theby, Pat Hartigan, Arline Pretty, Larry Semon, Joseph Kilgour, Violet Heming, Ruby DeRemer, Marc McDermott, Louis Mann, Cissy Fitzgerald, Marshall P. Wilder, Alice Lake, Rankin Drew, Lottie Pickford, William Desmond, Grace Darmond, and Barney Bernard.

“ I attended my first party, as they are now called, while working for Vitagraph. Some celebrated artist had done Lillian Walker in a full-length oil painting, and Dimples, as we called her, invited a bunch of us over to take a look.

“ I told mother I was working late that night and borrowed the extra pay from Constance Talmadge who, in her deceiving turn, told Peg, as she and Norma call their darling mother, that my mother was sick and needed a loan.

“ When I think now how diabolical we girls felt that night with the case of iced beer somebody brought and the sandwiches Dimples provided, I have to laugh at our youth and genuine innocence, and ignorance of what the future was to hold for all of us.”

The future! Miss Normand could still laugh, for she was on the way to stardom. Her swift rise as a luminary in comedies directed by Mack Sennett will be told in next week's Liberty.

Well, Folks, We're Still Offering

$500 a Week for Limericks

in five big cash prizes, as specified below

Just provide the missing line, making it rhyme with the first two, as printed. Send in a lot of last lines, if you wish. The five best lines win the prizes.

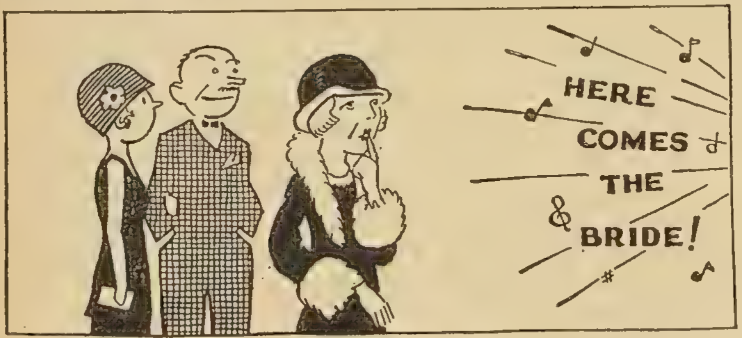
The RULES

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed in Liberty. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to LIMERICKS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper. Be sure that your name and full address are plainly written or printed on the same sheet.

For the best line, $250 will be paid; for the second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50; and fifth, $25. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. Anyone, anywhere, can compete, except employees of Liberty and their families.

Here Is This Week's Limerick:


HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

When the organ played Here Comes the Bride,
One fair damsel looked solemn and sighed.
She'd thought everything jake,
But she made a mistake—

....

(You write the last line)

All last lines for this Limerick must reach us before midnight, September 6. The results from this Limerick will be printed four weeks from today.

Here are THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

who share in the prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of August 9. The Limerick read as follows:

A lady who lived up in Lynn
Became so excessively thin
She went on a diet
(Just thinking she'd try it)

....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

Did it work? Say! Her shape was a sin!
Written by Julia Longshore
131 Greeves Street, Kane, Pennsylvania

SECOND PRIZE—$100

The eats went to waist. Did she grin!
Written by Catherine Cummins
5402 Miller Avenue, Dallas, Texas

THIRD PRIZE—$75

But alas! the poor lady cashed in.
Written by Marjorie E. Mack
1005 North Stanley Avenue, Los Angeles, California

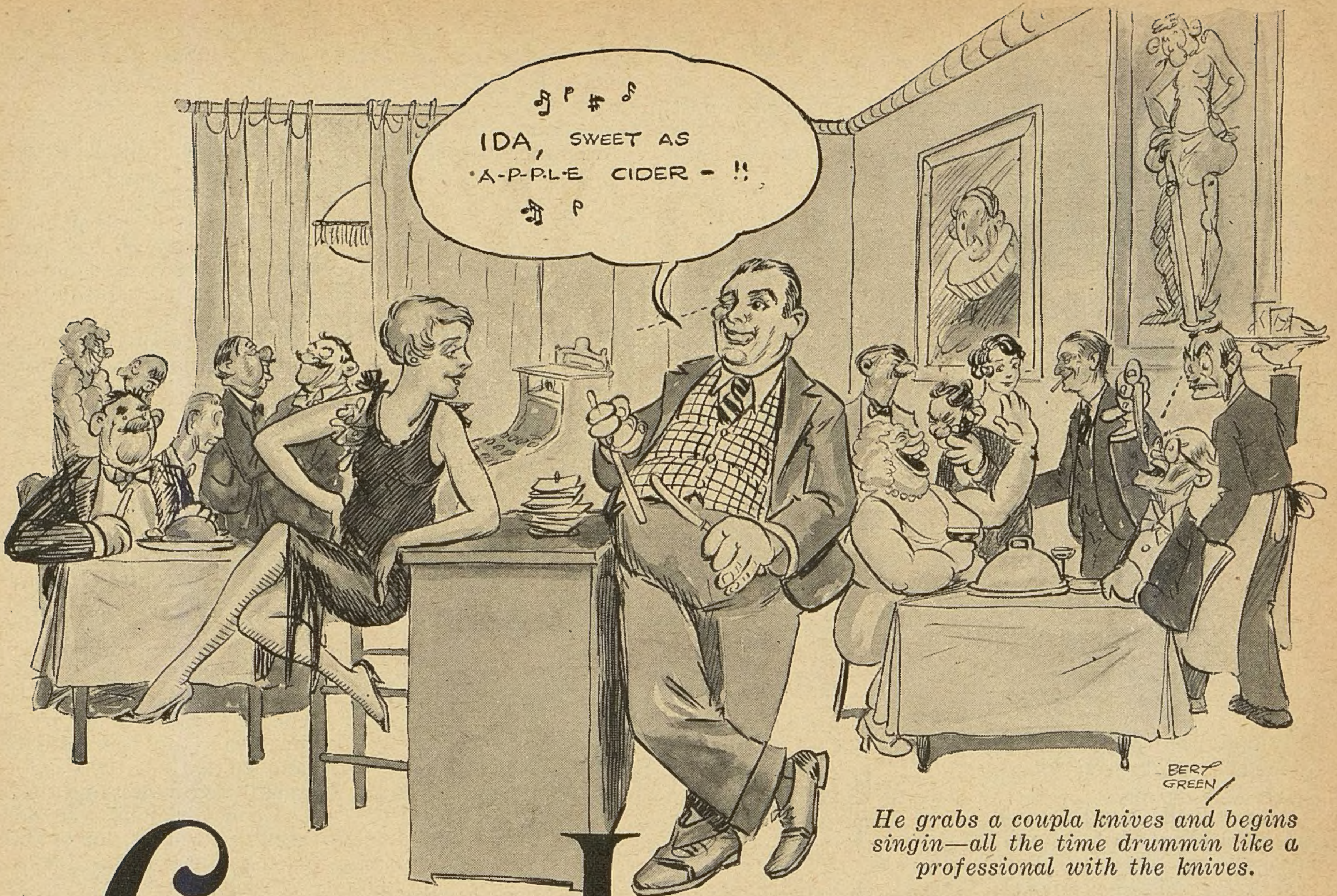
FOURTH PRIZE—$50

But of "IT" nary bit did she win.
Written by C. LeRoi Leeser
Box 1954, Cristobal, Canal Zone

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

And now she's too big for her skin.
Written by Grace I. Slosson
6430 Kenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

ANOTHER UNFINISHED LIMERICK AND $500 MORE IN PRIZES NEXT WEEK


IDA, SWEET AS A-P-P-L-E CIDER – !!
BERT GREEN

He grabs a coupla knives and begins singin—all the time drummin like a professional with the knives.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

An Old Story with a Little Reno-vation

Words and Pictures by

BERT GREEN

New York.

DEAR MARG:

By the time you read this letter I'll be on the choo-choo headin for Reno with the Macks.

No kiddin, its a laugh! You remember Mrs. Sykick who I wrote you about? Well, she got in touch with the spirit world at the sea-ants and tiped off the Macks that they were goin to travel, and honest to gawd it turned out to be true. Now, the only time the Macks has ever been west of N. Y. was when they took the ferry boat over to Hoboken to visit Mrs. Riley who died without much effort.

Well, I'll have to let you in on all the dirt about this Reno excursion.

It seems that Rita Ritz, Peggy Macks girl friend, grabbed herself a slow ball when she was a bit shellacked, and this goof led her to the alter. Yep, the next morning when she got all throttled down and cooled off, she found that this high pressure biggie personage she I do'ed turned out to be a house dick in a second rate flop house.

Wow, sister did she get red headed! What she told him would make a teamsters chin go haywire. She tore her monogramed lounging robe into bits and threw it at him along with the telephone. Yes! And you can bet all the cavier in Russia that he aint never called for his laundry since.

Well, I might just as well let Rita Ritz tell it to you Marg, in her own words.

It was like this, she says, —I was cashierin in the Toss Inn one night when who shoulders in but a good lookin John with plenty of *IT*. A doss-up between Gary Cooper, Chevallier and Barthelmess. A regular high amperage HE devil that crowds a maidens blood pressure above the boilin point. Well anyway, this sheak parks his form at a table right opposite my desk and begins peggin me with his china blue lamps. Now you know me, Im as chilly as an installment collector when it comes to guys tryin to make me. But, *this* guy has me that nervous Im playin Rockmininoffs Prelude on the cash piano. Funs fun, but there was somethin foney about this guys look that kinda topped me. He kinda sneaked up on my heart beat and had me so fussed I was tearin papers, makin blots and bitin the ends off my fingers. I started to give him the laugh, but somehow or other he wilted me.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

Waitor, he hollers, bring me a broiled lobster, a chicken salad and a bottle of wine! The same for the lady behind the desk.

She works here! grunts the waitor. You heard me! demands the prancing youth.

Well, if I live to be a million, this guy had more nerve than the Suicide Squad in San Diego wingslipping the outside loop. No sooner did the tit bits land on the cover charge than he ankles right up to my desk and says, My names Doyle, Waddie, for short,--please to meet you! and with that he grabs a coupla knives off the nearest table and begins singin me —Ida, sweet as apple cider --all the time drummin like a professional with the knives.

Well Im not kiddin you, he took me. I just had to laugh and cherish it. When it comes to poisonality that egg had Will Rogers and Marie Dressler stopped.

Come on! Move in! he says, the morsils are gettin frigid!

Whats the big idea, I gasped, I dont even *know* you?

You will, he laughs, giving me a rogueish look, and *before long!*

Why the very idea, gasped Mrs. Mack, you dont mean to tell me you liked him? Who wouldnt? giggled Peggy.

You said a breath full, continued Rita. Listen Kid that Egg could back into an Old Maids Home and have em clownin in tights before they knew what it was all about. Anyway, the first thing I knew little Rita was sittin right at the table with this monster tearin the lobster limb from limb. The way this go getter goaled me was nobodys nevermind.

During the sitting we discussed everything from sex to religion and wound up behind the two ball groping for conversation. As a matter of fact, it got so late that the waitors were holding their yawns back while they were bedding down the tables for the night.

WELL, I got the biggest surprize of my young life when all of a sudden this big male took me in his arms and planted a kiss on my lips that stoped me plenty.

Why Rita, gasped Mrs. Mack, sitting on the end of her spine with eggscitement, What happened after that?

Oh, you dont know the tenth of it, resumed Rita with a toss of her ten dollar wave. The second surprize came when this bozo calls to the waitor to plug the phone in the wall and the boy friend says, Hello, is that you Sumi? Drive the big car around to the Toss Inn and *step on it!*

Well, for the life of me, I didnt know what to expect next. Between this guy crowdin me and the giggle soup workin I was pretty well binged up. The dashing youth grabs me by the arm and leads me down the steps to a Hispano Squeezer, no less, curbed under the awnin. Oh what a darb. Honest to gawd Peggy, that buss would have stopped a screenland star in her sox. Listen woman, Ive parked my hips in some pretty doggy straight eights, but that Fisher body fitted every curve in my form, and I dont mean *perhaps.*

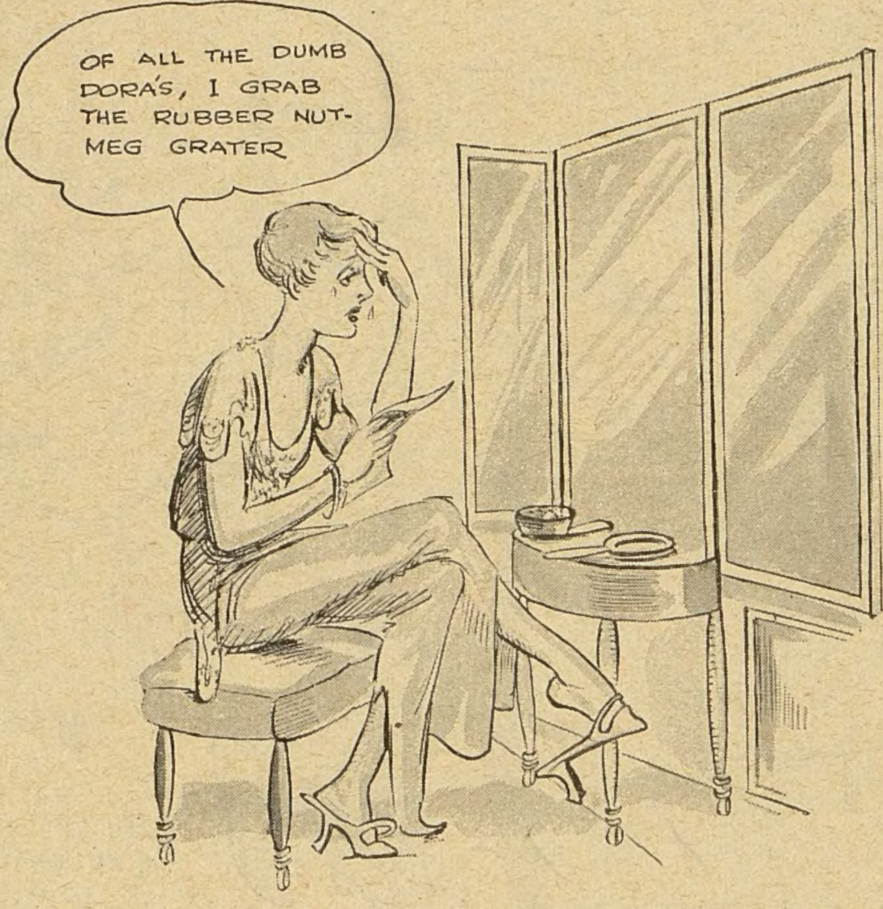
We no sooner shoved off for the moonlight ride than this biggie personage begins leanin heavy on the romance. He tells me about all the heavy dough hes made in Wall Street and how he likes to go back to the Riviera and do nothin but play. He talked about how lonesome he was and ended up if you please, by asking me to *marry him, then and there!!*

Well of all things, gasped the Mack family.

YEP, continues Rita, you know me, I got comparin him with my job in the Toss Inn and figured I might just as well grab off this heavy sugar popper and live like a queen before some other frail takes him for the count. So, what do we do but wake up the minister and go against the wedlock rackit right then and there.

Good Gracious, you dont mean to tell us youre married? chorused the Macks.

I was, but I aint. To top this rapid fire romance, this punk leaves me a note the followin morning what reads:


OF ALL THE DUMB DORA'S, I GRAB THE RUBBER NUTMEG GRATER

This punk leaves me a note the followin morning.

DEAR RITA:

I simply cant kid you any longer. I aint really a banker with dough. Im just a house dick in a cheap hotel. I had to put on the big flash to grab you. Honest, I wouldnt have married you, but I got plastered. Please forgive me.

WADDIE.

Can you imagine me pulling a scull like that with a heel like him, I ask you?

Anyway, now that Ive told you, this kids on her way out to Mr. Renos transfer corner to make whoopee and go places and you can bet all the bread in Vienna that when I get the blue scenario in ninty days there aint goin to be no *HE man* disturbin my heart beat. Blow *that* off your mirror.

Thats a hot one, eh Marg? Well, now that Ritas goin to Reno the Macks are all steamed up to go to Hollywood because the fortune teller told em they was goin to travel. As for me, I may go along with Rita as she gits awful lonesome. I know you wont mind, women are broad minded like that.

Well, I got to soak my corns, wishing you the same

Aw rewar

MIKE SHEA.

There ought to be another letter along from Mike in a couple of weeks.

A	S	H		A	P	E	S		A	R	E	A		B	I	N
L	I	E		C	E	N	T	E	R	I	N	G		I	R	E
I	R	A	D	E	■	R	A	V	E	D	■	I	N	L	E	T
		P	O	■	C	A	G	E	S	■	S	T	A	G		
W	A	S	■	L	O	G	E	S	■	S	T	A	G	E	R	S
A	N	■	S	E	R	E	S	■	S	P	I	T	S	■	E	H
S	N	A	P	P	E	D	■	S	T	I	L	E	■	E	G	O
P	O	L	L	E	D	■	S	T	E	E	L	■	S	L	I	P
	T	I	A	R	■	P	A	R	E	S	■	S	L	I	M	
R	A	C	Y	■	H	U	M	I	D	■	P	L	A	T	E	S
A	T	E	■	J	A	L	A	P	■	T	R	I	D	E	N	T
M	O	■	H	A	L	E	R	■	C	H	I	M	E	■	T	O
A	R	T	I	S	T	S	■	S	L	I	D	E	■	A	S	P
		A	L	M	S	■	A	L	I	N	E	■	O	N		
P	A	R	T	I	■	O	T	E	E	N	■	A	B	I	D	E
E	A	T		N	A	K	E	D	N	E	S	S		S	I	N
A	R	S		E	L	A	N		T	R	E	E		E	N	D

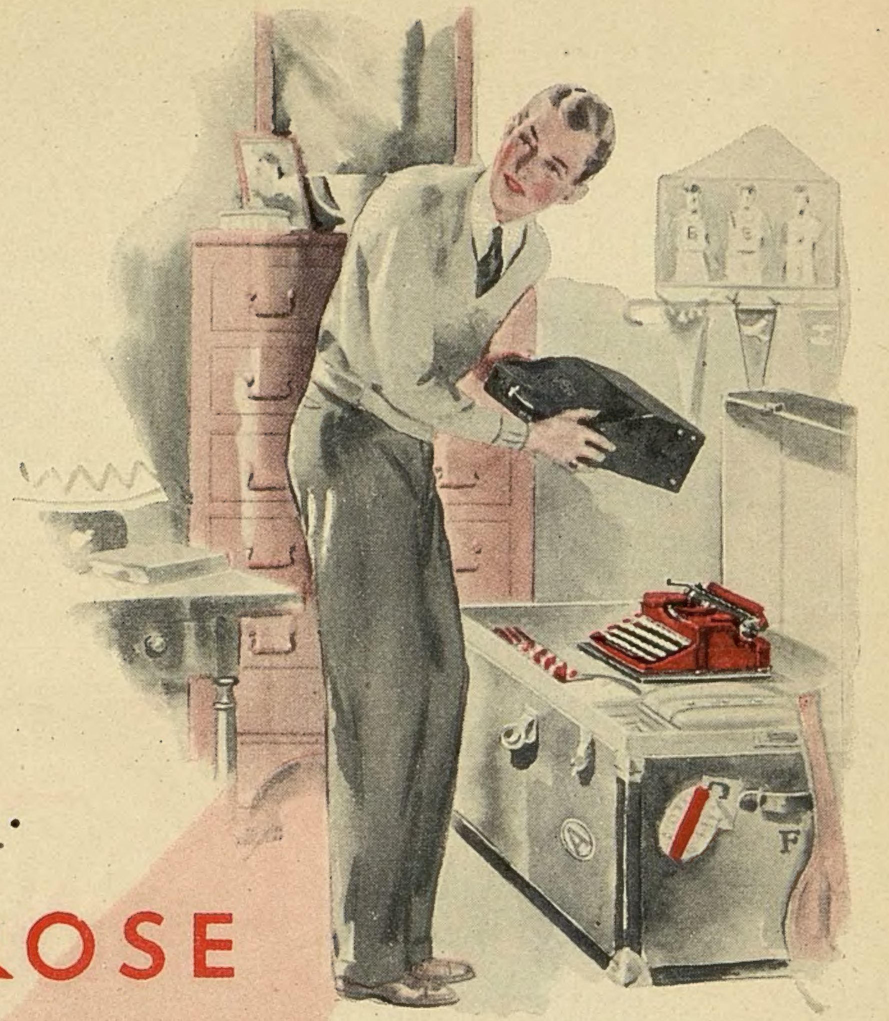
Answer to the puzzle on page 54

Here Are the Mistakes on Page 49

- The legs of the caddie's trousers do not match.
- The golf bag is too small for the clubs.
- The golfer has driven with a hockey stick.
- He has driven a baseball.
- The ball is going in the wrong direction.
- The dirt is flying in the wrong direction.
- The hole is at the top of a bunker.
- The flag should be at the top of the pole.
- The number on the flag is incorrect.
- The shadows are falling in the wrong direction.

	C	A	R	P		B	R	I	N	E		A	T	O	P	
E	R	R	O	R		R	I	D	E	R		B	A	R	E	D
R	A	N	E	E		I	M	A	G	E		A	G	A	T	E
A	T	E	■	S	O	N	S	■	A	C	T	S	■	T	A	N
S	E	E	M	I	N	G	■	O	T	T	O	■	P	E	L	T
			A	D	E	■	C	H	E	S	T	E	R			
A	B	A	S	E	■	S	A	I	D	■	A	R	I	O	S	E
N	O	B	S	■	N	E	R	O	■	S	L	A	M	M	E	D
E	R	A	■	P	A	T	S	■	N	O	E	L	■	E	R	G
A	N	S	W	E	R	S	■	F	I	N	D	■	O	G	E	E
R	E	H	E	A	R	■	T	A	N	G	■	C	L	A	S	S
			P	L	A	C	A	T	E	■	T	A	I			
K	E	P	T	■	T	A	N	S	■	C	A	R	O	T	I	D
E	V	E	■	P	E	R	T	■	T	A	L	C	■	A	N	A
P	A	T	I	O		P	A	T	E	R		A	S	K	E	D
I	D	E	A	S		E	R	A	S	E		S	E	E	R	S
	E	R	N	E		T	A	R	T	S		S	E	N	T	

Answer to the puzzle on page 55



With John entering College.. And Mary in High School ...

A QUESTION AROSE

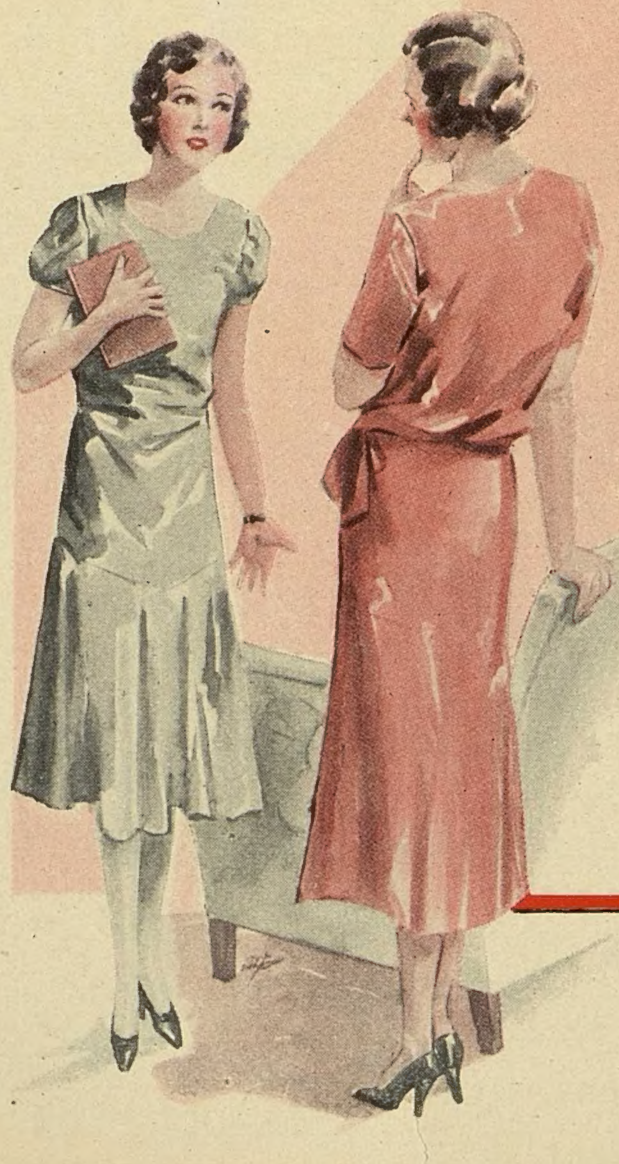
CERTAINLY John would need a Royal Portable at College, even more than in his Senior year at high school. He well knew the advantages and convenience of typing themes, essays and classroom notes.

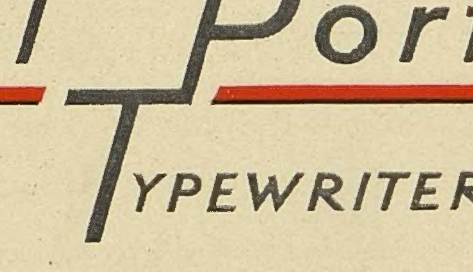
But—when he started to pack the family's Royal Portable Typewriter, Mary appealed to her mother. She, too, had used it daily with increasing reliance upon its helpfulness. Must she be handicapped by tedious handwriting; must father and mother again pen their letters?

Obviously, two Royal Portables were needed. For the growing importance of this handy, home sized typewriter is everywhere recognized—both as an aid to high school and college success and as a truly indispensable writing accessory for the home.

Visit your nearest dealer today. Once you have seen how simple and easy a Royal Portable is to operate you will never be without one. Superior in design and construction — sturdier, quieter and more beautiful, the Royal Portable is the finest of home writing machines.

Available in a wide variety of Duo-tone colorings; equipped if you wish with "Vogue," Royal's new type-face created for personal correspondence. The price is only $60 with standard 4 bank keyboard and carrying case. Convenient monthly payments if desired.





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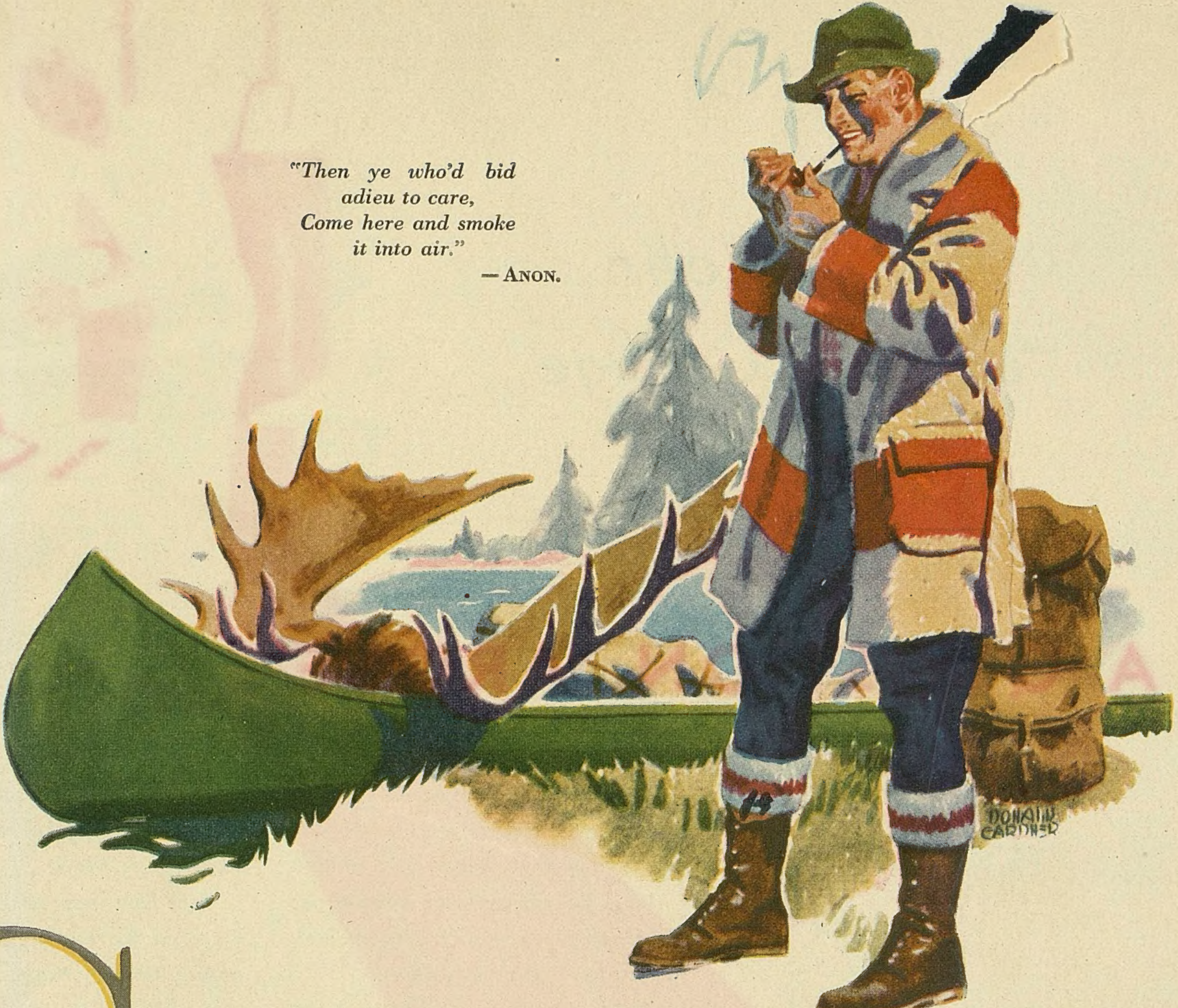
"Then ye who'd bid
adieu to care,
Come here and smoke
it into air."
—Anon.


DONALD GARDNER

Granger

Rough Cut

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ROUGH CUT
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"Farthest North" *for cool smoking*

. . . and right away, here's why: "Rough Cut" flakes, shaggy and slow-burning, to keep your pipe-bowl *cooler*—and cleaner and drier besides.

And *flavor*—the finest old mellow Kentucky Burley, favorite leaf for pipes, perfected by the priceless old-time Wellman Method.

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A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE